NOV. 5,
1938

Liberty

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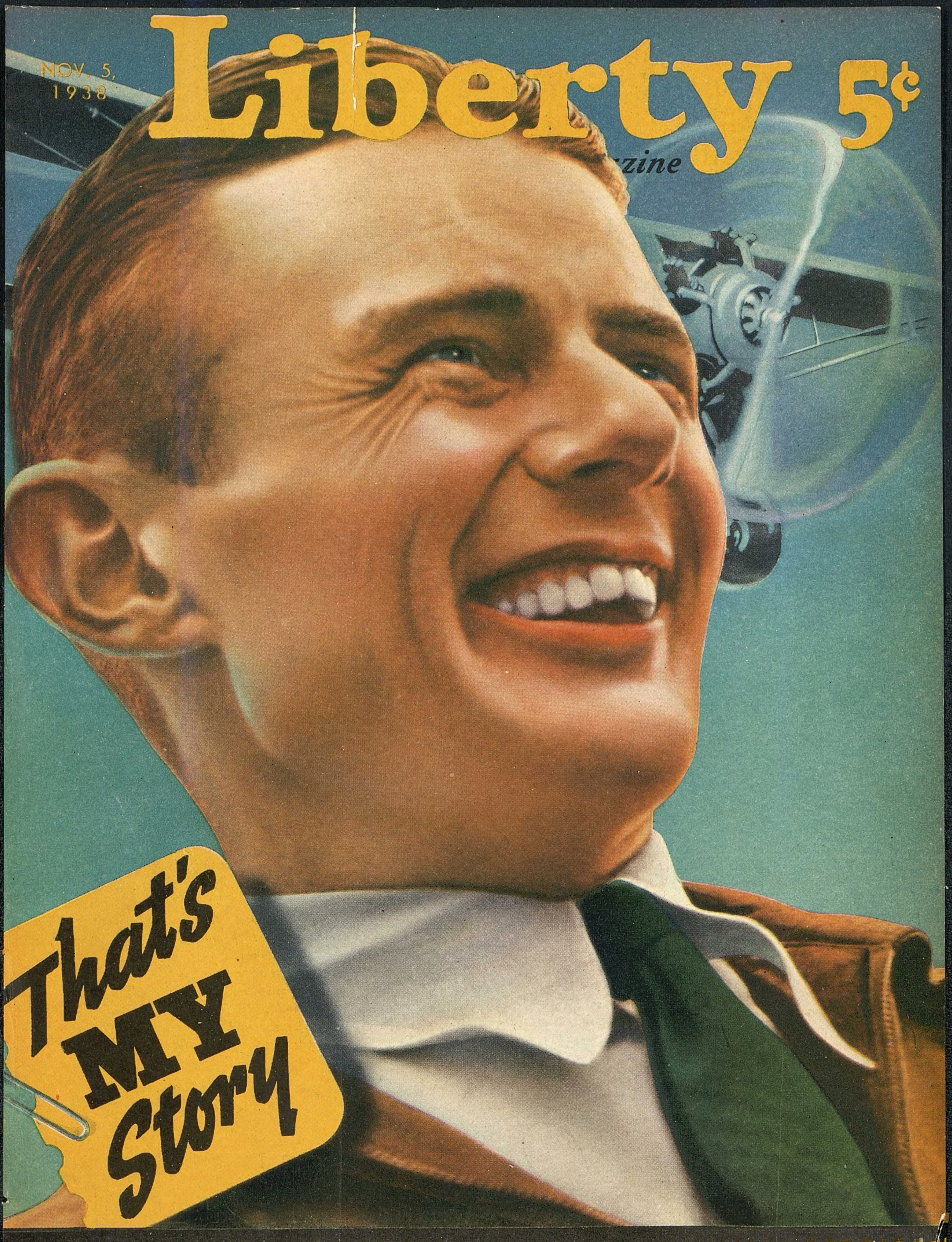
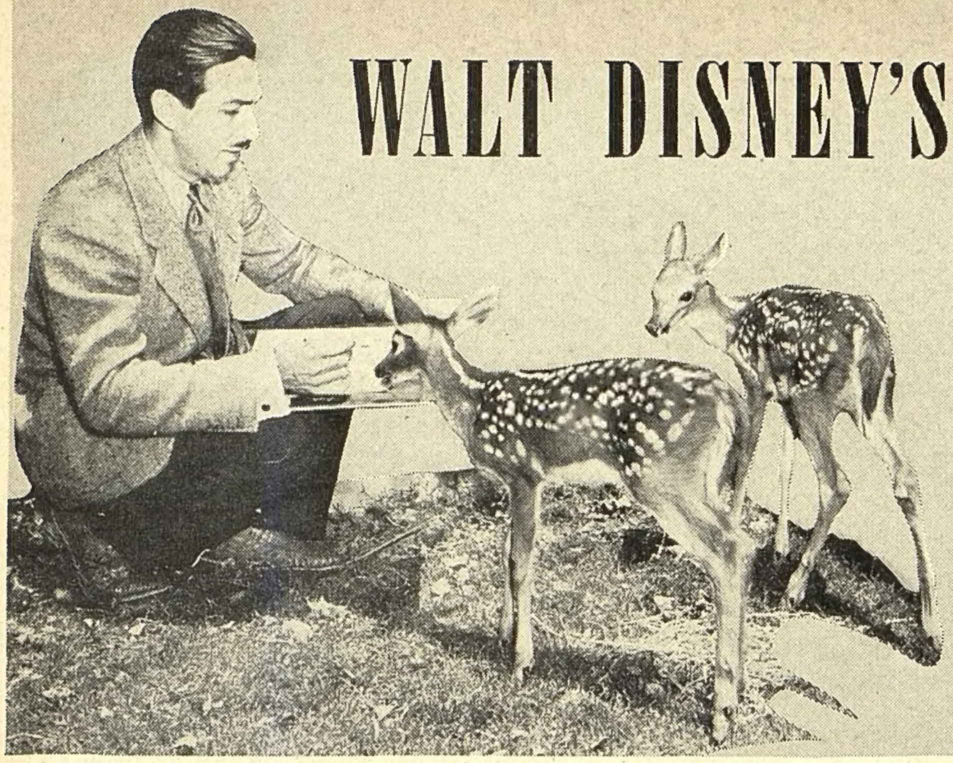


That's MY Story

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DOUGLAS "WRONG-WAY" CORRIGAN

WALT DISNEY'S GREAT NEW PLANS

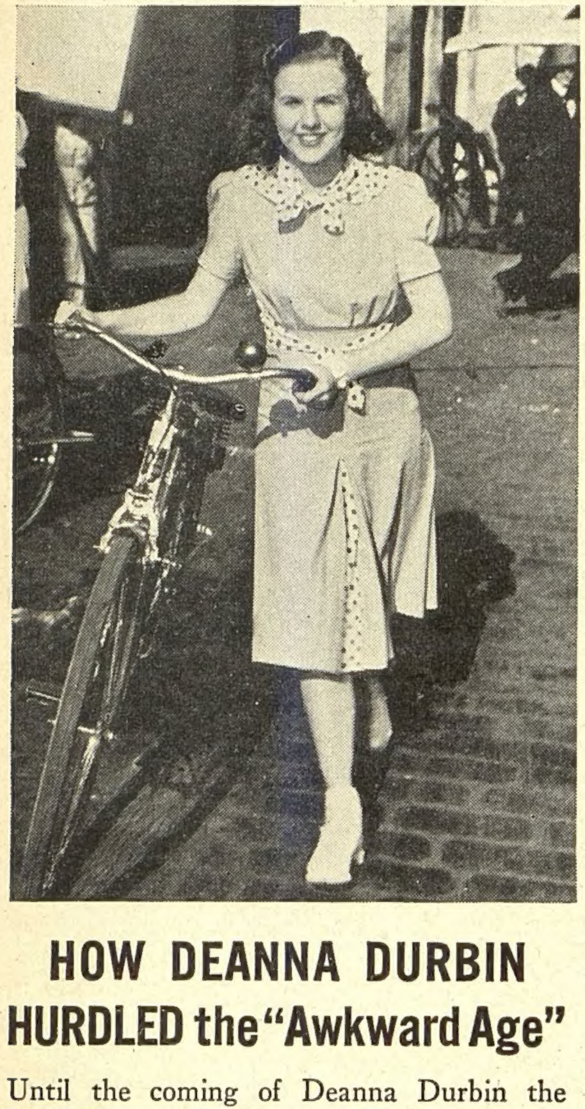


What will Walt Disney do next?

Can he produce another picture as infinitely charming as "Snow-White"?

He believes he can. His plans for the future include not one but several productions that should astound and utterly charm the world. In Photoplay for November Kirtley Baskette tells you Disney's plans for future productions, some of them well under way.

If you fell under the charming thrill of "Snow-White," by all means read this revelation of joys to come. It is titled "Walt Disney's Great New Plans." Do not miss it. Get your copy of the November Photoplay today at the nearest newsstand.



HOW DEANNA DURBIN HURDLED the "Awkward Age"

Until the coming of Deanna Durbin the "awkward age" has crippled the career of every child prodigy of the screen. But Deanna took it in her stride. In Photoplay for November you can read her own account of how she did it as told to Jennifer Wright. It is a story that every parent and every growing boy and girl should read. Buy your copy of the November Photoplay today.

THE QUINTS

HILARIOUS HEADACHES OF HOLLYWOOD

The problems the Quints present in filming them, how they perform before the camera and the debonair manner in which they "ad-lib" their lines at will in complete disregard of prepared scripts is a story that will amuse and charm you. One of the feature stories of the November Photoplay. Do not fail to read it.

HOW JACK OAKIE REDUCED 50 POUNDS IN SIX WEEKS

It can be done because Jack Oakie did it. He tells you how in Photoplay for November, now on sale. His self-told story of how he reduced from 210 to 160 pounds in six weeks is screamingly funny but full of good practical wisdom. Read it and laugh while you learn . . . and learn while you laugh.

PLAIN GIRL IN PARADISE

She is an ordinary girl. She visited Hollywood to see the sights. She had small expectation of meeting celebrities. But she had the time of her life—rushed every minute — luncheons, cocktails, dinners, suppers—night clubs, swimming, riding, previews—pleasant masculine voices murmuring in her ear, animatedly, intimately, persuasively. And all because—but read her story in Photoplay for November. It could have happened to you just as easily. Maybe, some day, it will.

Jean Parker in Skiing Costume

★ Photoplay for November contains a gorgeous display of Hollywood fashions, modeled by your favorite stars—sports clothes, costumes, hats, accessories. In addition it gives you the address of stores where these very same garments may be purchased. Discriminating women everywhere are taking advantage of this unusual service. Why not join them?

Also In The November Issue

You will get many a thrill from reading the big November issue of Photoplay. Aside from the features specifically described you will find the heartwarming "Story behind Boys Town" by Monsignor E. J. Flanagan; A Map of Hollywood in which a famous artist offers the perfect guide to movieland; The Case of the Hollywood Scandal, breath-taking murder mystery by Erle Stanley Gardner; Give It Another Chance, the intimate story of Alice Faye's marriage trials; Beautiful Brat, the story of Margaret Sullavan's rebellious life; What is the Strip? Hollywood's transition from cowpath to mother-of-pearl lane and a score of other interesting and instructive features and departments.

Now on Sale

NOVEMBER **PHOTOPLAY**

The Smiles of the Browns are Brighter since teacher taught Sally to massage her Gums

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

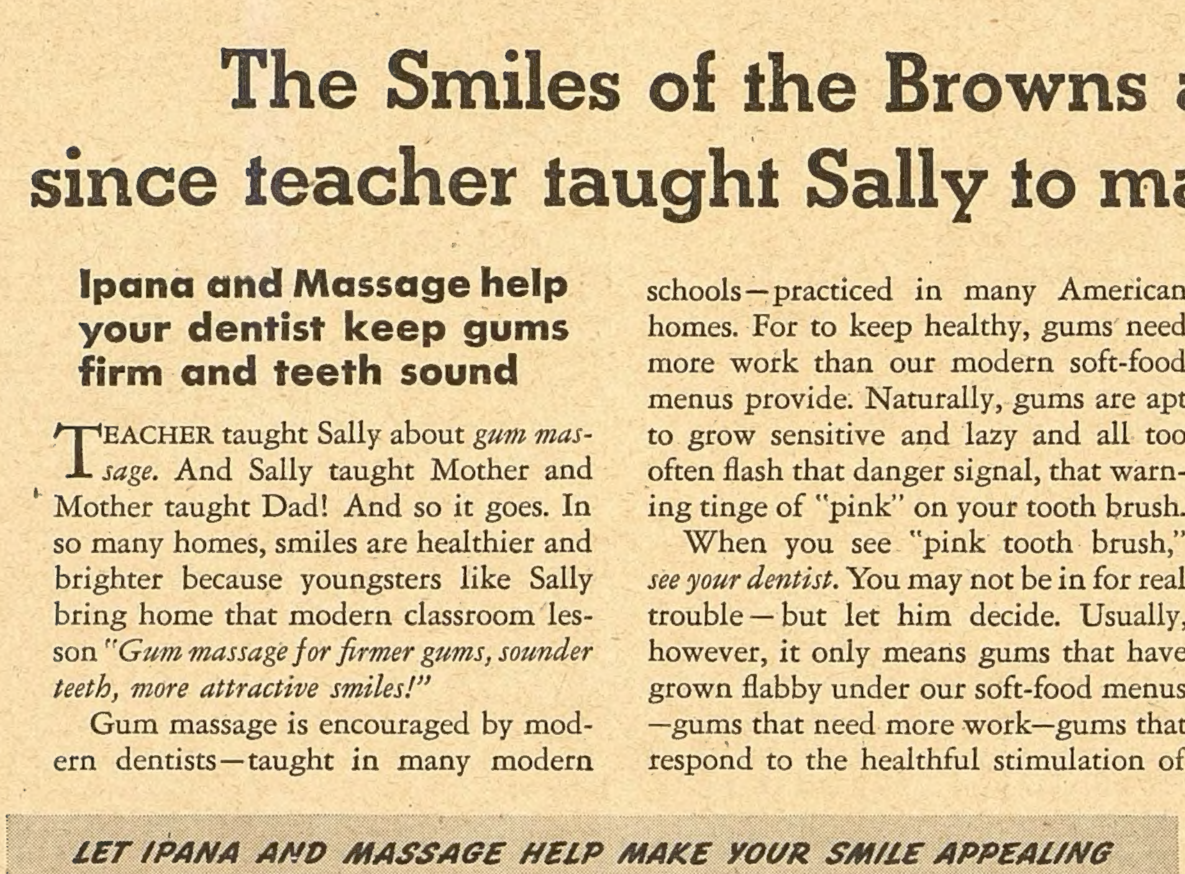
TEACHER taught Sally about *gum massage.* And Sally taught Mother and Mother taught Dad! And so it goes. In so many homes, smiles are healthier and brighter because youngsters like Sally bring home that modern classroom lesson *"Gum massage for firmer gums, sounder teeth, more attractive smiles!"*

Gum massage is encouraged by modern dentists—taught in many modern schools—practiced in many American homes. For to keep healthy, gums need more work than our modern soft-food menus provide. Naturally, gums are apt to grow sensitive and lazy and all too often flash that danger signal, that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

When you see "pink tooth brush," *see your dentist.* You may not be in for real trouble—but let him decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown flabby under our soft-food menus—gums that need more work—gums that respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage. For Ipana with massage is designed to help the gums as well as clean teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums as often as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Play safe. Buy an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your regular dental health routine. Help your dentist keep your smile appealing, attractive!

LET IPANA AND MASSAGE HELP MAKE YOUR SMILE APPEALING


I WONDER WHY MY SMILE LOOKS DINGY! I'M ALWAYS CLEANING MY TEETH!
BUT, MOTHER-YOU DON'T MASSAGE YOUR GUMS! TEACHER SAYS TO DO IT THIS WAY IF YOU WANT A BRIGHTER SMILE
SUCH COMPLIMENTS, JACK! I'D BETTER GIVE OUR CHILD A PRESENT FOR THAT TIP ON IPANA AND MASSAGE!

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, get a D.D. Tooth Brush from your druggist today—the brush with the "twisted handle."

IPANA
Tooth Paste

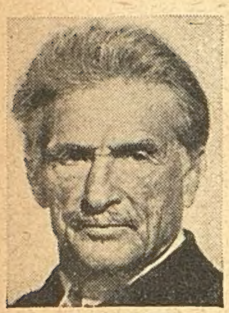
GOOD FOR GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

NOVEMBER 5, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 45

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

THE PERILOUS DEFECTS OF OUR DEMOCRACY



BERNARR MACFADDEN

There is a vast difference between the democratic and the dictatorial governments.

A dictator may be ever so cruel and tyrannical. He may seek self-aggrandizement. But his power is maintained and increased only through building up the man power of his nation.

All men are looked upon as possible soldiers. Women are often recognized mostly as breeding animals. It is somewhat brutal to use such a reference, but in some countries this description is accurate.

Religion holds sway in some of these nations. They sometimes have their church of state; but mawkish sentimentality, which is encouraged in this country, rarely appears.

In a dictatorship, every human being, male or female, is trained as a fighting unit.

Fortunately for us, we are separated by several thousand miles from these war-glorifying nations. But England is right in the midst of this caldron of hate and horror, and the democratic principles that have guided that country caused the preparation for defense to be delayed to a perilous degree. That country was not prepared for war.

We all hail Chamberlain for the wisdom recently manifested. He can be rightly credited with playing a big part in saving us from another World War; but the one outstanding fault of both England and this country is their senseless neglect of the one factor that is not only necessary to build and develop a nation, but to protect it in warlike emergencies.

I refer to man power.

What have we done in this country and what have they done in England until the last few years to build man power . . . to make men strong, enduring, energetic? And any one with an atom of intelligence knows that the courage necessary to make a worth-while soldier must have a physical background. He must have a strong body. White-collar soldiers are known for their lack of fortitude . . . with rare exceptions, they are cowardly . . . they have not the physical stamina necessary to supply courage. Weaklings are always cowards.

For more than fifty years I have tried to interest my country in building the physical power necessary for national advancement, even if considered only from a selfish viewpoint.

First I tried it as a teacher and lecturer . . . then as publisher of a magazine. Failing to make satisfactory progress, I became a general publisher, with a number of magazines . . . made millions of dollars with a view to developing further the health-building propaganda. Then I published daily newspapers . . . nine of them . . . all with the same purpose in view.

The world-wide depression cost us much of our property, but we are still going strong. But the health crusade that has been and always will be my life's work still languishes. Millions of our people are suffering from the need of the simple truths which I have been teaching throughout my long life.

And now, with the black clouds of war hanging over the world, I realize with great emphasis the outstanding importance of man power. Without the recognition of the importance of man power, our democratic form of government is sure to disappear.

England has shamefully neglected her people in this regard. Our guilt in this respect is ghastly. It is evident in every walk of life. The examination of our young men in the last World War disclosed physical defects of our youth that appalled the entire nation. It was horrible beyond description.

And not one single effort has been made since that time to remedy this shameful neglect, though it must be admitted that the recent release to the general public of information on venereal subjects is a step in the right direction.

Unless the officials of this country begin to recognize the importance of man power, the one outstanding factor necessary to save this nation from the enemies within and war from without, as a nation we are headed for the scrap heap.

Bernarr Macfadden

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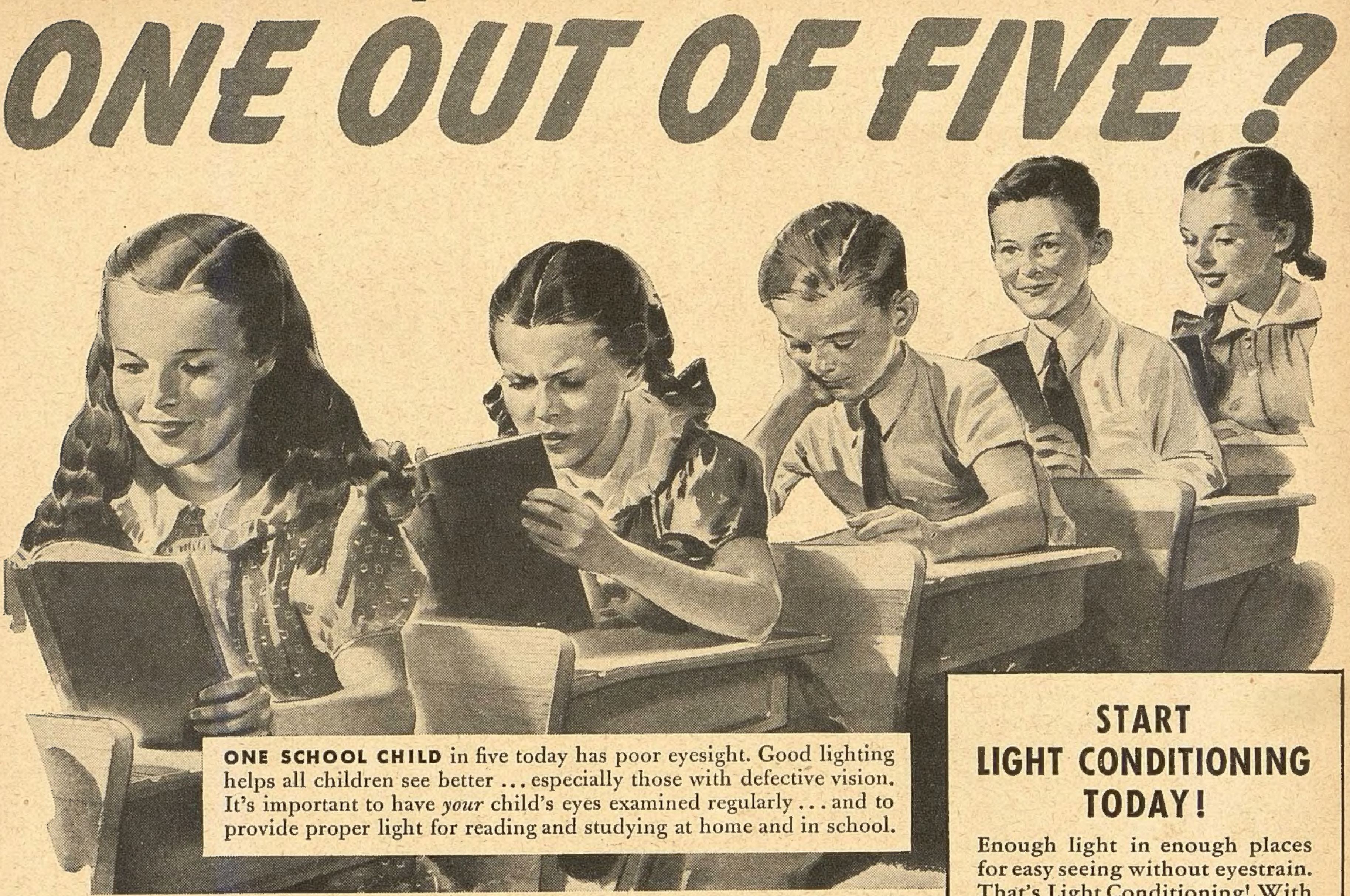
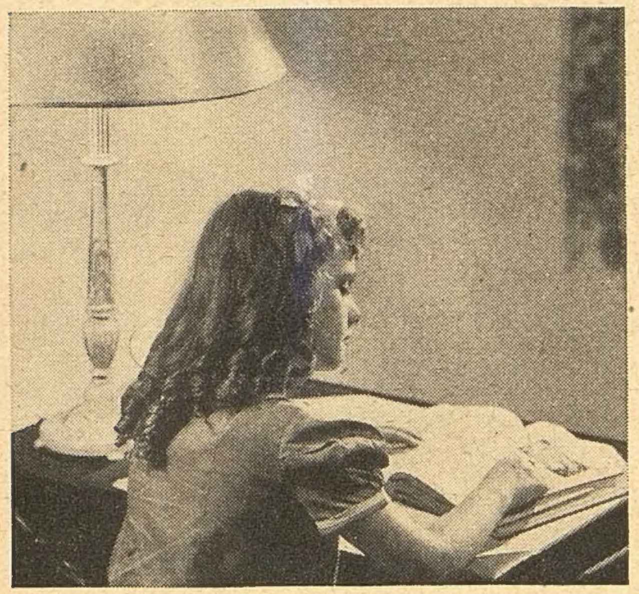
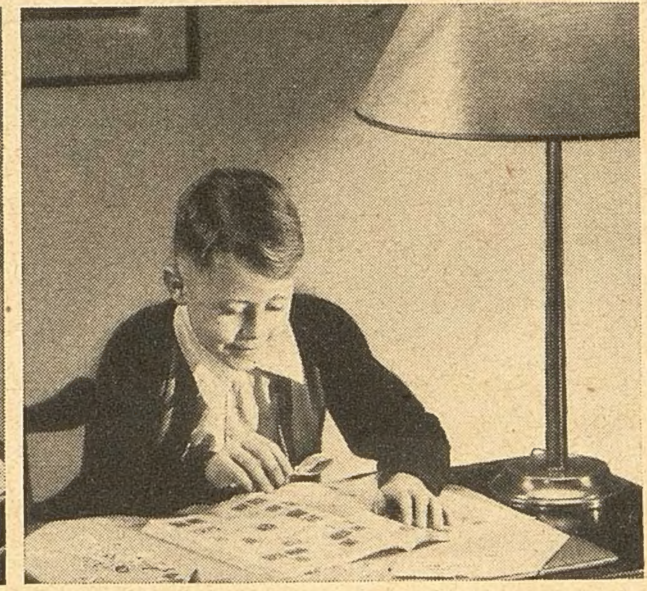
Is your child the ONE OUT OF FIVE?



ONE SCHOOL CHILD in five today has poor eyesight. Good lighting helps all children see better ... especially those with defective vision. It's important to have *your* child's eyes examined regularly ... and to provide proper light for reading and studying at home and in school.





FEW PARENTS REALIZE how easy it is to "light condition" places where children do homework. Just make sure they have a total of not less than 100 watts in a good reading lamp. Ideal light for studying is an I. E. S. Better Sight lamp like the one shown above.

EVEN A STAMP COLLECTION can tire young eyes and waste valuable energy unless the light is right. With the new brighter 100 watt G-E bulbs down to 15¢ ... and with the new I. E. S. Better Sight lamps so low in price ... it's easy to light condition wherever eyes are used!

START LIGHT CONDITIONING TODAY!

Enough light in enough places for easy seeing without eyestrain. That's Light Conditioning! With brighter G-E bulbs at new low prices, it's easy as ABC. Start now! Check lamps and fixtures for undersized bulbs and empty sockets. Your dealer is trained to help you select the size bulbs you need.

BRIGHTER G-E BULBS NEW LOW PRICES

100 WATT ... for I. E. S. Better Sight table, bridge, and pinned-up lamps, garage, laundry. Now	15¢
150 WATT ... for light conditioning your kitchen, recreation room, or home workshop. Now	20¢
THREE-LITE MAZDA lamps, for 3-light floor lamps or dining room fixtures. 100-200-300 watt size, now 60¢. 50-100-150 watt	45¢
75, 60, 40, 25, 15 WATT, only	15¢

Simple Recipes for Easier Seeing

Ask your dealer for a "Light Conditioning Package" of the brighter G-E bulbs you need for Better Light ... Better Sight!

BUY BULBS WHERE YOU SEE THIS EMBLEM DISPLAYED ➔

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

For Better Light ... Better Sight

LISTEN IN ... *the G-E Hour of Charm with Dorothy Thompson, and Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra, every Monday Evening 9 to 9:30 E. S. T., NBC Red Network*

"Write it down 50 times!"

JOE: Now, honey, you know I'm no Simon Legree . . . but this time I'm desperate . . .

JANIE: *Lovey still mad about pretty shirt Janie bought?*

JOE: Mad? Oh, no! No, I'm not mad! That pretty shirt you bought almost *choked* me to death, that's all!

JANIE: *But Lovey, dear, the man* said . . .

JOE: Sure, I know what he said. He told you that shirt was "pre-shrunk" . . . that's what he said.

JANIE: *Joe! How did you ever guess?*

JOE: Guess? I used to buy "pre-shrunk" shirts, too. And how some of those babies did shrink! The only way you can be *sure* a shirt won't shrink out of size is to look for the name Sanforized-Shrunk. Now write it down like I tell you . . .

JANIE: *All right, dear. "Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk!" Joe, what* is *Sanforized-Shrunk?*

JOE: Listen, fluff-puff. Sanforized-Shrunk is the shrinking process that is *patented* and *controlled.* It's the process that takes out the shrinkage within a trifling 1%, *by Government standard test!* It's the process that . . . never mind, get on with your writing! . . .

JANIE: *"Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk. Every shirt I buy . . ." Joe, do they cost any more?*

JOE: No! The stores carry Sanforized-Shrunk shirts in all price ranges. All you have to do is look for the tag or label that says . . .

JANIE: *Don't tell me . . . I know! "Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanferized-Shrunk . . ."*

JOE: "San-FOR-ized," sweet, not "San-FER-ized" . . .

JANIE: *"Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk . . . Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be Sanforized-Shrunk . . . Every shirt I buy for Joe has to be . . . ."*

"These things, too, Janie . . ."

Look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" whenever you buy *anything* made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon:

- *Women's Dresses*
- *Nurses' Uniforms*
- *Men's Shirts, Slacks*
- *Men's Work Clothes*
- *Men's Pajamas, Shorts*
- *Children's Garments*
- *Slip-covers and Draperies*

To be sure of permanent fit . . . look for the words . . . Sanforized-Shrunk

THE SECRET OF LIFE

BY NEYAN WATTS STEVENS

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

One day I said: "You must tell me the truth. There are certain things that I must see to before I die."

TWELVE years ago I stepped out on the balcony of my room at the sanatorium in Davos. The words of the great specialist in Paris had been coffin nails: Tuberculosis, advanced stage; weak constitution. Beside me was the chaise longue on which I was to lie twelve hours a day in a fur bag. Around me was an expanse of Swiss Alps.

A head peered around a partition. It was a man, young still, with fever-brightened eyes.

"*Bon jour, madame.* You are the new arrival? We have all been wondering what you would be like. You know, a new face here! The few of us who can get about even a little all know each other so wretchedly well! You will see for yourself after the first few years."

"Few years! But I expect soon to be cured!"

"Yes; so did I. I broke away after the first year. But . . . I came back. This is my eleventh year here."

Behind me a door opened. It was the doctor.

"Not yet in bed, madame? Naughty, naughty! You know the altitude here is tiring at first, and your heart—"

"My *heart,* doctor?" (What, another malady?)

"Well, it has perhaps been a trifle overworked. . . ."

After a time it turned out that my heart leaked. I could breathe no better and was getting worse every day. Then those endless hours on that balcony, a mummy embalmed in a fur bag. . . .

One day I could stand it no longer. I had hidden my little phonograph in the back of the closet. Trembling with excitement, I took it out and played two records, Valencia and Marcheta, that were then the rage in Europe. They seemed the very essence of all that I had left in my beloved Paris.

"Madame, this is stupidity." It was the doctor standing over me. "You must not get excited."

"But, doctor, am I not getting better?"

After a moment of hesitation he said: "You are so unhappy here, I think you had better leave."

So that was it. Whenever possible, hopeless cases were sent away from the sanatorium to die elsewhere.

I left soon afterward. Better to die swiftly! I went to the hills back of Menton on the French Riviera, to a flower-hung balcony. This was indeed Paradise Regained. Italian minstrels from across the border would sing Valencia and Marcheta under my window.

One day I said to the doctor attending me: "You must tell me the truth. There are certain things that I must see to before I die." Finally he admitted that I could not live more than three months.

A few days later a little book arrived from a friend in America. It told about healing through faith in God. I sent it flying to the farthest corner of the room! Was it just curiosity that made me pick it up again? The first page I turned to said: "God is life, infinite life, and this divine life-force is in *you.* It is stronger than any illness if you will but let it work *by believing in it.*"

Was it possible, really possible, that one could tap this life-force? I read on and on. Finally, the last page turned, I implored my nurse to run down to the town and buy me a Bible. I had never been religious. . . .

Sure enough, here was the crux of the matter: "In God we live, and move, and have our being." Here were the miracles of Jesus. And I turned to the Old Testament, to the Forty-sixth Psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear." Therefore we will not fear!

Again I moved, despite the doctor's consternation. I went farther inland. In a bare little house perched on the edge of a cliff I sought my God.

Oh, it was not easy! But I persistently held fast to the thought that God's power within me was greater than any germ, any pain. The fourth month I drove my car into Paris, straight to the doors of the great specialist who, a year before, had sent me into exile.

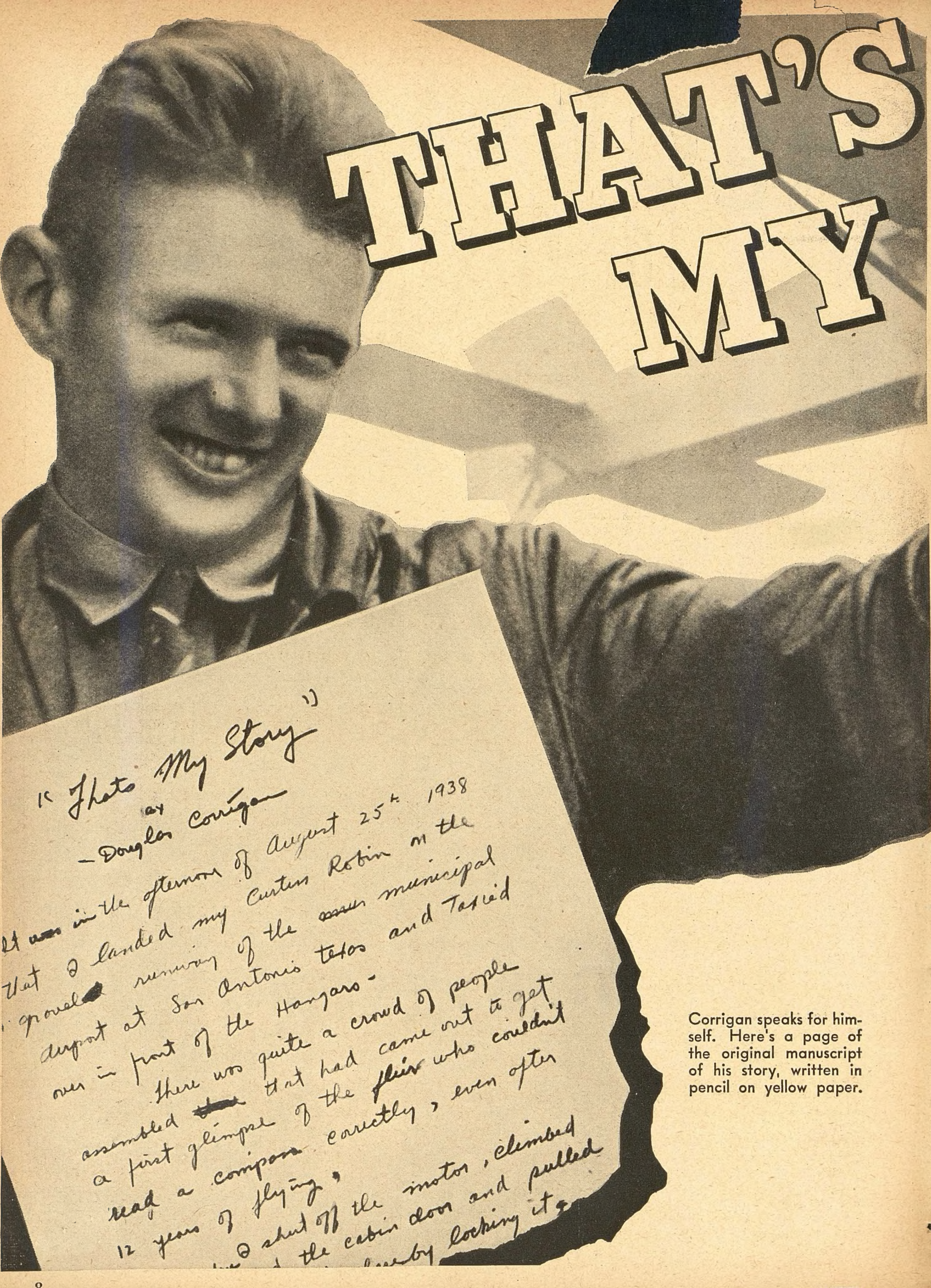
"Sorry to have disobeyed orders, doctor," I giggled.

"Well, we'll see what the X-rays say," he snapped.

They corroborated a complete healing, and I have never had a vestige of tuberculosis since.

THE END

THAT'S MY



"Thats My Story"
by
—Douglas Corrigan

It was in the afternoon of August 25th 1938
that I landed my Curtiss Robin on the
gravel runway of the ~~new~~ municipal
airport at San Antonio texas and Taxied
over in front of the Hangars.
There was quite a crowd of people
assembled ~~there~~ that had came out to get
a first glimpse of the flier who couldnt
read a compass correctly, even after
12 years of flying.
I shut off the motor, climbed
the cabin door and pulled
hereby locking it.

Corrigan speaks for himself. Here's a page of the original manuscript of his story, written in pencil on yellow paper.

STORY

Young Douglas, shortly before he won a baby-contest prize.

Exclusive! Liberty gives you the colorful autobiography of America's most picturesque adventurer of the skies

BY DOUGLAS *"WRONG-WAY"* CORRIGAN

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART ONE—A "MISTAKE" MAKES GOOD

IT was in the afternoon of August 25, 1938, that I landed my Curtiss Robin on the gravel runway of the municipal airport at San Antonio, Texas, and taxied over in front of the hangars.

There was quite a crowd of people assembled that had come out to get a first glimpse of the flyer who couldn't read a compass correctly, even after twelve years of flying.

I shut off the motor, climbed out of the plane, closed the cabin door and pulled the handle out, thereby locking it.

After doing that, I turned around and couldn't help from grinning because the people were all laughing and shouting and waving wildly.

The first person to greet me was Wilmark Marvin of the reception committee, one of my boyhood friends, because this was the town where I was raised. Wilmark introduced me to the mayor and a lot of other people, and by this time the newsreel cameramen and newspaper reporters and photographers were taking pictures of everything and asking dozens of questions.

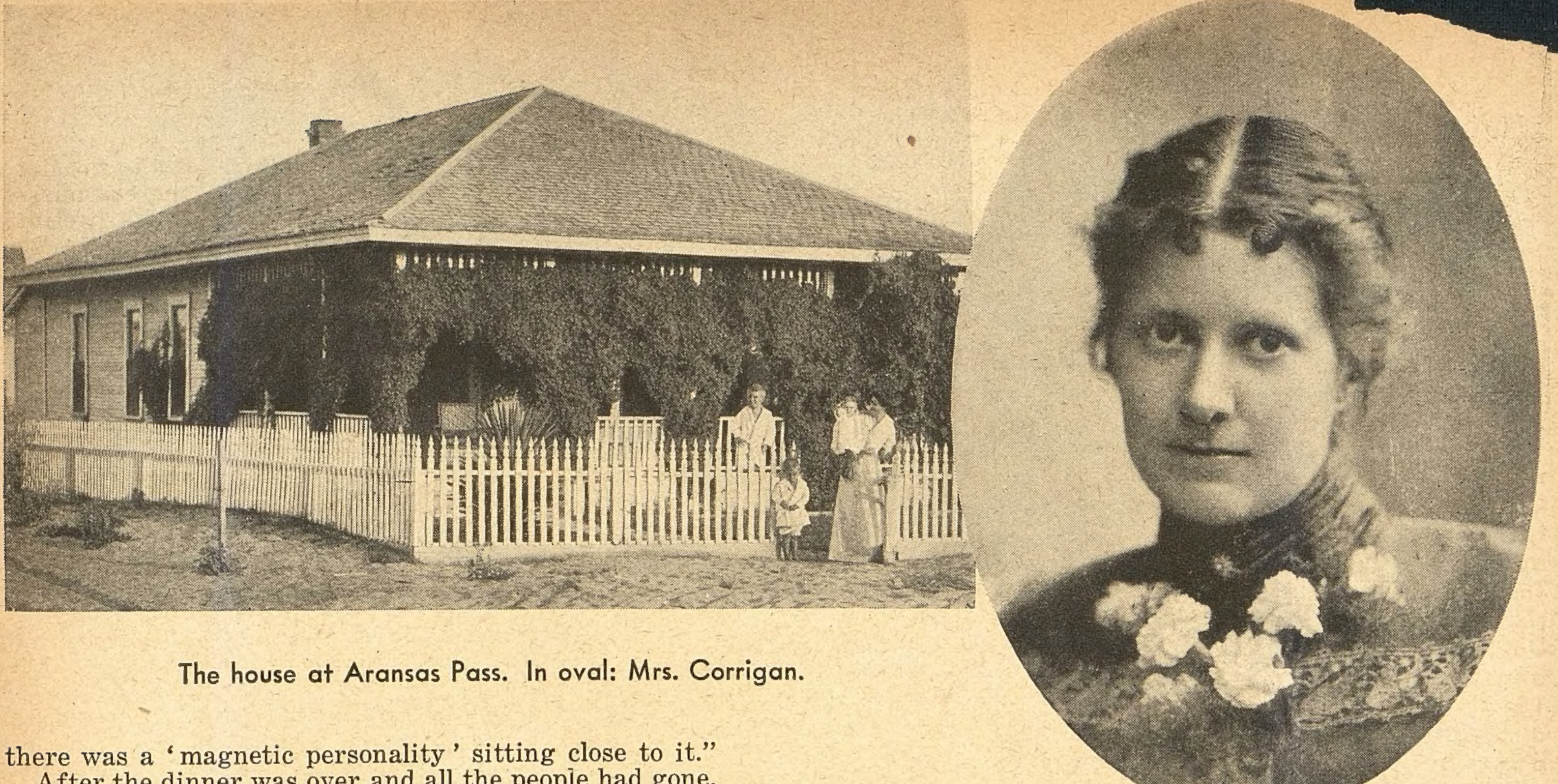
The mayor, the airport manager, and the reception committee all shook hands with me while this was going on, and I was able to stop and say hello to Mr. and Mrs. Marvin and Wilmark's sister Elizabeth. Then I walked with the mayor to the open car that was waiting to take us into town.

All the way through town the streets were lined with people laughing and waving, and some of them hollered, "Hey, you're going the wrong way!" and pointed with their thumbs in the opposite direction. The parade went down Commerce Street, past the river, then over to Houston Street and up to the Plaza, stopping in front of the Alamo. This route covered the same streets where I had run barefooted, selling newspapers, in 1918.

There were thousands of people gathered around the Alamo, waiting to see the mayor present me with the keys to the city. Although I was already in the center of town and didn't need a key, I took it and told him, "I might need it to get out, or to get in on some future visit." I also told them how I came to get mixed up in my directions on my flight from New York to California, that ended in Ireland. The people all laughed, probably not because of what I said, but probably because of how I looked. And I laughed at the people because I thought they were believing the story I had just told them—anyway we all laughed.

That night there was a dinner on the roof of the city's largest hotel—with hundreds of people there to eat. I was there, also to eat, and to make a speech over the radio after they had presented me with one of those big straw hats and a Mexican blanket—"the hat to keep the rain off; the blanket to keep you warm nights—after you get back to California."

Also in the speeches they made was a bunch of boloney about how "Douglas Corrigan was daring, courageous, skillful, intrepid, persevering," etc., and that "It is no wonder that his compass pointed the wrong way, since



The house at Aransas Pass. In oval: Mrs. Corrigan.

there was a 'magnetic personality' sitting close to it."

After the dinner was over and all the people had gone, I couldn't help remembering that there had been nothing like this in 1936, when I had flown nonstop from New York to San Antonio by way of Jacksonville, Florida, in nineteen hours.

Here was the same city, the same plane, and the same pilot, but a lot of water had passed under the plane since then and that seemed to have made all the difference in the world . . . to them.

As I went to sleep that night, I realized this reception had been even better than anything I had used to daydream of when I was a schoolboy in San Antonio, over twenty years before.

During the boom in 1913, my father, mother, brother, sister, and myself had moved to San Antonio from the little gulf coast town of Aransas Pass, Texas. Dad had been construction engineer on the causeway for the railroad, which was started about 1909 and completed the year we left. We had moved to Aransas Pass from Galveston, where I was born, January 22, 1907.

It was while at Galveston that I had taken first prize in the baby contest when two years old—which means I must have been better-looking than now. In Aransas Pass, when five years old, I was best man in a Tom Thumb wedding—which was the first and last time I ever wore a dress suit.

My father, Clyde Sinclair Corrigan, was born in Oakland, California, and worked in the Southern Pacific Railroad office in San Francisco before going to Texas as a civil engineer doing bridge construction.

My mother, Evelyn Groce Nelson, was born in Tarentum, Pennsylvania, and went to school there and to State Teachers College in Indiana. She taught school several years in Ford City, Pennsylvania, before going to Texas.

Dad and mother met in the Alamo in San Antonio, Texas. He was thirty-eight, she was thirty-five when they were married, in 1905. Dad was five feet nine and weighed 165 pounds, was quite muscular, had blue eyes and light hair, and was never sick a day in his life. He was a good civil engineer, but spent most of his time on some kind of invention or other, none of which he ever succeeded in putting to practical use. He started writing poetry when in San Antonio. One of his poems has been in the Alamo since 1916—the poem was about the " heroes of the Alamo," the men who died in the Mexican War in 1846-48.

Mother was five feet six and weighed 125 pounds, had brown eyes and dark-brown hair and was of rather delicate health, having rheumatism before going to Texas. Being a schoolteacher for fourteen years before her marriage, she knew quite a bit about English, history, geography, etc., and took a prize in a public-speaking contest in San Antonio in 1918, the text of which was published in the local newspaper.

At the time we moved from Aransas Pass to San Antonio I was six; my brother, Harry, was five; and my sister, Evelyn, was two years old. The house we lived in at 2705 Monterey Street was a five-room frame house, with a hammock on the front porch. The front and back yards both had grass, which was quite a difference from where we had lived in Aransas Pass, as there was nothing but sand there.

On Buena Vista Street, not very far from our house, was where the Marvins lived at that time. Mr. and Mrs. Marvin had known dad and mother for several years when they were in Galveston, and they had moved to San Antonio when we had moved to Aransas Pass. Elizabeth Marvin was my age and her brother Wilmark about three or four years younger. The Corrigans used to go over to the Marvins' to visit quite often, especially us kids, because the Marvin place had an extra big lawn to play on, with all kinds of equipment, like a croquet set and an outdoor swing—also other kids would usually be around to play with.

It was during this time that I had my first automobile ride. Mr. Marvin had bought a 1914 Buick, and one Sunday practically all of the two families piled in and went for a nice long ride of about six miles. The car wasn't so very big and was painted a bright red with brass trim and long leather straps to hold the top down. It sure looked like the last word in transportation to me.

Dad had some other lots around the neighborhood and built several houses, one at a time. They were like the one we lived in and I used to watch the carpenters putting up the boards and nailing them together. Dad was around most of the time, to keep track of them, because once I was watching one of the men hammering on the face of a porch beam he was trying to get into place and the hammer was leaving a lot of dents in the wood. Dad came along and sure bawled him out.

With the money he made off the houses, dad bought a high-class combination candy shop, bakery, and soda fountain on the Plaza near Houston Street.

It was directly across from the Alamo. The name of the store was the Palace of Sweets. My brother Harry and myself, of course, went downtown with dad every chance we got and always found our way out back where the candy and cakes were manufactured. When they chased us out of there, we usually managed to get caught

Above: Clyde S. Corrigan, the father who disappeared. Right: The three Corrigan children, Douglas, Evelyn, and Harry, in 1911. Doug is arrayed for the part of best man in a Tom Thumb wedding.

Douglas and his mother at Galveston Beach the year he was born.

with our hands in the candy showcase, after which we were to be seen on the sidewalk out front looking at the candy and cakes in the windows. Our sister, Evelyn, was too young to be allowed down to the store very often and thereby missed the opportunity of a lifetime.

When I was eight years old, I was playing in the schoolyard one day and happened to trip on a piece of broken concrete sidewalk and fell, with my left leg twisted under me. Upon trying to get up again, I was surprised to find I couldn't. Then the leg started to hurt. In a little while the teacher came and picked me up, and then the doctor came with his car and took me home. My leg had been broken just above the knee.

Well, they got a board and put it on the inner side of the leg, and another board on the outer side that reached from the ankle to up under the left armpit. Then they wound yards of gauze around the whole thing good and tight. For the next six weeks it was necessary to lie still and always flat on my back. They also tied an old-fashioned flatiron on a rope and tied the other end of the rope around my left ankle and then let the flatiron hang over the end of the bed. That was to keep the leg from shrinking as it healed. Mother and Dr. Parker always measured both legs every day to see they were still the same length.

After the six weeks in bed it was necessary to get around on crutches for a few weeks before going back to school. Mother was certainly glad when I finally walked without the crutches and she noticed that I didn't limp a bit. Those six weeks in bed had certainly taught me something I couldn't have learned in school—namely, how to be patient.

Even after being out of school such a long time, I still passed in all my studies—except geography, which has always been hard for me. Even now I can't bound the Atlantic Ocean correctly, or even name the boundaries of the state of ignorance.

While dad was running the Palace of Sweets we moved to a new house on the other side of town at 1820 River Avenue, directly across from Breckenridge Park.

In the park was a zoo, with polar bears, lions, and giraffes all in separate cages, and wild deer that were tame running around in a large fenced area. Also the river ran through the park and there was a swimming pool and a place where the road ran under the river. . . . That's where us kids usually ran.

It was always hard to understand why a nice holiday like Sunday had to be ruined by being forced to dress up in a lot of stiff-collared clothes. The explanation that they were necessary because we had to go to Sunday school didn't seem satisfying.

Being eight years old by this time, I began to get some ambition to amount to something in life, and of course the biggest thing I could think of was to be a baseball player . . . maybe even a pitcher. So the next few months were spent in practicing to throw. When there was no baseball handy, I'd throw rocks.

After a while I developed a pretty good drop, but there was a catch to it . . . the catcher couldn't catch it. You see, we had no signals and he didn't know when it was going to drop. . . . Neither did I. The result was half of the batters fanned but the other half walked; that lost games . . . and that lost me the pitcher's place. Also the bat I used at the plate always seemed to have a hole in it. So I decided it would be much more fun to be a railroad engineer.

To be a locomotive engineer would sure be a swell job. What a big machine to control! All that was necessary to get a clear track was to blow the whistle and ring the bell. Then you could go as fast as you liked and wherever you wanted and come back whenever you wanted to. An engineer could wear dirty coveralls, stick his face out in the wind and get it all covered with smoke and oil, and never have to wash.

Then one day the big chance came to really find out about this dream job: I got a ride in a real railroad engine. Say! Maybe it would be possible to see how to run one of these, thinks me. Yep—the engineer just sat on a bench and pulled a lever and the train started. Then I asked the man who had got me the ride and was standing in the cab with me, "How does he stop it?" The fellow said, "By moving that little handle on the right." Yep, I decided to become an engineer. The fellow then said, "But there's plenty of time to learn it. You see, the engineer had to be a fireman for a few years first."

Then I happened to notice the fireman. He had a great big shovel and was taking coal out of the coal-car door and throwing it in the engine. As fast as he took it from the coal-car door more coal ran down, and as fast as he threw it in the engine it burned up—this looked like perpetual motion—also it was awful hot. The fireman looked tired—and he was a big guy too. I looked at the engineer again and decided his job was too easy for me; why, he didn't even have to steer the engine—it couldn't get off the rails. I wanted something harder than that, so I decided not to be a railroad engineer.

DURING all this time dad was putting up more houses and doing pretty good with the Palace of Sweets and was getting fairly well-to-do. Then came a slump, and after a while, what with not selling the houses, and the lots he had bought on time losing their value, he borrowed on the store and even our home and furniture, thinking he would soon be out of the hole.

Then one night dad kissed mother and us kids good-by and said he was going on a business trip and would be back in a little while. He never came back—and the people who had the mortgages took the lots, the store, and even our house and furniture—leaving mother with nothing but us three kids.

Mother borrowed enough from her foster mother in Tarentum, Pennsylvania, to buy some furniture, and rented a house at 607 Avenue B and hung out a "Rooms for Rent" sign. The first year we just barely got along; but, starting in 1917, things got better around San Antonio again.

While living on Avenue B my brother and I went to the Austin Street school. After school, Harry would go home and help mother with the work around the house, and I would hurry downtown to the newspaper plant and get some papers and run around the downtown streets selling them.

It was my usual custom to start out with six, and if I sold them early, get four more—because if you got stuck with any it was your own loss. By selling ten it was possible to make a quarter, which was a very good day's work for a nine-year-old lad—I thought.

I got along pretty good with my studies in school, because after selling my papers and getting home at dark I would then do my homework, and of course, mother having been a schoolteacher, it was easy to get all the answers correctly. In fact I even skipped two grades in the next two years, thereby going up three grades instead of just two. But of course that didn't leave much time to play with the other kids, so that's why I knew just a very few of them.

It was about this time that my brother, Harry, seemed to inherit all the hard luck in the world. First he fell off the chute-the-chute at school and lit on his head and was unconscious for seventy-two hours. Then, a few weeks later, he had a cold and went in the kitchen without turning on the light and took a big drink out of a bottle of what he thought was the cough medicine. He came running out frothing at the mouth—he'd got a bottle of disinfectant. I ran along and caught up with him and steered him to the drugstore, where the druggist put some egg whites and something else down his throat that calmed him down—but he couldn't talk again until three days afterward. Then, shortly after that, he was playing with a steel marble in bed and dropped it in his mouth and down it went. Well, they gave him nothing but potatoes and dry bread for two weeks, with no water at all, and were just going to operate when the marble came through.

Not long after that, four of us kids had a manhole cover off the sewer and were putting it back, and Harry forgot to let go and got his fingers caught. It seemed like five minutes before I got the cover up by myself—the other kids had got scared and run off. Soon as he got his fingers loose, Harry started running too, and that was one time I couldn't catch him. He beat me home by two blocks, and we had only been four blocks away.

AND running reminds me that another boy and myself decided to run away from home and see the world. Also we would get rich in a few months and come back home in a big auto. It would be easy. Why, we were eleven years old!

So we started walking—but after a while Skinny said, "Gosh, we better take some eats and some clothes." But I didn't think so. Well, he decided he wasn't going if we didn't, so to humor him we went back to his house and went in and were just starting out the door when his mother came home.

Of course Skinny threw the bundle under the bed in his room and then came on out. His mother invited me to stay to supper, so I did, figuring we could make our get-away right afterwards. When I motioned Skinny to come on soon as his ma left the room, he said no, we had to go to a movie with her. So I agreed that we'd start immediately when we got back. Well, when we came out of the show, Skinny's ma said "Good night" to me very politely but firmly, and took Skinny's hand and walked off. Well, I resolved to go by myself, but decided it would be best to have some clothes and food, so went home to do a little burglarizing.

As I sneaked past the living-room window I saw my mother sitting in the rocking chair reading with tears in her eyes. Sister Evelyn was hanging on her arm crying. Harry was looking sad. He'd been out looking everywhere but couldn't find me. Mother said to them, "He's all right. Nothing has happened. He'll be home soon." Evelyn cried all the harder.

But I'd started out to see the world and become a big success, and even though women cried about it, I was going—"Hardhearted Corrigan—that's me," I thought.

So I went on to the bedroom window, climbed in and very efficiently rounded up some clothes and then sneaked in the kitchen and got some grub, tied everything up in a bundle, climbed out the window, and started off. After going a mile or so, my little sister's wail came back to my mind, and I remembered the look on my mother's face. Hardhearted Corrigan went running home to his mother's arms—and was glad when he got there.

The San Antonio River ran right behind our house at Avenue B, and all the kids in the neighborhood used to gather down there quite often. We'd walk upstream, trying to catch minnows, tadpoles, frogs, and crawfish. A crawfish is a small lobster that swims backwards—which is more than I could do—in fact I never have learned to swim, forwards or backwards. Of course we didn't have any shoes to carry because we always went barefoot.

And how well I remember that! Most of the downtown streets then were paved with wooden blocks held together with tar, and when you were barefoot and stopped, your feet would stick in the tar—that's how hot it got in the summer. But then you had to keep moving anyway if you wanted to sell all your papers.

And about this time there was lots of excitement around San Antone because the soldiers were camped near there and would come into town to spend their holidays—and their pay—and on most every street would be soldiers walking along singing something like Katy—Beautiful Katy, or It's a Long Way to Tipperary, or, maybe, There Are Smiles that Make You Happy. But the singing that I always liked best was when some evenings at home mother would play the piano and sing Red Wing—which was her favorite.

Everybody was of course interested in the news during the war and the papers were the only way they could find out what was happening—there was no radio to listen to then—so the result was that I sold a few more papers than in other years. But my biggest day was on my eleventh birthday. The Marvins were throwing a big party for me and a lot of kids had been invited and of course there was going to be plenty of candy and cake and ice cream.

Well, the day came and—durn it!—there was an extra coming out. What to do? If I went to the party it would mean missing the sale of maybe twenty papers. But if I sold the papers I'd miss the cake. Well, finally mother solved the problem by saying, "You go ahead and sell the extras and I'll bring you a big piece of cake."

"Swell!" says I, and ran downtown and started out with the twenty extras. They sold so fast that I bought ten more, and after selling them decided to try ten more, and finally sold the last one just before dark, and ran into mother and Harry and Evelyn on the way home. They hadn't forgotten my cake either, so it was the perfect end of a perfect day. I'd made a whole dollar in one day for the first time in my life, and the rest of the family had been to a swell party, so we were all happy. Except the Marvins had missed not having me at their party.

Smiling "Wrong-Way" Corrigan with his famous ship.

Then my third great ambition in life came along. I was going to become a banker, and be able to handle not one dollar in a day but perhaps hundreds of dollars—even if they weren't mine. So Harry and Evelyn and myself started playing we were bankers. First we would write up a lot of pieces of paper as our money—of course limiting each one of us to the same amount; then we'd sell our toys back and forth to see who could get the most money. But after a few days Harry and I sort of lost interest, because Evelyn would always start crying if we wouldn't sell to her at a cheaper price than what we paid when we bought from her. The result of this was that if we kept buying and selling long enough, Evelyn always ended up with all the money and all the toys. I decided to deal only with men when I became a banker in real life.

Back to Earth was the title of the first moving picture I ever saw. Douglas Fairbanks was the star—of course he was the hero of all the kids in town, including myself. I sure wished I could jump around like that, too.

One day I noticed a piece in the paper that Fairbanks was coming through San Antonio on the train and would make a speech from the rear platform. I beat it down to the station with my papers. There was quite a crowd gathered, maybe more than a hundred people, and I wormed my way through all of them and climbed up and sat on the edge of the car platform, less than two feet away from his feet. I thought he might want to read about San Antonio, so I held up a paper. He brushed it aside. I held it up again—he brushed it aside again. Then I held it up again. He looked exasperated, took the paper, and handed down a dime. I tried to give him change but he wouldn't take it—I've still got the dime.

Then a fellow from a local winery presented Fairbanks with a bottle of wine. He took the bottle and said, "Sorry, I don't drink, but I'll take it anyhow"—the crowd laughed—"and give it to this fellow here," he said, turning and handing it to a villainous-looking guy who was on the train. The crowd booed.

Walking along selling my papers that afternoon was when I decided to become a great movie actor myself some day and maybe have a hundred people come down to the station to see me, too.

About this time our Uncle Harry, mother's brother, visited us in San Antonio. He talked about his visit to Los Angeles, where he had just been, and it sounded pretty good to us. He stayed a few days before going on East, where he was an electrical engineer for a railroad.

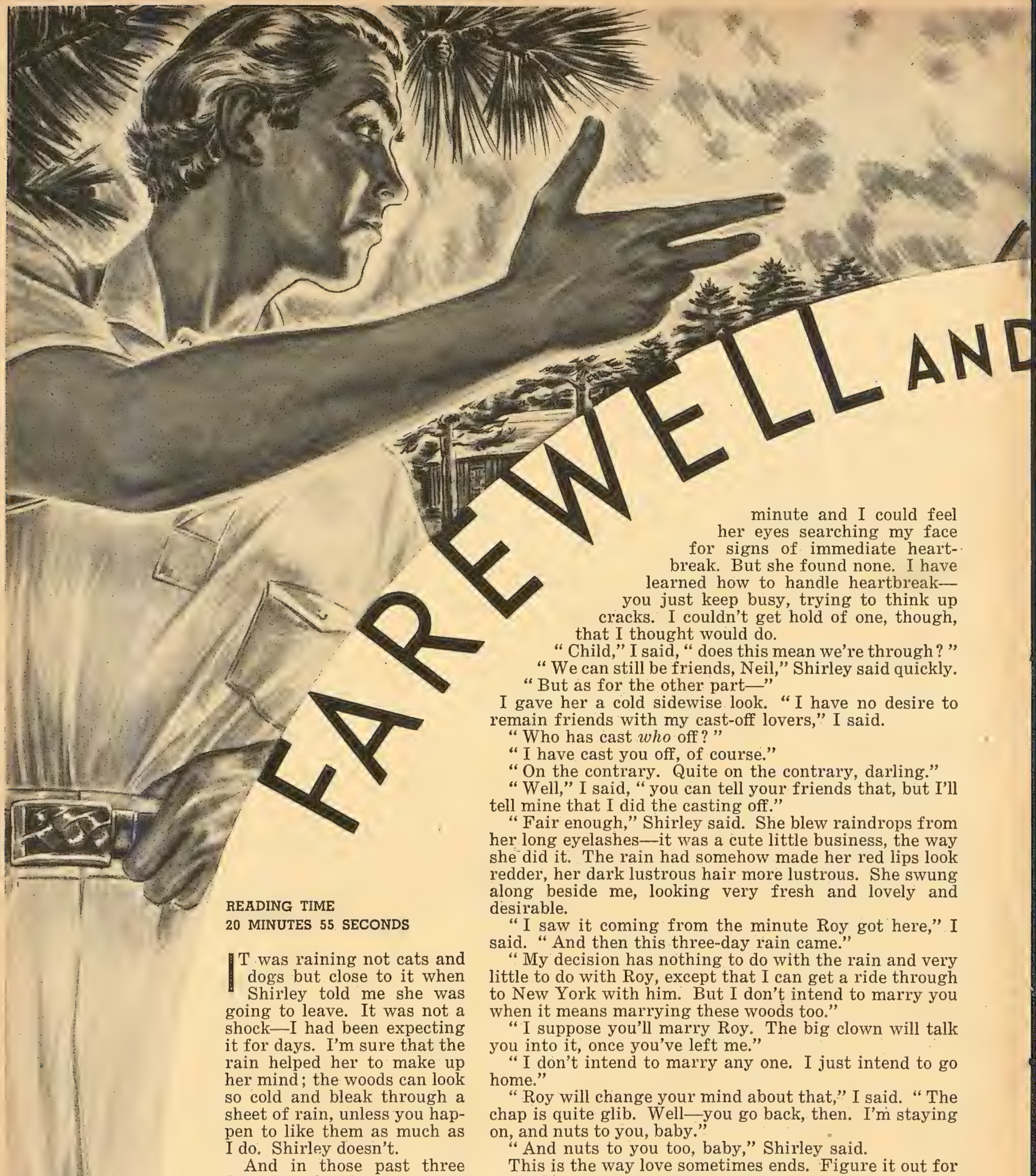
Mother got a letter from dad saying that he wasn't coming back to her, even though he wouldn't have to pay anything on the debts he had left because the people who had got the lots, etc., had sold them for more than he had owed. That made mother mad and she got a divorce.

Up till then my first name had been Clyde, the same as my father's. But now that dad wasn't coming back, mother wanted to forget him. So she decided to change my first name to Douglas, which pleased me all right.

After the war, things weren't so good around San Antonio—the papers didn't sell so good; the rooms didn't rent so good—so mother decided to sell out and move to Los Angeles, as she thought there would be a better opportunity there. So by July, 1919, we were ready to go.

As I look back now, I can realize the courage mother must have had to move hundreds of miles to a strange city with three small children and start life anew.

What does California hold for the intrepid little family? Next week Douglas tells the story of their life there and of his and his brother's unexpected visit to New York—with Coney Island thrown in for good measure. Then back to the West, where sudden tragedy strikes.



FAREWELL AND

READING TIME
20 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARTHE MOORE

IT was raining not cats and dogs but close to it when Shirley told me she was going to leave. It was not a shock—I had been expecting it for days. I'm sure that the rain helped her to make up her mind; the woods can look so cold and bleak through a sheet of rain, unless you happen to like them as much as I do. Shirley doesn't.

And in those past three days there had been no cessation in the water that kept coming down from the dismal gray clouds.

We were sloshing up the muddy road to Moreau's farm, to get milk, when she told me.

"I'm going back to New York with Roy," she said. "Tomorrow."

Always the gay one, I took it like a man. I was silent a minute and I could feel her eyes searching my face for signs of immediate heartbreak. But she found none. I have learned how to handle heartbreak—you just keep busy, trying to think up cracks. I couldn't get hold of one, though, that I thought would do.

"Child," I said, "does this mean we're through?"

"We can still be friends, Neil," Shirley said quickly. "But as for the other part—"

I gave her a cold sidewise look. "I have no desire to remain friends with my cast-off lovers," I said.

"Who has cast *who* off?"

"I have cast you off, of course."

"On the contrary. Quite on the contrary, darling."

"Well," I said, "you can tell your friends that, but I'll tell mine that I did the casting off."

"Fair enough," Shirley said. She blew raindrops from her long eyelashes—it was a cute little business, the way she did it. The rain had somehow made her red lips look redder, her dark lustrous hair more lustrous. She swung along beside me, looking very fresh and lovely and desirable.

"I saw it coming from the minute Roy got here," I said. "And then this three-day rain came."

"My decision has nothing to do with the rain and very little to do with Roy, except that I can get a ride through to New York with him. But I don't intend to marry you when it means marrying these woods too."

"I suppose you'll marry Roy. The big clown will talk you into it, once you've left me."

"I don't intend to marry any one. I just intend to go home."

"Roy will change your mind about that," I said. "The chap is quite glib. Well—you go back, then. I'm staying on, and nuts to you, baby."

"And nuts to you too, baby," Shirley said.

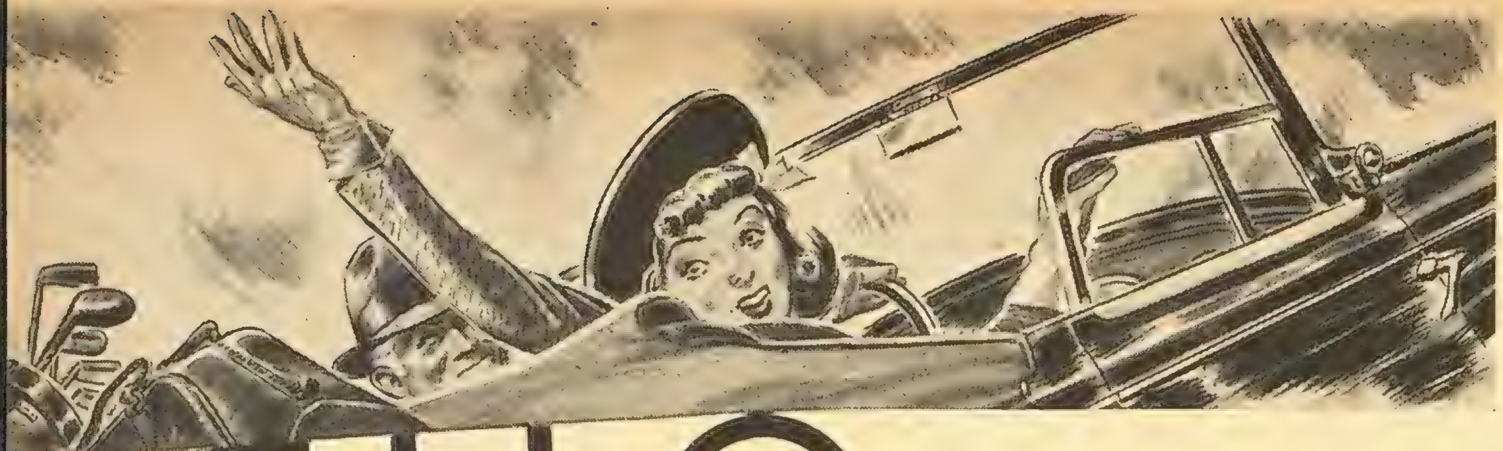
This is the way love sometimes ends. Figure it out for yourself.

We had planned to get married in the fall. I worked for an advertising agency that put me on two national campaigns at one time, and I was on the hop twelve to fourteen hours a day for months. Then, the crack-up.

Quiet, rest, solitude, the doctor prescribed. Several months of it. So I had come up to this Lake Orlando.

It was very fine, except that I didn't have Shirley with me. At the end of the first week I went back to New York to get her.

"Look," I said. "My cottage is close to Moreau's farmhouse, and they'll board-and-room you. It means a summer of just us, Shirley. You've got to go back with me."



"Good luck," Shirley said. "Thanks," I said. I watched the back of that roadster zoom around the curve and out of my life.

HELLO

Tempest in a triangle! . . A gay tale of turmoil in three young hearts and a lady's ultimatum

BY DUANE DECKER

"Two months in the woods is a long time for me," Shirley said. "I like New York so much, Neil. I like to be able to sit on a stool at a chrome bar once in a while. I like to jump around in taxis. And I like to see cops prancing around on fiery steeds. I like—well, you know what I like and how much I like it."

"Two months will go by quickly," I said. I put one arm around her. "We'll keep making love just wherever we find adequate shade."

She went back with me.

And the weeks that followed were the most wonderful of my life. I had less desire to return to the clank of Manhattan every day. I began, one day, to talk about what fun it would be, fishing through the ice.

Shirley gasped. "You mean you want to stay here forever?"

"Not forever, no," I said. "Just indefinitely."

"I want to go back to New York," Shirley said.

I said, "Aren't you having a good time here?"

"Of course. But I've had enough. And you're all rested up. If you looked any healthier, cows would begin to resent you. We should be back, doing the things we were intended to do."

I drew her close and kissed her. "Baby," I said, "believe in me. I have a little sock in the bank. We can get married and live here a year or so. Then later we can go back to New York, after we have dug out the true values in life for ourselves."

"I don't want to dig out the true values in life," Shirley said. "I just want to shop."

After that I went to work on her in earnest. I owned a complete set of Thoreau's works. I used to read aloud to Shirley, from the books, all about the beauty of living close to nature. But even Mr. Thoreau, whose arguments had been more artfully couched than mine, could not move Shirley.

Nevertheless I still believed I would bring her around to my way of thinking in those last couple of weeks. And I think I would have, too, if Roy hadn't come.

Roy Ogden works for the same advertising agency that I had worked for. You could possibly say that I had displaced Roy in Shirley's affections—at least, I met Shirley through Roy, who described her as "the only girl in the world." The billing seemed like no exaggeration to me and I promptly made seven dates with her for the next seven nights. After that, Roy just got lost in the shuffle.

So he resents me, in a way.

I knew he was bad news, the minute he climbed out of his wickedly beautiful black roadster.

Because Roy represented a strong whiff of Madison Avenue suddenly assailing Shirley's keen senses. He looked like the gay young blade in the bachelor apartment, ready to make crêpes Suzette for the girls at the drop of a hat.

And I stood alongside him in dirty ducks, a torn shirt, no haircut for a month, no shave for two days, and a dopey-looking tweed grouse helmet on my head.

When Roy came striding in, Wall Street fashion, Shirley just stared at him like a Vassar sophomore on whom Tyrone Power has unexpectedly walked in.

I said, "Hello, chum."

Roy said, "What a dump! Do you live in this dump?"

"I live in this dump," I said a little bit stiffly.

"And that road!" Roy said. "Say—there's a bridge back there that I don't know how the thing stayed together when I went over it. There are ruts in that road like trenches. Is that the *only* road to this dump?"

"That is the only road to this dump," I said.

"Hello, Roy," Shirley said.

"Darling," Roy said. "How do you *stand* it around this Tobacco Road of Neil's?"

I glared at him. "I let her sleep with the pigs," I said. "She finds it cozy."

Shirley said: "Oh, you get used to anything after a while, Roy." Then she looked at me. "Of course, *after a while* you start to get fed up with being used to it."

"I should think!" Roy said. He sniffed around like a professional teataster. "Any man who had an ounce of *real* manliness in him would not subject a woman like Shirley to this barbarian existence."

"But I have no desire to be manly," I said. "We all can't be as manly as you, Roy. There must be an occasional louse among us if the human race is to survive."

"Oh, I don't pretend to be manly," Roy said. "But at least I *try*." He turned to Shirley. "Lady, you sure look swell," he said. "I met Joe and Irene Wheeler at the Starlight Roof last week. They were hoping you'd be back for the housewarming. It's next week."

Shirley sighed. "I'd like to be." Her eyes narrowed then. "Who's playing at the Starlight Roof now?"

"Benny Goodman," Roy said. "Don't you people even get a New York paper?"

"We did," Shirley said sadly, "before Neil's car broke down and he left it to be fixed at some garage across the lake. Now we can't even get to the village for papers until he rows across for the car some fine day."

"The car will never be any good any more," Roy said cheerfully. He shook his head at me. "You should never let one of these hick mechanics touch a car."

I said: "Be careful how you use that word 'hick' in these parts, Roy. Hicks do not like to be called hicks."

"A hick is a hick," Roy said. "They might as well know it."

"O. K., chum," I said. "Only just remember I warned you." Roy laughed lightly. He was in a good mood because he had already sensed that Shirley and I were in the middle of a fight. He said he wasn't due at the office for a few days, so he thought he'd stay in my cottage.

I was fighting a losing battle and I knew it. Three days of heavy New York talk was Roy's siege, and Shirley could not withstand it. Then came the rain, which settled it. So, when she told me point-blank that she was leaving, it was no great shock. It was just one sweet kick in the pants to me, that was all.

IN the morning it had stopped raining and the sun was out, hot.

With great glee Roy piled Shirley's grips in the rumble seat. Then he got behind the wheel and they both gave me that intense last-minute attention that the host always gets from polite guests.

"Good luck, Neil," Shirley said.

"Thanks," I said. "And to you too, child."

"Now, pal—farewell," Roy said.

I watched the back of that roadster, which was wider than a yacht, zoom around the curve and out of my life.

I went fishing after that. But I didn't get the same old kick out of it, not even when I hooked—and landed—a slashing two-pounder. Shirley usually cheered breathlessly through those battles. Without her there it seemed different—very different. . . .

Finally I pointed the boat toward home. And then, when the cottage loomed ahead, I got a genuine shock. Smoke was coming out the chimney, and I had left no fire burning. When I walked into the front room, there they were, eating lunch.

"Hello," Shirley said.

"We're back," Roy said. "It was that bridge I told you about, Neil. Washed out. And you mean to say that's the *only* road out of this rattrap?"

"The only one," I said.

"Then we're stuck until the bridge is replaced? Is that it?"

"No," I said. I stroked my chin. "You could walk. It's only thirteen miles to the highway, and there, with a little luck, you could thumb a ride."

Roy let out a sound like a victrola running down.

I looked at Shirley. "You're still determined to go?"

"Why should I have changed my mind?" she said.

"No reason," I said. But there had been—I had hoped that the actual parting had made her feel the way it had made me feel. I could see then that it hadn't. So I said quickly: "You people seem to forget that my car is across the lake, at the garage. It's on the main highway to Durbin, the garage. Trains run from Durbin to New York."

"Wonderful!" Roy yelled. "This is simply swell of you, old boy."

I looked at Shirley, but she said nothing.

"Just call me Terry Trueblood," I said, "the pride of Troop 23."

We rowed across the lake, with the luggage. It was twenty miles from the garage to Durbin, and there we drove straight to the railroad station. Roy went inside to find out when the next New York train was due. Shirley and I waited in the car.

"We'll have to say good-by all over again," Shirley said, looking very industriously at a sign that advertised baking soda.

"We ought to get proficient at it," I said.

"I'm sorry, Neil," she said. "We had such fun. But—well—you know how we stand. On things."

Just then Roy came rushing out of the railroad station. "This is horrible!" he shouted. "The next train to New York doesn't come through until nine tomorrow morning. We're stuck in this hick town until then!"

Shirley didn't get ruffled. "Tomorrow?" she said.

I said: "Feel free to come back to the cottage with me if you want to."

Roy shook his head, hard. "No, thanks. We'd have to get up at the crack of dawn to make the train from there. We'll grab a hotel here in town."

We found a hotel called the American House. After they had registered, Shirley said: "You'll stay and have dinner with us, won't you, Neil?"

"No. No, I don't think so," I said. "I'd better run along."

Roy held out his hand. "You did a big thing for us, Neil. We appreciate it no end."

"Yes; it was—nice of you," Shirley said.

I only nodded acknowledgment of these tributes while I shook hands with Roy. "Good luck," I said.

Shirley was looking straight at me as I turned away. I went out to my car and drove off. I drove exactly three Durbin blocks, and then—*bang*—it happened.

The truck, you understand, was entirely to blame. I nailed two witnesses for my side. Then the tow car lumbered up. The mechanic, a greasy gentleman in faded blue denim, looked at my bashed-in sedan, studied it from many pertinent angles, and then announced: "I guess we can mebbe have her fixed up by tomorrow if Luke ain't gone off fishin' with Joe Tuttles."

So I told him to tow it away.

Back at the American House, Shirley and Roy saw me coming through the lobby.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello," Shirley said.

I told them what had happened. Roy wasn't pleased at the situation, obviously. What Shirley thought, I couldn't tell.

We went to a movie that afternoon. A Western picture was playing. Roy fell asleep in the middle, right where the wild horses stampeded the heroine. Shirley and I were enthralled.

After dinner we sat around the lobby and talked. Shirley said very little. She probably felt like the girl who kissed the boy good-by and then found out that the wrong bus had come along.

It was early when she said she was going to bed. "We'll see you in the morning, won't we, Neil?" she said.

"I don't think so," I said. "I'll probably sleep too late."

She gave her head a sharp toss. "Well—thanks again for everything you've done."

"Think nothing of it," I said.

After she had gone, Roy wanted to stroll around town. But I had seen all of Roy that I cared to in the past week. So I went to bed, even though I wasn't sleepy.

My watch said eleven thirty when the telephone rang. It was Roy.

"Hurry up and get down to this lousy hoosegow!" he yelled. "You've got to get me out of here."

"I can't hear you," I said. "It sounded as though you said 'hoosegow.'"

"That's what I said!" Roy screamed. "They toss me in this hick jail and won't let me out because I haven't got two hundred cash bail. They will not take any check, Neil. I have only seventy bucks on me. So you've got to do something about it."

I looked at the change on my dresser. Then I said: "I have nine dollars and thirty-two cents over and above my hotel bill."

WHAT will we do?" Roy roared.

"*We?*" I said. "*I'm* perfectly comfortable, chum."

"You come down here, and come down fast," Roy snapped.

"I'll be down," I said. "But, for the love of Pete, Roy, calm yourself. You'll do no good in a police station if you shout." Then, for no reason except that I couldn't help it, I asked: "What have they got you booked for—sticking up a hen roost?"

I heard only strangled sounds as I hung up. I got dressed and went down to the police station.

It developed that during Roy's walk around Durbin he had wandered into a beer tavern and had started to play a pin game. He kept losing and, like the sorehead he can sometimes be, he stated in loud tones that the machine was crooked. The tavernkeeper resented this, and Roy told him "how we handle your sort in New York."

That was enough; but Roy topped it off by referring to the tavernkeeper as a "hick."

The tavernkeeper, according to Roy, swung on Roy. Roy, according to the tavernkeeper, swung on the latter. Five intimate friends of the tavernkeeper, who had been present, verified this last story. The local constable promptly saw his duty and did it.

"I tell them," Roy said, when I arrived at the jail, "that I've got to catch a train in the morning. But they don't care about that. They say I have to stay locked up until my case comes up. Or fork over bail."

"And when does your case come up?"

Roy was on the verge of angry tears. One eye was turning black and his coat was ripped. He said: “Ten o'clock in the morning is when they hold court—that's one hour *after* the train goes through. There won't be another train to New York until nine the *next* morning.”

“If you wired the office for money—” I said.

“They wouldn't get it until morning when they opened up,” Roy said bitterly.

“Well, there just isn't any out, then. You might as well accept the situation as gracefully as possible, that's all. If you hadn't been such a wise guy with the constable—”

“Me? I wasn't any wise guy, Neil.”

“You called him a ‘hick flatfoot,’ he says. I warned you about that word, Roy.” I shrugged and turned to go, but he called me back.

He said: “Send a night letter to McClain, at the office, for me. Tell McClain I can be reached at the American House. Tell him I am unavoidably detained but will be back as quick as possible.”

When I got back to the hotel, I stopped at the desk and asked the clerk if there was a morning call in for Shirley.

“For eight o'clock,” the clerk said.

“Cancel it,” I said. “She's not going to catch the train.”

I WAS waiting in the lobby, the next morning, when Shirley came down.

“I have gloomy news for you,” I said. “Roy is in jail.”

“Who did he hit?” Shirley said.

“Just a tavernkeeper.”

Shirley sighed. “Let's see what shape he's in.”

We went down to the jail. Roy no longer represented a whiff of Madison Avenue. He needed a shave, his clothes were badly wrinkled, and there was a mad childish gleam in his eye that was not becoming. The black eye had been getting blacker, too.

“You poor thing!” Shirley said. But she had to smile faintly.

“So you think it's funny!” Roy snapped.

“Of course I don't,” Shirley said.

“Then what are you laughing at?”

Shirley turned to me. “Was I laughing?”

I looked from her to Roy, and spread my hands, palms up.

“You'd both know how I feel,” Roy said peevishly, “if you'd been locked up in jail and couldn't sleep a wink all night.”

In the county court, Roy was fined forty dollars and costs, which made the total nearly sixty. He was found guilty of breach of the peace, resisting an officer, and contempt of the law—the last was tagged on for calling the constable a “hick flatfoot.”

And he was still fuming when he walked out, free.

“Roy,” Shirley said sharply, “there's no point in being grumpy. The world is going to go on. There'll be another train in the morning.”

“I want to go to bed,” Roy groaned.

He went to bed. That left Shirley and me with ourselves on our hands. We walked down to the garage to get my car, but it wasn't ready and wouldn't be ready until six o'clock. Then we walked all over town and outside of town. We talked, but not about ourselves. We had become afflicted with a familiar disease that lovers frequently contract, known as crawling into the shell.

The car was ready when we got back. I drove Shirley to the hotel and we found Roy in the dining room. Sleep had not erased his sulkiness, either. I had dinner with them when Shirley suggested it. That meal somehow lasted a long time, and when it was over there were drinks.

When I finally looked at my watch, it was nine thirty.

Shirley stood up suddenly. She said: “I'm going to bed.” Then she looked at me. “I enjoyed our afternoon. I'm glad you were delayed.”

“Are you?” I said.

“Good-by, Neil.”

DUANE DECKER

has been writing fiction for ten years, making a living at it for two. He went to Colgate University, likes tennis, fishing, clarinets, Mr. Roosevelt (with a few reservations), the New York Giants (with no reservations). Born in Bridgeport, Conn., he still lives there.

“Good-by, Shirley. I guess I already wished you luck.”

“Yes.”

“Then everything's been covered.”

For a moment she paused as if she were going to say something more. But she didn't; she went out.

I finished my drink and was just going to leave when the bellhop handed Roy a telegram.

He ripped it open and read it. His eyes kept widening.

“This is terrible!” he said.

“What now?” I said.

“McClain at the office—he's hopping mad at me. A very important client on one of my accounts has been waiting to see me for two days. The client is leaving, and we may lose the account unless I get there by tomorrow noon to catch him—”

I sat down. I saw what was coming this time. I said: “All right, Roy. O. K. Take my car. Get going right away and you'll make it in time.”

“Neil! This is certainly fine of you, old man. You're a prince! I'll get Shirley and—”

I suddenly shook my head hard. Something startling dawned on me. It was this: Ever since Shirley and I had agreed to part, Fate had kept stepping in and had managed to keep us together. Fate, I realized right then, had given me just about all the strong hints that one man deserves to get in a lifetime. It was very nearly time that *I* stepped up and gave Fate an assist. . . .

So I said: “Listen, Roy—Shirley is tired from all our walking. And this wild ride of yours will be tough. Let her sleep and take the train in the morning, as planned.” I paused then, and made the big thrust. “To go on alone, Roy, would be the *manly* thing to do.”

If there is anything in the world that Roy strives to be, it is manly.

Roy pondered a moment. Then he nodded solemnly. “You're right, Neil. This is a man's battle. I'll go it alone.”

And in fifteen minutes Roy had checked out and was speeding through the night toward New York. Alone. . . .

I went over to the desk clerk and asked him what time Shirley's morning call was.

“Eight o'clock,” the clerk said. “What train—”

“She isn't going to catch it, after all,” I said. “Cancel the call.”

“Yessir, thank you very much.”

“Don't mention it,” I said.

THE next morning I waited in the lobby until she came down. When she saw me, her eyes blazed.

“So *you* canceled—”

“I did,” I said.

“And made me miss the train—again.”

“Yes.”

“And will you tell me why you have done this?”

“I'll do that,” I said. “This, baby, is precisely why.”

I had her in my arms then, and I kissed her. When I let her go I said: “We're going to thumb a ride back to the boat, and then row across to the cottage, you and I. There I will pack up my stuff. Then you and I will go out and build that busted bridge with our own bare hands, plus the help of the authorities.”

She didn't say anything.

“After that,” I said, “we'll drive Roy's car back to New York, where I will get my old job again, and you—”

“Yes?”

“And you will marry me. Will you marry me?”

“Certainly,” Shirley said.

“And as a going-away present,” I said, “we will give to our good friend Mr. Moreau one complete set of the works of Thoreau. Meanwhile you and I will confine our reading strictly to the telephone book in which is to be found such interesting data as ‘Stork Club, 3 East 53.’”

I took a deep breath. Then I gave her a tender sidewise look. “And this time, child, it's hello for keeps.”

“Hello—darling,” she said.

THE END

The AMERICAN WAY

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Beginning a remarkable series—the story of advertising. A chronicle of adventure and hazard and achievement

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHY THESE ARTICLES WERE WRITTEN

by FULTON OURSLER

EDITOR OF LIBERTY

IT began at the luncheon table. My little daughter had come home from the village school and, after a first helping of dessert, turned to me with large sad eyes. "Daddy," she said, "why do you have advertisements in Liberty? The things they say are not true. I don't believe a word of any of them. In fact, I don't believe in advertisements at all. They say what isn't so, to try to make you buy what they want to sell; and if we didn't have any advertising, things would be better and cheaper."

Having delivered herself of a great and weighty matter, she dropped her eyes solemnly and helped herself to another orange.

I looked at April as if she were some other family's child; but there she was, my own eleven-year-old daughter, placidly peeling her orange and not seeming to be aware of the sensation she had created at the luncheon table. The atmosphere in the room was tense. I waited a few moments before I ventured to try my voice.

"April," I asked, "did you come to all this by yourself?"

"No, daddy; I learned it at school today."

"The teacher taught you that advertising was not truthful?"

"Yes."

"What authority did that young man have for saying such things?"

"He had a book. He read to us from it and then talked to us. It was something about human beings and guinea pigs."

"Oh, yes. I know the book."

"It must be a good book, daddy, or they wouldn't have it in school. Isn't that right?"

"I can't quite subscribe to that," I said. "There are lots of books in this world that tell one-sided stories. I should like to talk to you about advertising a little later."

The conversation had astounded me, filled me with a sense of indignation. For nearly thirty years I had earned my bread and cheese in the publishing business. During all that time I had been continuously employed in the editorial departments of newspapers and magazines which gained their profits through advertising. I had read 100,000,000 Guinea Pigs when it was published. I did not need a book to tell me that there were frauds in advertising; I knew that, just as I knew there were frauds in every other activity in which human beings engage themselves. There is a certain percentage of fraud in human nature. Sometimes, when confronted with some especially odious fraud, I have taken comfort in the reflection that one of the twelve disciples was a crook. As I thought over the matter of advertising, I was proud to realize that modern business men beat the apostolic percentage. Frauds in advertising? Sure! But only a small percentage; the guinea-pig book had libeled the great majority. More, the efforts at self-discipline in modern business had gone far to eliminate such tricky deceitfulness altogether from modern advertising.

Why was it that these facts had not been taught to my child in the village school?

I had assumed that, after its spectacular sale, the guinea-pig book had gone the way of other best sellers whose appeal lay in sensational disclosures and attack upon respected institutions.

Now it developed that, instead, the book had been taken up by some active force, had been removed from a competitive place in the struggle for the attention of the adult public, and was being forcibly fed to growing minds as gospel. One was forced to wonder what kind of agency considered that course the part of wisdom and good sense.

I was aware, of course, that some of our modern lawmakers and administrators of the law held definite ideas on the subject. One of them had been quoted as saying that it was a major purpose in his life to destroy advertising. By highly radical legislation, some attempt had been made so to restrict advertising that it might as well be destroyed; but the common sense of Congress had killed the Tugwell Bill.

Here was a new way to get at the same object. Was it

DECORATION BY R. A. CAMERON

OF LIFE

We Americans live better than other peoples. What have we to thank for our standard of living? In a large part the Aladdin's Lamp of today is—Advertising!

possible that, in schools all over America, in large cities and in little villages like our own, children were being taught that advertising was not to be trusted, that it was an unnecessary and indefensible feature of our modern life, an artificial tax which ought to be eliminated?

And, if that were so, was not my indignation perhaps entirely selfish?

The more I thought about it, the more I knew that it was not entirely selfish. When you have lived with a thing for nearly thirty years, you should be able to know it for what it is, to understand its strength and weakness, and to form an honest measure of its character.

I thought about this matter for a long time before I tried to talk about it to my daughter. I looked back over the years that I had lived and worked through, and I remembered the changes that I had seen brought about in the American scene largely through the message carried to our people by advertising.

I thought of the old tin bathtubs changed to the beautiful porcelain ones of today; of better houses, better furniture, better clothing, better food, and the part advertising had played in this exciting history. Curiously and amusingly, I saw, too, a vast forest of human beards suddenly cut away. I do not know whether in former years men grew beards because it was expensive to be shaved by a barber every day, or because the old-fashioned razor was difficult to manage, tiresome to hone, and dangerous; but I do know that coincident with the widespread advertising of Gillette's invention, the perfecting of the safety razor, American men began to shave every day. Gone with the wind were pork-chop whiskers; flowing beards flew away, goatees vanished, and the human landscape was astonishingly improved.

Then, as if that amusing conceit had opened a door, a great troop of other familiar memories rushed into my mind. I remembered how Europe had once thought of us as barbarians having no public love of great music. Then Thomas Edison invented the phonograph. The Victor Talking Machine Company began to advertise the recording of the great voices of the Metropolitan and the Chicago Grand Opera Companies, the red seal records of sweet and mighty voices, of Farrar and Homer, Garden, Caruso! I could see, in memory, the placards in the shop windows, the colored double pages in the magazines, of the opera stars in their colorful costumes: Rigoletto, Carmen, Louise.

And I remembered other advertisements that had brought good music to the American people—the Ampico reproducing piano and the Duo-art, and that great company of pianists who made reproducing records of the greatest music ever written. Paderewski playing Beethoven! Harold Bauer playing Schumann! Rachmaninoff playing his own preludes!

"How was it all this could come to be?" I asked myself. "If all these records and instruments had been turned out for the few, the price would have been too high even for a millionaire. Advertising actually reduced the cost to the consumer, not only in this case but in thousands of other cases. The secret of it was that they were turned out not for the few but for the many.

"And how could the many be reached? They might

TRUE STORY
Good Housekeeping

have made a million records of Caruso's voice, and all would lie unplayed on dusty shelves unless the masses knew about them. This advertising—which my little daughter had been taught was untruthful and unnecessary—was an intervening force that gave the blessings of science and industry to the world."

I realized that all this that I had been thinking was still superficial and very much top-of-the-head. Beneath it, though, I knew, must be a great and worth-while story. All my life I had believed that advertising had been the good friend of the American people, a pioneer force in higher standards of living, an advance guard of modern civilization. Now I believed that lies were being taught about it to school children. I wondered how generally known was this conspiracy.

So I began to make inquiries. I found, to my increasing knowledge, that our contemporary, the Crowell Publishing Company, had made a survey of this situation. The results, far more disconcerting than I had realized, were published in a brochure called Advertising and the Consumer Movement. This was a good job, well done. But it seemed to me there was more work to do.

I believed that American people would welcome the other side of the story. That was how we formed the project of telling it in Liberty. To the difficult task of gathering the facts we assigned Mr. George Sokolsky.

Mr. Sokolsky was selected for three reasons. His intimate association with American industry, I felt, would open the way to records, files, hidden and forgotten data. It did so. Though it was obvious to advertising firms that we could not boost their particular products, every assistance was given him, even by a competitor of the producer of one commodity in question, and even by Consumers' Research—which produced the original guinea-pig book. Then, his experience and his background have been unique. From 1917, when as a young radical he went to Russia, to 1931, when he came back, a converted and convinced American patriot, to "God's own country," his experiences in Russia and China—and, for that matter, Japan—amounted to his living within the first forty years of his life through four centuries of human experience.

Finally, he was a man who knew and understood economics but could be shown that, for this story, the facts need not be buried under bushels of figures and tables and graphs; that the truth can be told simply and it will shine as truth.

It seemed to us in the beginning that it would be almost impossible to make the positive side of the question as interesting as the public had found the destructive side. Somehow, the man who destroys often attracts more attention than the man who builds. But now we of the Liberty staff think our fears were groundless.

As Mr. Sokolsky's wonderful story unfolded in manuscript form, it read to us like a romance, a story of adventure, of hazard, and of achievement. Until we read the first installment we would not have believed that a simple orange, for example, could have a story as thrilling as a heroine in a novel.

Yet here it is. Read Mr. Sokolsky's story for yourself.

THE GENIUS OF OUR COUNTRY

WHEN Columbus discovered America, he was looking for pepper and other spices. He found, instead, a continent. But there were no cities on this continent, no industries, no great agricultural areas. Oh, of course there were the Aztecs; but what are all the marvels of Montezuma compared with our own civilization?

The great empty lot Columbus found has since been turned into the land where men live best!

Through good times and bad, through booms and depressions, the United States holds the record of the highest standard of living yet known to the human race.

That is the achievement of American civilization. That is the product of American genius.

And, in its later aspects, it is largely a triumph of American advertising!

You know as well as I do that we in America live under conditions unequaled anywhere on earth. The average standard of living for America is higher than for any other people. The lag between the lowest earning group and the average still has to be brought up sharply.

Even at that, our lowest earning group lives better, has more things, than the average in any other country.

Mrs. Eliza Tibbets, who at Riverside was mother of the California orange industry.

Our Communist detractors are trying to tell Americans, including our school children, that this is not so; that we are no better off than other countries and worse off than some. Of course these Communists are out-and-out liars. The facts speak for themselves.

But what are the facts? What *is* a standard of living? In what way can you measure it?

Well, here are a few ways:

Take the consumption of water. A healthy people must be a clean people. Whereas New York uses 142 gallons of water per person each day, Paris uses 47, London 43, and Berlin 38.

Or take education. Twenty-four per cent of the American people attend school. That is true of only 16 per cent in France and Germany and only 15 per cent in England. Going to school is a part of the return in better living standards that citizens get for the taxes they pay!

Or take radio receiving sets per 1,000 population. In the United States, 253 out of every 1,000 persons have sets. In the United Kingdom it is only 216 out of every 1,000; in Germany it is down to 129; in France it is a mere 93. Let's look at it still another way:

How much time each day is required to earn the kind of life that we Americans have? How much of our lives goes into the mere task of earning what we eat, where we live, how we sleep, in what manner we are amused?

In China, for instance, coolies (that is, the unskilled working group) work from sunrise to sunset—a minimum of twelve hours a day. Factory labor works, say, ten hours a day. Some workers there work seven days a week to get their very low standard of living.

There was a time not so long ago when men in America also worked twelve hours a day. Gradually we came down to eight hours a day. That is a rise in the standard of living. Now we are actually trying to fix a forty-hour week by law.

How much will your money bring you? How many hours of labor do you have to put into the purchase of a dress or a dozen eggs or a new car? I shall be able to prove that one hour of work in the United States purchases more goods or services than in any other country.

And, finally—

How much of our independence, our freedom, our liberty do we have to sacrifice to obtain the full advantages of the American way of life? The answer is simple: *None!*

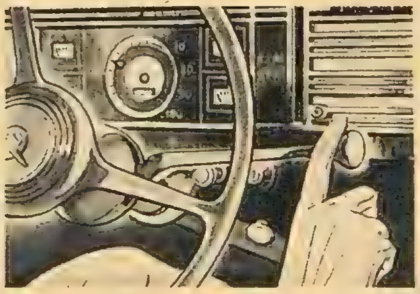
In most of the world the human rights that man wrenched from his rulers during the last thousand years have now disappeared. Collectivism in all its forms, from the Communism of Soviet Russia to the revived absolutism of the Balkan kings, is the death of human liberty. Step by step, the people of Europe are being forced back into the despair and despotism

(*Continued on page 22*)

A Greater Plymouth at New Lower Prices!

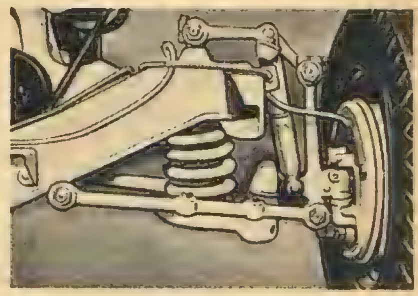
THE VALUE IS UP—

THE PRICE IS DOWN



PERFECTED Remote Control Gear Shifting (*left*), with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission, standard on "De Luxe." Much easier shifting.

NEW AMOLA STEEL Coil Springs (*right*), finest design known, give a wonderful new ride.



1939 Plymouth brings New Luxury and Style, a Marvelous New Ride!

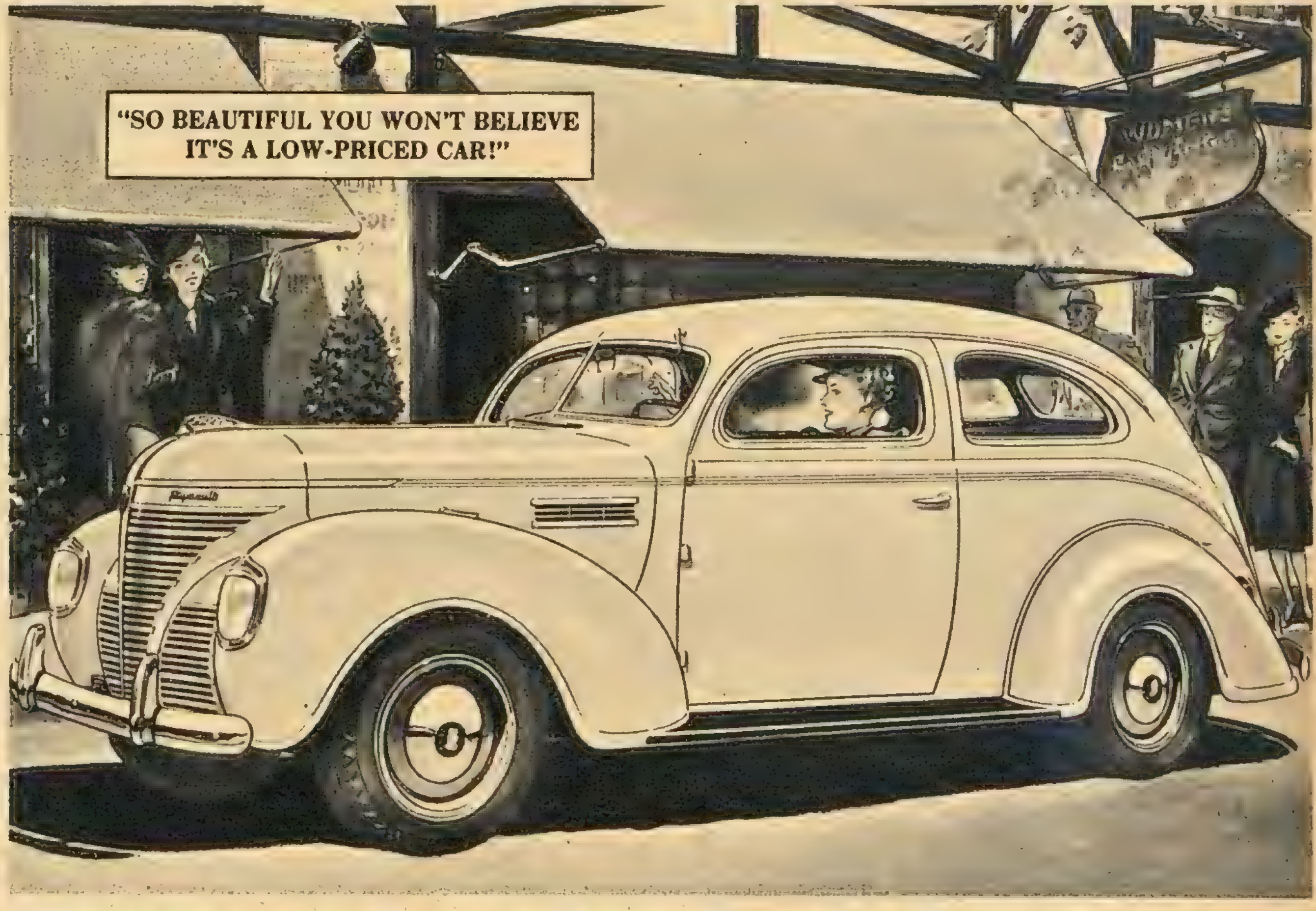
EVERYWHERE people are saying the new 1939 Plymouth, at new lower prices, is *the* great car buy of the year! And here's why...

It's a bigger car...with new High-Torque engine performance and new economy.

New Amola Steel Coil Springs and the famed Floating Power engine mountings give a new smooth ride!

Easy to own—your present car will probably represent a large proportion of Plymouth's low delivered price... balance in low monthly instalments. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

MAJOR BOWES' Amateur Hour, C. B. S. Network, Thursdays, 9-10 P. M., E. S. T.


"SO BEAUTIFUL YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

THE NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH "ROADKING" Two-Door Touring Sedan. See your Plymouth dealer!

For 1939, Plymouth Brings All These Big Engineering Features:

1. Longer Wheelbase—now 114 ins.
2. New High-Torque Engine Performance with new Economy.
3. Perfected Remote Control Gear Shifting—more convenient.
4. New Auto-Mesh Transmission.
5. New Amola Steel Coil Springs give a wonderful new ride.
6. New True-Steady Steering.
7. 100% Hydraulic Brakes.
8. Rust-proofed All-Steel Body.
9. Floating Power Engine Mountings.

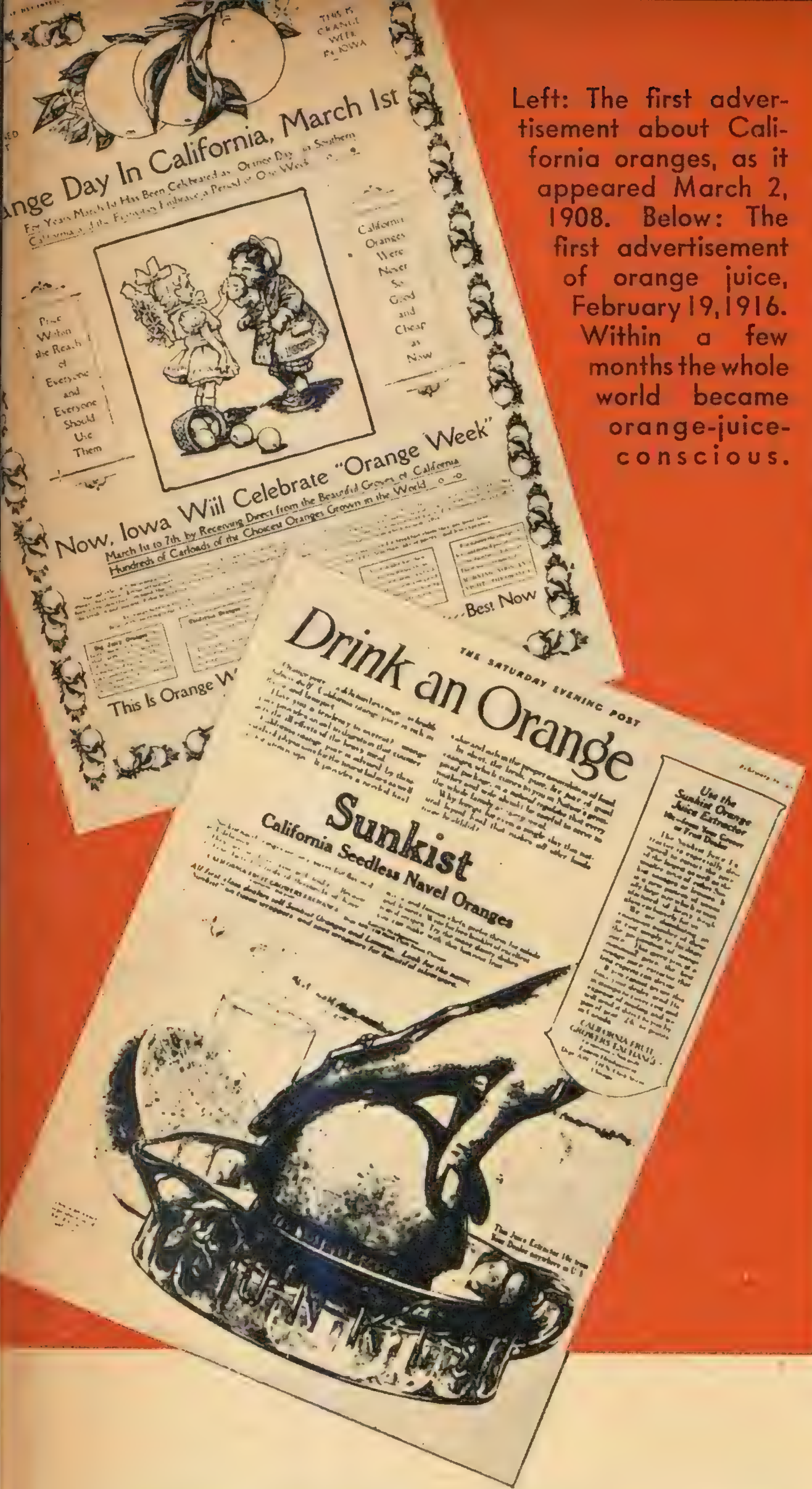
EASY TO BUY

"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cubic feet). "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models are slightly higher. Prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

THIS YEAR
PLYMOUTH'S
THE CAR


This Is Orange Week in Iowa
…nge Day In California, March 1st
For Years March 1st Has Been Celebrated as Orange Day in Southern California…
Price Within the Reach of Everyone and Everyone Should Use Them
California Oranges Were Never So Good and Cheap as Now
Now, Iowa Will Celebrate "Orange Week"
March 1st to 7th by Receiving Direct from the Beautiful Groves of California
Hundreds of Carloads of the Choicest Oranges Grown in the World
…Best Now
This Is Orange W…
Drink an Orange
The Saturday Evening Post
Sunkist
California Seedless Navel Oranges
Use the Sunkist Orange Juice Extractor
California Fruit Growers Exchange

Left: The first advertisement about California oranges, as it appeared March 2, 1908. Below: The first advertisement of orange juice, February 19, 1916. Within a few months the whole world became orange-juice-conscious.

(Continued from page 20) of the Europe of the Middle Ages.

And it is all being done with the professed object of raising the standard of living of the people!

As a free people, we Americans established our own way of life. We live better than other peoples, and we still live in freedom.

How did we Americans get this high standard of living? First by mass production, second by mass distribution, and third by mass availability.

Mass availability is advertising.

New goods, new foods, new ideas come into existence every day. How do you know about them? Perhaps you had given up eating oatmeal because it took too long to cook. But a food manufacturer produced oatmeal that cooks instantly. How could you learn about it? The producer must have a way of telling you about his achievement. You must have a way of keeping yourself informed about anything that might interest you.

Advertisers, it is true, put on the ballyhoo, and at times they put it on thick; but that is as nothing compared with the utter darkness of life when Venice ate only salami because the Venetians did not know that the value of ice as a preservative had been discovered in England. Melodramatic overemphasis in advertising may sometimes offend you, but that is a disappearing fashion of the past. How, without advertising, would you know about the fountain pen which writes these words, or the quick-drying ink which has replaced the blotter? How would you know of a thousand other invaluable goods and services unless they were called to your attention? And called to your attention with a lot of noise—because none of us is *always* listening.

And let me make a further point: Mass production brings prices down while the quality improves. This you must know to be true when you examine dozens of commodities which you use every day in your own home—electric-light bulbs, clothes, household utensils, radios, etc. But the commodities produced by mass production cannot be put into widespread circulation without advertising. People must know about them if they are to buy—and unless lots of people buy there can be no mass production. Advertising, then, serves directly to bring prices within the purchasing power of an ever-increasing number of buyers.

Let me take one simple example to show you what I mean—the romantic story of the American orange.

When we were children, we were lucky to get an orange once a year in a Christmas stocking; and when we did get it, it was, more often than not, stunted and speckled and sour and full of unchewable pulp.

If it hadn't been for an educational advertising campaign begun thirty years ago by a group of California fruit farmers, and still carried on by them and the equally progressive Florida growers, our oranges would be, in quality and quantity, very like those of our childhood, if indeed we had any oranges at all.

Today Florida from the air is like a green and golden tapestry of fragrant orange gardens; and today, from Riverside, California, in every direction stretch mile after mile of low-branched, heavy-foliaged orange trees. But, of all of these millions of trees in Florida and California, the most interesting is one tree in Riverside itself. Not the biggest—but the oldest.

It is set, like a public monument, in an octagonal green plot, surrounded by a neat granite curb and a high iron fence. For it is one of the two original trees, the Adam and Eve of the American orange family, from which the great American orange industry has stemmed.

It was as recently as 1873 that William Saunders, who was superintendent of gardens of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, came into possession of twelve tiny orange plants which had been sent to Washington from Bahia, Brazil.

In Washington the plants were useless, but Bill Saunders felt that there was just a chance that his little trees might grow in the mild climate and rich soil of California. He recalled his friend Eliza Tibbets. He sent two of the trees to Riverside and asked Eliza to plant them in her garden and see if they would produce good fruit.

I do not know whether Eliza was young or old, tall or short, blonde or brunette. I do not know whether Bill's interest in her was romantic or botanic. But since the orange blossom is ever the symbol of romance, I like to think that Eliza was pretty and slim and Bill was gallant and gay, and I hate to believe a yarn that says she was middle-aged and looked like Queen Victoria.

And let me tell you why they are always called *Mrs.* Tibbets' trees. There was no railroad in those days to Riverside. The nearest station was Los Angeles, sixty miles away. When word came that there was a package from Washington, Mr. Tibbets harnessed up his buckboard and set out on a trip that took three or four days, hoping to get something good. When he found that all that came were two scrawny trees, he was mighty sore. I'm glad he did not throw them away but had sense enough to bring them home to his wife.

Through six long hot unproductive summers Eliza Tibbets nursed her adopted trees with the tenderest care. "I had no irrigation system," she used to say, "or even a hose, so I watered them with dishwater."

At first the neighbors had a lot of fun with Eliza about her runty trees; but when, about 1880, the trees began to put forth a large, almost perfectly round seedless fruit of a deep golden hue, beautiful to look at and sweet to taste, her fruit-farmer friends who had come to laugh remained to pray for trees of their own like the Tibbets trees. And, thanks to Eliza Tibbets' generosity with her buds and her information, they soon had them.

As a testimonial, her grateful fellow citizens have erected a bronze tablet, which you can see if you make the pilgrimage to Riverside—as thousands do each year—to view the birthplace of the American orange.

It was a long and formidable struggle. Dishwater would not meet the irrigation needs of a million trees. New ways had to be found for fighting new blights. Protection against frost in winter was as necessary as against sun in summer. Improved cultural processes suitable for large-scale production had to be invented. There were picking problems and packing problems.

But these were as nothing compared with the apparently insurmountable obstacles which stood in the way of a nation-wide marketing of so perishable a product.

The newly invented refrigerator car opened up vast possibilities; but refrigerator cars cost money, and neither growers nor railroads could finance the building of a fleet of them without assurance of a steady all-year load.

NOW, the Washington Navel, with all its virtues, ripened only in late fall and winter and early spring. It could be picked and shipped only from November to May. In the hot months it just didn't exist. Until the growers found an orange, therefore, that would ripen in the American climate from May to November, the door to mass production and mass distribution was closed to them.

So they sent their scouts all over the orange world, which includes China, Spain, Italy, South Africa, and parts of South America. On an island in the Azores they found one called Valencia.

Lighter in color than the Washington Navel and more oblong in shape, the Valencia orange is not completely seedless, as is its winter rival, but is sweet and juicy and makes a most satisfactory summer fruit. Its discovery gave the growers a crop that could be harvested and shipped every day in the year.

But the biggest obstacle of all was still to be overcome. Most people didn't know how good oranges were. And almost no one knew how healthful they were.

Obviously, so long as these things were so, there was no hope that the growers could build a successful business and even less hope that the eaters could get oranges on their breakfast tables every day in the year.

I don't know what schoolteachers tell about mass production and mass distribution — both of which the orange growers now had, at least in prospect — but they probably teach that they are all right. According to report, they have those modern blessings even in Communistic Russia!

But neither mass production nor mass distribution of a product does you or me any good if we don't know that the product exists. It must be available.

That's advertising!

Hit a COLD two ways with Sal Hepatica

PASSENGER: I must be jinxed! Just as I leave for Frisco on the biggest deal of the year, I begin sniveling and sneezing. If I don't get after this cold fast, somebody else will get a sweet sales order.

STEWARDESS: Then I'll mix you some Sal Hepatica at once.

PASSENGER: Is Sal Hepatica something special?

STEWARDESS: Very! As a laxative, Sal Hepatica is not only gentle but speedy. And speed is important in fighting a cold. And this sparkling mineral salt laxative also helps Nature counteract acidity, building up your alkaline reserve. Every American Airlines Flagship carries it.

NEXT MONDAY
AMERICAN

PASSENGER: Well, thanks to you, miss, I dodged that cold, put the deal over, and had time to dash into a candy store for this.

STEWARDESS: Why, that's lovely of you! But don't thank me, thank Sal Hepatica! It's the first thought of millions when they feel a cold coming.

Help fight colds with Sal Hepatica
SAL HEPATICA IS SPEEDY, AS A LAXATIVE
IN ADDITION, SAL HEPATICA HELPS NATURE COUNTERACT ACIDITY

GET A BOTTLE AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S TODAY

TUNE IN! Fred Allen in "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. S. T.

Without mass education, which is another name for national advertising, mass production and mass distribution are like a fiddle without a string. The old European world which had no advertising waited tens of centuries to discover that there was silk in Cathay. But the entire world waited only a few months to discover that there was rayon in America.

That is the difference between an economic philosophy that does not believe in advertising and one that does.

For thousands of years Egypt had glass and China had paper; but Egypt knew nothing about China's paper and China knew nothing about Egypt's glass. Each country suffered for lack of a commodity that it very much needed *because in those days there was no way of the seller telling what he had to sell or of the buyer getting information about what he needed to buy.*

So American fruit lovers were luckier than the paperless Egyptians or the glassless Chinese. Thanks to the advertising columns of their magazines and newspapers, they *could* find out about an article of food which has since become one of the most valuable and enjoyable features of the American national diet.

Obviously, no one orange farmer could hope to undertake any such educational advertising campaign as the situation required. The growers had learned, however, in trying to solve their producing and distributing problems, that their greatest success would come from united action through co-operative groups of the nonprofit type. Now the largest of these groups, the California Fruit Growers Exchange, established what it very properly called an Educational Department and undertook the task of advertising to the American people the facts about the American orange.

That they did a swell job is evidenced by the result: the first advertisement about oranges appeared in the Des Moines Register and Leader, March 2, 1908; today, only thirty years and a few months later, everybody knows about their healthful nutritive qualities.

The California Exchange gave its product a trade name, Sunkist, and reaped a deserved wide success. Among other citrus fruit growers' co-operative organizations which have succeeded in making their product known to the families of the country are the Florida Citrus Commission; the Florida Citrus Exchange with its trade name Seald-Sweet; the American Fruit Growers with the trade name Blue Goose; the Rio Grande Valley Citrus Exchange, using Texsun as its trade-mark; and others.

But the principle which guided the advertising campaign of the California Fruit Growers Exchange was to emphasize the value of oranges—their own and everybody's else.

THE medicinal qualities of oranges had long been known in a vague way. Our twentieth-century fruit-growers resolved to apply twentieth-century laboratory tests. They wanted more facts to advertise! Nor did they rely wholly on their own experts. They enlisted the services of government chemists and the laboratory staffs of leading educational institutions. As a result of these impartial studies, they found—to their own amazement but to the everlasting benefit of mankind—that the health-building qualities of the orange were varied and important, and that vitamins A, B, and C, fruit sugar, fruit acids, cellulose, calcium, phosphorus, iron, alkaline salts, and many other beneficial factors are present in every orange, lemon, or grapefruit that we eat.

Thus the citrus fruit growers were now able to advertise that their product stimulated appetite and so aided digestion that it promoted the retention of calcium, phosphorus, and certain other food elements, that it built body resistance and protected against scurvy, that it counteracted acidosis and furnished regulatory bulk and easily digested food energy of the best type.

And they did advertise this invaluable knowledge until every thinking adult knew that a great new health-giving factor had entered American life.

If they had not done so, these findings, so important to us, would most likely have been interred in musty medical and scientific journals and forgotten.

Once more the educational advertising forces of the California Fruit Growers Exchange had done a swell educational job. Aroused by these findings, doctors and scientists everywhere began investigations. Dentists, for example, had long been puzzled by the amount of tooth decay and gum trouble experienced by the average child. Experiments soon proved that, if oranges and lemons in moderate quantities were added to children's regular diet, tooth decay was reduced 57 per cent, gum troubles 83 per cent.

Baby doctors discovered that citrus fruits not only promoted the development of sound teeth in children, but of sound bones as well; that they actually stimulated the growth and added to the weight of undernourished children; and that they offset the vitamin C deficiency in milk and thus helped to balance diet.

It was from this study of the value of the orange in the diet of children that a revolutionary idea was born—orange juice! Young Americans probably think that drinking orange juice is an ancient custom. It is, instead, a recent idea altogether. *And advertising gave America orange juice!*

HERE is the story about that:

Once the health-giving qualities of the orange were made known, the problem of how to get the orange into Sonny Boy had everybody down. His manual skill and often his dental equipment were quite unequal to the adult processes of peeling, separating, and chewing. Early experiments in sucking the juice through a hole in the skin proved devastating to the surrounding scenery. Mother's attempts to squeeze the juice out with her two hands proved disastrous to her shirtwaist. Then some sensible person invented the first mechanical squeezer.

Of course, if he had just invented it and let it go at that, we would still be squeezing orange juice for babies only—squeezing with our fists and catching the juice with our eyes.

When the idea of drinking oranges was first suggested, there was little confidence that it would succeed. In those days oranges were expensive. It was really an advertising man, W. B. Geissinger—who put punch and enthusiasm and truth into a campaign to convince Americans that here was something that was good for them, that they ought to drink—that put the juice over. That—and the glass orange squeezer. And the Exchange advertised not only the juice but the squeezer in magazines and newspapers until every household had one. As a result, orange juice became a staple in the diet of the well-brought-up American child.

But that was only the start!

Hot lemonade had long been known as a cure for colds in winter, and cold lemonade as a refreshing drink in summer. Both varieties had been produced with great travail by the women in the home. Now lemonade became the great home drink.

Drugstore soda fountains invented orangeade, and thus created the orange-drink industry.

Then came the *biggest* idea of all. If grown people liked drinks flavored with orange juice, why wouldn't they like orange juice itself? And why shouldn't they derive its benefits along with their children?

Orange growers answered that question and kept on answering it in advertisements and booklets until everybody knew about orange juice.

The first advertisement of orange juice—headed "*Drink* an Orange"—appeared in the pages of our contemporary, the Saturday Evening Post, on February 19, 1916—and within a few short months thereafter the whole world became orange-juice-conscious.

So, in gradual evolution, the orange industry, within the memory of many people now living, grew from two trees in a Riverside back yard to a gigantic farming enterprise that occupies 700,000 acres of land in California, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, and Arizona, that gives employment to nearly half a million people, and that does a business of $150,000,000 a year.

This miracle has been wrought by judicious expenditures, over a thirty-year period, in advertising. The California Exchange, for instance, has in this time spent more than $25,000,000 telling people about oranges and orange juice.

Now, $25,000,000 is a good deal of money. If a young schoolteacher taught that, he would be telling nothing but the truth.

If he taught also that this expenditure had to be figured in the cost of every orange, he would also be technically right.

But if he argued from that, as the guinea-pig type of amateur economists do argue, that oranges cost more than they would if there hadn't been any advertising, he would never have been more wrong in his life.

A little independent research on the teacher's part, instead of a blind acceptance of theories, would show him that mass education through advertising has been the prime cause of bringing and keeping the price of oranges within the reach of every solvent individual in the United States.

What was housework like a hundred years ago? How did woman's lot in that early horse-and-buggy era compare with an average American housewife's existence in our modern day? Mr. Sokolsky's study of the tremendous beneficent changes since then has led him to conclude that the force we have to thank for them is competition through advertising! How so? His second article of this series, in an early issue of Liberty, will make it all quite plain to you.

Today, when you spend a dollar for, say, three dozen of the very best oranges, your money is split eight ways; but not into eight equal shares. The man who grows your oranges and the man who sells them to you get something more than a quarter each, out of which they must pay their expenses and find their profit.

The railroads that haul your oranges, charging freight rates fixed by law, get almost another quarter.

The packers get a dime.

The pickers and carters get about three cents.

Miscellaneous sales expense gets a cent and a half.

Advertising gets less than a penny!

This penny, divided over your three dozen oranges, amounts to one third of a cent a dozen, or one thirty-sixth of a cent an orange!

This almost infinitesimal sum is not only chiefly responsible for delivering this high-grade orange to you at a reasonably low price. In all probability, it is responsible for delivering any orange at all at any price. For many old-time fruitgrowers are on record as saying that they were on the point of digging up their unprofitable groves when the advertising campaign started thirty years ago.

Now, the orange is only one of a thousand examples that I might have chosen to prove this point. When I first heard the story of the child who had been taught to distrust advertising, I simply cast about for the simplest way to show her and some older persons, too, that she and they and you and I were not the stupid creatures radical sensationalists would have us believe.

I didn't need to make an elaborate argument. I didn't need to stress the point that theorists—like those schoolteachers—who were against one established American institution were apt to be against most things American, against the whole American way of life. All I needed was to point to some familiar commonplace but irrefutable piece of evidence—and there it was. An orange!

Evidence of what, do you ask?

Evidence that advertising has made a major contribution—perhaps *the* major contribution—to the American standard of living, which, after nine years of depression, is still the highest standard in the world.

In offering this evidence, I have not tried to present an abstruse statistical economic argument, because no one but economists would read it; and economists already understand. In fact, they have long since dismissed, for what they are, those propagandist best-seller attacks on the American way of life which, in some mysterious manner, are now being fed into our public-school system.

The story itself is its own best argument—and I think you will find that this is also true of those that are to follow!

THE END

JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN HUNTING FOR!
Crab Orchard Brand
SAY, FELLOW, YOU'RE COLD! BETTER TAKE A DRINK OF THIS. IT'LL WARM YOU UP.
BOY, THAT DRINK TASTES LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS! I WISH I COULD AFFORD TO BUY EXPENSIVE BOURBON LIKE THIS.
WE CAN'T KICK ON OUR LUCK TO-DAY. WE'LL BE EATING DUCK FOR A WEEK.
YOU SAID IT! AND AS SOON AS I GET BACK TO TOWN, I'M GOING TO GET A PINT OF THAT BOURBON OF YOURS. I DON'T CARE WHAT IT COSTS.
WELL, IT WON'T COST YOU MUCH—ONLY AROUND $1 A PINT. JUST ASK FOR CRAB ORCHARD. IT'S KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON, AND MADE THE QUALITY WAY.
IT'S MY BRAND FROM NOW ON!
PLEASE YOUR PALATE AND YOUR PURSE—AT YOUR FAVORITE BAR OR PACKAGE STORE, ASK FOR
Crab Orchard Brand
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
ONE PINT
Crab Orchard
BRAND
WHISKEY
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON
90 PROOF

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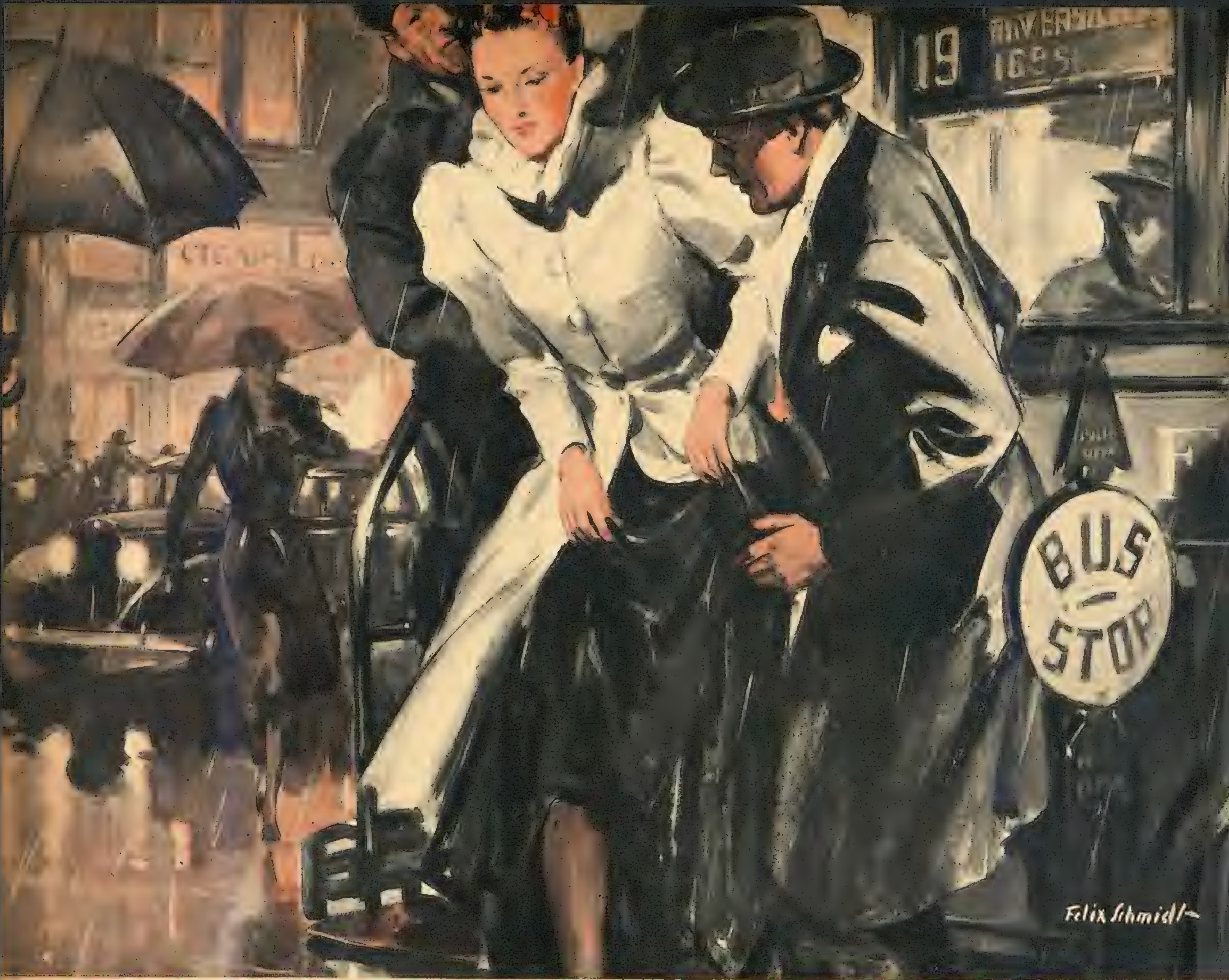

TWO PASSES

ILLUSTRATED BY

Here's a lively, surprising romance to remind you that clothes don't always make the man—when a girl's in love

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

WHILE Kate put the baby to bed, her sister Marie washed the dishes and Cliff dried them and put them away. He moved about the little kitchen, tall, lanky, good-humored, in his shirt sleeves, and Marie worked fast.

She had a dark blue bandanna tied over her hair that was done up in bobby pins; she wore a faded blue cotton dress and quilted black slippers on her bare feet, and she was lovely; slim and alive, with her clear fine profile and her long black eyes and her lips a little parted, giving her dark face a look of eagerness.

" Going out tonight? " Cliff asked.

" Yep," she said. " George has passes for White Witchcraft."

" Bright lad! How does he do it? "

" Cliff," she said, " what do you honestly think of George? "

Cliff began moving the plates on the top shelf, so that she could not see his face.

" Seems to be a nice guy," he said cautiously.

" Yes," said Marie; " he does." And he knew, by her tone, that he hadn't said the right thing.

Marie rinsed out the dishpan and hung it under the sink and went padding off to her room. Cliff, smoking his pipe in the sitting room, heard her rushing around in there. Not a sound from the room where Kate was shut up with the baby. Poor Kate! She had meant to be so darned scientific with that infant, never picking it up when it cried, and so on. But the little devil had got the better of her. She had given in, and was lost, and now she had to sit there until her son was asleep.

" She really likes it," he thought.

She came out on tiptoe, closing the door with cautious softness, and she had that dazed, dreamy look on her face.

" He goes to sleep much more quickly now," she said.

They got out into a downpour. "It's only two blocks," she said.

BY ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

FOR THE SHOW

FELIX SCHMIDT

"In another week or two he'll be getting over the habit."

She sat down, stretching out her long legs. She lit a cigarette and leaned back, tired and thin and happy. When Marie opened the door, she heard them discussing insurance with a sort of comfortable love. . . .

"Whoo-hoo!" cried Cliff, and Kate turned her head to look at Marie. She wore a black satin evening dress; a white wrap fitted snugly to her slim waist and flared out with a debonair swagger; her black hair was held back in shining waves. She looked exquisite, with her little air of dignity, and she knew it.

"How the heck do you do it?" asked Cliff.

"By wasting all my free time in bargain basements," said Marie. "I guess I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"I guess you ought," said Cliff. "Poor George!" He offered Marie a cigarette, and she sat down. Her narrow foot in a silver sandal swung nervously. George was late—again.

He makes everything such a strain, she thought. It's getting on my nerves.

The bell rang, and Cliff went to open the door. She heard George's voice, his abrupt laugh, a little too loud, so very young. He looked rather wonderful. He wasn't really handsome, but there was something about him—a sort of distinction; tall, thin, fair-haired, faint lines at the corners of his eyes, faint tenseness in the set of his mouth.

He was never easy and natural with her; he was always trying to make an impression, with his Wall Street job, and his fraternity connections, and his grandness. "If he cared enough to try to understand me the least little bit," she thought, "he'd know that I don't give a darn about things like that."

"You look lovely," he said as they started down the stairs. Said it in that way she hated. Being gallant, saying the right thing.

"So do you!" she said.

"Ha!" he said, with a short, mirthless laugh. He stopped a taxi and helped her into it. "What have *you* been doing with yourself?" he asked. "Been anywhere interesting?"

"I'm not a debutante," she answered. "I have a job. I don't go out all the time."

That stopped him for a moment. Turning her head, she got a glimpse of his profile, blunt-featured and boyish and certainly unhappy.

It's his own fault if he's unhappy! We *could* have a nice time. I don't know why, but I do like him.

And had liked him from the beginning. Their first meeting had been so typical. Aunt Margaret had come in one evening unexpectedly, some three months ago, and had offered to stay with the baby. "If you young people want to go out . . ." Cliff always wanted to go out. They had all got ready in haste, and had gone to a new place some one had told him about, a rathskeller. When they had got there, they hadn't liked it. After a glass of beer, they were leaving, when a friend of Cliff's stopped them. And George had been with that friend. They too were leaving the rathskeller; they had stood on the pavement, discussing where to go next.

"What about the Panther Club?" George had said.

"Heck, no!" said Cliff, shocked. "That's one of those genteel places. We want a joint—a low joint."

"There's a good orchestra at the Panther Club," George had said. "And it's not too expensive."

There was something about that boy—something appealing.

"I'll try your Panther Club," she had said.

George had got a taxi, and the others set off on foot. Kate and Cliff and Cliff's friend had a wonderful time. They got home at two o'clock, and waked Marie, who had been in bed for nearly two hours.

"Have a good time?" Cliff asked her.

"Sure!" she answered.

George had been particular about getting a good table; they had had one drink apiece; they had danced to the music of a mild and pleasant little orchestra, on a floor crowded with polite, well dressed people. They had talked about plays and books.

We bored each other almost to tears, she had thought.

Yet two days later George had telephoned, asking her to go to a play, and she had instantly accepted. And he had kept on getting passes, for plays, for movies, for broadcasts, even for concerts; and every time he asked her, she went, and it was always the same.

I don't know whether he really likes me, she thought, or whether it's because he doesn't know any other girls, or what.

Nor could she explain why she went out with George, and wanted to go out with him, and no one else. Because she loved fun and laughter, and hated anything pompous and formal. Now, for the first time, she had two new evening dresses at once, a new wrap, two pairs of evening slippers. And George not only had his dinner jacket, but on special occasions he came out in white tie and tails and a top hat.

It's just so silly, she thought. I don't believe he even earns as much as Cliff.

"I hope you'll like this play," he said. "They say it's the best show on Broadway."

"I'm sure I shall," she answered, and to herself: Blah, blah, blah! . . . If he does like me, why doesn't he ever say anything? Do I want him to? She glanced at him in a passing light, saw his face, fine-drawn, intent, with a sort of tired, stubborn strength in it. All right! I do! she answered herself. I'm—interested, anyhow.

She felt an impulse to take his hand, just to see what he would do. But she repressed that. She sighed faintly, and stirred.

"Happy?" he asked, with a sudden anxiety.

She wanted to answer, "No!" but she said, "Oh, yes!" in a tone not even meant to be convincing.

"I think you'll like this show. It's very popular . . ."

"George!" she interrupted. "What sort of shows do *you* like? We've been out quite a lot together, and still I don't know what you really like."

"Oh . . . .! Anything that's amusing," he said, and she gave up. If he *would* have things so stilted and artificial, let him. I'm going to stop liking him, she said to herself. I can if I want to. It can't be anything—very real, when we've never been sincere and honest together for one minute.

It just made her—rather unhappy to be with him, and certainly he wasn't happy. It was just stupid.

"This is going to be the last time, George."

She hadn't exactly meant to say it. When she saw the look on his face, she was sorry—terribly sorry. . . . The cab stopped then before the theater, and they had to get out in a hurry; other cars were sounding their horns behind them in frantic impatience. The street was crowded with people; the lobby was crowded.

"If you'll wait here . . ." he said, and joined the line at the box office.

I wish I hadn't said that, she thought. I *wish* I hadn't. . . . He looks—*miserable*.

After all, he was only a boy. Something about him—something endearing. . . . The line moved along; he was at the window now.

I'm sorry, but—in a way—I'm glad. There's no use going on like this, she said to herself. We never have a good time. . . . It's—wretched. It's better—much better—to end it before it gets any worse. Even now—it's bad enough. Even now, this minute, I feel—like crying. . . .

She got out a cigarette and tried to light it, and dropped the match. And a superlatively distinguished man in a silk hat, a man with a little gray beard and an eyeglass on a black ribbon, held out a light for her. When she smiled, he only raised his brows and bowed.

"Marie . . ." said George. He took her arm and led her aside. "Marie, I . . . I'm sorry. There seems to be some mistake. . . . It—seems that the passes—aren't there. This friend of mine was absolutely definite about it—but they—don't seem to be there."

His mouth twitched a little. She couldn't bear that look on his face.

"Let's go to a movie, George," she said. "There are—"

Still holding her arm in a tight grip, he led her out, through the crowd pouring in to see the best show on Broadway, into the street.

"Marie," he said, "I'm darn sorry, but I haven't—I didn't bring any money along." He tried to smile, and it was ghastly. "Only a couple of bucks for taxi fare."

"Look here, George," she said. "We can have a big evening on two dollars."

He paid no attention to that. "We'll get a taxi here and I'll take you home," he said. "I hope you'll—give me another chance in a day or two."

"I don't want to go home."

"You're a grand sport," he said. "I certainly appreciate it. I'm so sorry—"

"George," she said, "will you let me show you how we can have a nice evening for two dollars?"

She hadn't meant her tone to be so ominous; it obviously made him nervous.

"Sure!" he said. "I'd be glad—"

IT'S a test, she thought. To see if he's really as much of a snob and a stuffed shirt as he seems. If he is, all right; I'm not going to let myself like some one I don't—want to like. This is his *last chance.* "Let's walk over to Fifth and get a bus," she said aloud.

"You can't do much walking in those, can you?" he asked, looking at her silver sandals. "They're the prettiest shoes . . ."

Well, they were pretty, and her feet were narrow and arched, and she was glad he noticed that. They set off eastward. They stood on a corner, waiting for a bus.

"Here we are—Riverside bus!" she said.

They got in and sat down side by side, and there wasn't anything to say.

I talk to other people, she said to herself. There's no reason why I can't talk to him.

A sound made her turn her head; it was the patter of rain against the window.

That's—just disgusting! she cried to herself.

She sat desperately willing it to stop. A familiar landmark startled her.

"Oh! Next corner, George!" she said.

They got out into a steady downpour.

"It's only two blocks!" she said.

She held up her long dress, and he took her arm, steering her around the puddles. The rain felt like a shower of gravel on her bare head; her silver sandals were wet already.

"Here's the place!" she said, and they hurried into the lobby of the brightly lit movie theater. "This is where we almost always go. It's only thirty-five cents."

He looked down at her with a smile. His thick short lashes were wet, and perhaps that was what gave him a curiously gentle look. He bought tickets, and they went in, sat down side by side in the dark. The feature was on. And in a moment she recognized it as a picture she had seen with George weeks ago at one of the expensive theaters. They hadn't liked it then. . . .

It's just a coincidence, she said to herself. But it's—*mean!*

He didn't even try to take her hand. He never did.

If he wanted to, he would, she thought. Men aren't so darn timid. He doesn't particularly like me, and I don't like him—much. I'm just sorry for him. He doesn't know *how* to have a good time.

They came out into the lobby again, and the rain was coming down in a sheet. Everything was so wrong: the movies, the weather, George himself. He looked miserable.

"There's a place around the corner where we go," she said. "But if you'd rather not—"

"Oh, I'd like to go!" he said.

Out they went into the rain. He took her arm as they ran.

"Here it is!" she said. "Patsy's Sandwich Bar."

It was a little room, white-tiled, with a white porcelain-topped bar. There was a mirror behind it, edged with tubes of green light. The place was empty except for a young man in a white coat behind the bar.

"A whisky will do you good, Marie," said George.

"It's not that kind of bar," she said. "You can't get drinks. But the coffee's very good. I'll have a cup of coffee and a Cuban Nightmare, please."

"Same," said George.

He lit a cigarette for her and one for himself.

"This is—darn cozy," he said.

She glanced at him sidelong, but he was not looking at her. Her sandals were soaked, her feet cold as ice.

If he'd only talk! she thought. If he'd only *laugh.* . . . It's really funny, seeing a picture we'd seen before, and this rain, and everything. . . . After I said I'd show him how to have a good time on two dollars. . . . A good time!

The coffee was set before them, in thick cups, and presently the young man gave them two huge sandwiches: three layers of toast held together by toothpicks.

"It's ham and pimentos and hard-boiled eggs and cream cheese," said Marie.

"I see!" said George. "This coffee is *good.*"

"Don't you *like* your sandwich?"

"Sure!" he said. "Only I'm not very hungry."

He looked tired, and he was wet, and he was having a horrible time, and that made her angry—or something.

"I honestly think," she said, "that you'd get a lot more out of life—if you could learn to enjoy—simple things." She hated the sound of her own voice, edgy, unsteady. She wanted to stop—and could not. "You only like—expensive things."

"Well, it's not exactly like that, Marie," he said. "You see, I only make thirty-five a week, so I can't afford to be so darn de luxe all the time."

That, she thought, was the nearest he had ever come to speaking like a human being.

"I see!" she said. "But what I mean is that you'd like to be de luxe, George. I mean, you can't enjoy simple things." She paused a moment. "You're not enjoying this."

HE didn't say a word. He wasn't eating his sandwich. It wasn't good enough for him. She felt so cold, or so wet, or so disappointed or something, that she didn't want hers; but she ate every crumb of it. George smoked in silence.

"Well," she said, "I suppose we'd better go."

The rain had stopped, but the temperature had dropped; the wind felt icy.

"It's only five blocks," she remarked.

"Your feet must be pretty wet," said George. "Your hair is wet."

"That won't kill me," she said.

They walked side by side in silence. It was strangely difficult for her to keep silent. She had a desire to begin reproaching George. To tell him that he had spoiled this evening; that if he had been different it wouldn't have been so awful. But she managed to keep still.

When they reached the house, she held out her hand. "Well . . . good night, George!" she said. "Thanks—"

"If—it's the last time . . ." he said, "can't I come in?"

She had forgotten, for the moment, that it was the last time.

"It's only ten o'clock," he said.

"Well, I don't know . . ." she said. "Cliff and Kate might be in bed."

"They don't sleep in the sitting room, do they?" he asked, with the first trace of sharpness she had ever heard from him.

"All right," she said, and they went up the stairs together. She did not use her latchkey; she rang the bell, to warn Cliff and Kate; and, to her dismay, the baby began to cry—to yell!

"Honestly, George," she said, "maybe you'd better not come in."

"I want to come in," he said doggedly.

The door was opened so violently that it slammed against the wall.

"Oh! *Come in!*" cried Kate. She was wearing a hideous wrapper, and her hair was in curlers, and she was the only person in the world, thought Marie, who could look pretty like that.

"Oh, hello, George!" she said, catching sight of him. She wasn't a bit embarrassed, just friendly and hospitable. "Come on in! Cliff went out—for ten minutes—about an hour ago. Marie, won't you pick up the poor little fellow while I get his bottle?"

"Marie'd better change her shoes," said George. "They're soaked. I'll get the bottle and you can take up the baby."

"Thanks, George!" said Kate. As if it were a matter of course. George took off his overcoat and laid it on a chair, and turned toward the kitchen.

"But, George—!" cried Marie. "You don't know how—"

"My sister has two kids," he answered. "I wish you'd get those wet slippers off. You'll take cold."

HE went into the kitchen. In a sort of dazed haste, Marie got into a skirt and sweater and her felt slippers, and went out into the hall. She saw George in the kitchen—George, so slim and elegant in his dinner jacket. He took the baby's bottle out of the hot water, and she saw him shake out a drop on the back of his wrist.

"It's just about right," he said.

Kate was in the sitting room, walking up and down with that spoiled little devil in her arms. She took the bottle from George, not a bit surprised.

"Is it all right to smoke?" asked George.

"*He* doesn't mind," said Kate proudly. "He's a good little sport. He doesn't mind anything."

A key turned in the latch, and Cliff entered with a big paper bag.

"Hello, boys and girls," he said genially.

"Yes!" said Kate. "You went out to get some butter for breakfast, and you just happened to meet those two guys . . ."

"You're wrong!" he said. "And brutally unjust! I've been in the delicatessen every single minute, looking at the pups."

"Oh, have the pups come?" asked Kate.

"Born this morning. I've picked out the one we want. I've brought some beer and cheese," he said in a gentle appealing way. They looked at each other and smiled; then Cliff turned to George. "Beer or rye?" he asked.

"Beer, thanks!" said George. He was smoking, leaning back. He looked comfortable; he had a sort of settled

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2 oz. Hiram Walker's Gin
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Stir (never shake) with ice. Serve with green olive in cocktail glass.

IF your recipe is right, your drinks can't help being right every time—when you use Hiram Walker gins. Thanks to the exclusive Controlled Condensation Process that insures uniform flavor, every bottle has the same delicious taste—the same perfect smoothness—month in and year out! That's why America buys more Hiram Walker gins than any other kind! Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois. Distilleries at Peoria; Walkerville, Ontario; Glasgow, Scotland.

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CAN'T TAKE IT—
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TICK
TOCK

YOU'RE t-i-r-e-d before the day's half over. You fall down on the jobs that other women over 40 seem to do so easily and well. Your nerves have gone to pieces. You haven't any appetite for meals. No wonder that your spirits sag, and then your figure . . . that your face looks worn, lined, older than you really are.

What Science Says Yet early aging after 40 may often be due to these two common causes:

1. **Lack of vitamins that are often needed at this time of life.**
2. **Poorer digestion after 40—that prevents many people from getting *full value* from the vitamins in foods they consume!**

A simple food helps both these "after-40" troubles—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. Eat it faithfully . . . and we promise you, not a miracle of rejuvenation, not a cure-all, but a steady improvement of that run-down feeling due to lack of certain vitamins and slow digestion!

Especially Helpful after 40 For Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in four vitamins that many people particularly need at middle age. And in addition this fresh yeast acts like a "booster" for these vitamins when digestion is slow. It supplies other essentials that help you make fuller use of these vitamins and the food you eat.

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Grocers everywhere have Fleischmann's Yeast. Try this tonic food so many people over 40 have found wonderfully helpful . . . Begin eating it today!

"I lacked pep to enjoy myself after work—was tired and subject to digestive upsets. I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. After I had been eating it for a few weeks, my digestion improved. I didn't get tired easily any more."
ELIZABETH GOLD

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air. He looked nice. Cliff went into the kitchen, and in a moment Kate got up, with the baby already asleep in her arms, and took him off to bed.

"George," said Marie, "I never imagined you were so domestic."

He looked alarmed. "Well, I wouldn't exactly call it that," he said. "I like to go out—"

She leaned forward, desperately earnest.

"George, do you honestly like being so grand?"

"Grand?" he repeated. "I didn't think I was."

"Always going out to the best places—all dressed up . . ."

"When I took *you* anywhere," he said, "I—naturally, I wanted to go to the best places." He paused. "I think you rate the best there is," he said.

He wasn't stiff and formal now, only very quiet, subdued, something anxious and unhappy in his face.

"George," she said, "what do you really like?"

"Well, I'm changing a lot," he said.

"Please tell me, George! You see, if you don't tell me what you like, I can't"—she hesitated—"I can't know," she ended lamely enough.

"Well, before I met you," he said, "I didn't care much about shows and so on. My sister said I didn't go out enough."

"What did you used to do, George?"

"Read a lot," he said. "And drop in and see my friends. And take a train out to the country and just walk. My sister said I was getting stodgy."

"I don't think you're stodgy, George."

"I'm changing," he said. "Ever since I met you I've tried—" He stopped for a moment. "I—what I wanted to ask was, if you'd give me one more chance. I'm sure that next week I can get passes—"

"*I* don't *care* about things like that, George."

"What *do* you care about?" he asked. Their eyes met, and she could not mistake the look in his. He wasn't a stuffed shirt; he was only a little shy. He had wanted to please her, that was all.

"If you'll give me one more chance—" he said. "This evening was a mistake—"

"I don't think this evening was a mistake," she said. "Maybe we've—learned to understand each other better."

"I've always understood you," he said. "The first time I saw you, I knew you were—"

"Come and get it!" called Cliff from the kitchen.

Beer and cheese and the rye loaf were on the table.

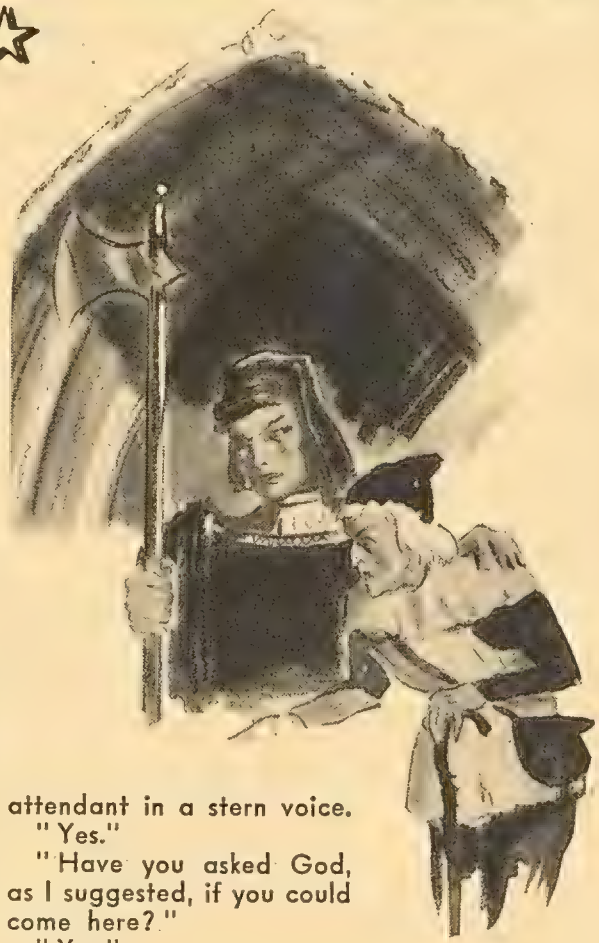
"I'll cut the bread," George said, and Marie watched him. She had never seen any one slice bread so beautifully. "That the way you like it?" he asked.

They looked at each other, and they smiled. Now they understood *everything.*

THE END

☆ Two-Minute Story ☆

NO ADMITTANCE



HERE is a story that seems worth telling, worth even *repeating:*

With faltering tread he made his way laboriously up the steps leading to the church's entrance.

Glittering limousines discharged their richly clad occupants. They strode pompously across the sidewalk. From among those gathered there to observe wealth and nobility entering the building, a small decrepit man emerged.

None but the attendant seemed to notice the gray-haired, kindly, shabby-garbed man. Leaving his post, he gently touched the arm of the old fellow, saying:

"I am sorry, but you cannot enter here."

"But, sir," replied the intruder, "I have come to worship and to seek comfort in God. Where do I enter?"

The attendant, not wishing to embarrass him, replied, "Never in all the years of my service have I seen any other than those of noble families attend the services here. However, were I you, I would return home and ask God if I could come here to worship."

So the poor fellow, appearing bewildered, turned and made his way down the steps.

Again it was a day of worship. The huge doors of the church swung open. The attendant, with chagrin written upon his face, walked forward to meet the little old man who was wending his way up the steps.

"So you have come again?" spoke the attendant in a stern voice.

"Yes."

"Have you asked God, as I suggested, if you could come here?"

"Yes."

"And, pray, what did God say?"

"Well," replied the old fellow, "He said: 'Be not dismayed. I too hold hopes of entering some day.'"—*William E. King and Frank L. Cuskey.*

THE END

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IT'S BASKETBALL NOW—The Game That Has Everything

READING TIME
10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

80 million fans can't be wrong on a game that outdraws baseball!

BY YANKEE STADE

BASEBALL is the national game," the baseball fan said. "You can't deny that."

"I do deny it."

Then we were off.

What *is* a national game? Soccer football is — in more nations than any other game. And cricket is in some. And curling in others. And baseball, according to sports writers, is in ours. But, as Mr. Roosevelt is so fond of saying, they are "thinking in the past."

Don't be misled by the big baseball-attendance figures in less than half a dozen big cities. The rest of the major-league clubs are dying at the turnstiles. Most minor leagues would disband tomorrow if it weren't for financial first aid from the few moneyed majors. College baseball incurs an annual deficit of $250,000. And don't take my word for it.

Ask the man whose business it is to sell bats and balls, mitts and masks. He knows. Ask the baseball magnates themselves.

They are so scared about what is going to happen to them when a generation grows up that knows not baseball that they are resorting to all kinds and methods of artificial respiration intended to pump new life into a dying pastime.

Baseball schools, movies, pep talks, exhibition games in small towns, free admission for school children, radio interviews with stars, subsidies to semi-pro and semi-amateur outfits—all have been tried without any appreciable increase in the number of people who play the game, as distinguished from the big-city crowds that just watch it.

Meanwhile, between now and spring, 80,000,000 Americans will watch 60,000 teams play 1,500,000 games of basketball.

On the attendance side, this is 30,000,000 more than see baseball games, 40,000,000 more than see football games, 50,000,000 more than see horse races or boxing matches.

This in spite of the fact that most basketball games are played in school, college, and Y gyms, where fans have to ease themselves in between the punching bag and the rowing machine and sit on the parallel bars.

In auditoriums where there are seats by the thousand, thousands fill them. In Indiana, where the game is hottest, crowds of 7,500 frequently converge on villages of 750. In New York, where basketball is just getting established, crowds of 15,000 to 18,000 in Madison Square Garden are the rule.

If the time comes when the game is played under floodlights in baseball stadia, the late Abner Doubleday, founder of baseball, will emerge from his dugout and throw away his bat. By the same token, if the game is regularly played in all movie theaters between features—as it already is played in some—show business will enjoy one of its biggest years.

Where basketball has it all over its rival games, however, is in the number of people who play it. Sixty thousand teams are rated good enough to play in public exhibitions. How many more teams there must be that play privately for their own amusement—and how many more unattached individuals who pick up an hour or two at the baskets, just as the golfer or the tennis player picks up a game on the fairways or the courts!

It is safe to say that the number of people who actually play basketball outstrips the number of people who play any other game in America by at least three to one.

Basketball's climb to the popularity tops would seem to be based chiefly on the fun that is inherent in the sport itself. This goes for players and spectators both.

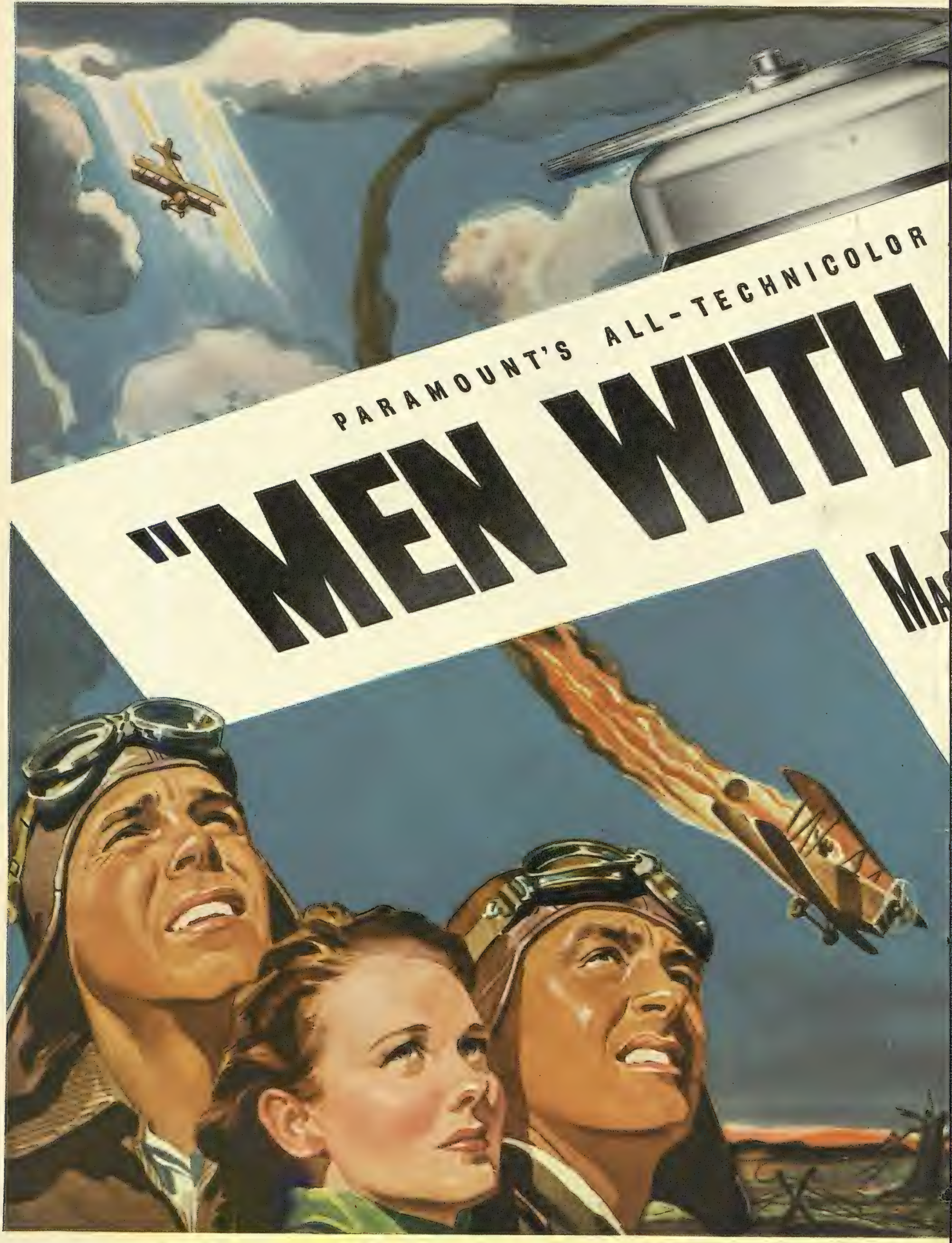
Basketball has everything: the sharp physical contact of football and the prize ring, the mental and manual coordination of baseball, the intricate beauty of ice hockey, and the exciting speed of the horse race.

The last-named quality stands out.

"Heaving Hank" Luisetti, the "Slinging Sammy" Baugh of intercollegiate basketball—who hails from San Francisco—frequently scores a point a minute; in one game he made twenty-four points in eleven minutes. Not much chance for boredom, for players or watchers, in a game that goes as fast as that!

The conclusion is inescapable that more people play basketball, and more people pay to see it played, because they get more enjoyment out of it than they do out of any other athletic pastime. In short, basketball is the American national game.

It is, in fact, (*Continued on third page following*)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Creator of "Wings"
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IN TECHNICOLOR

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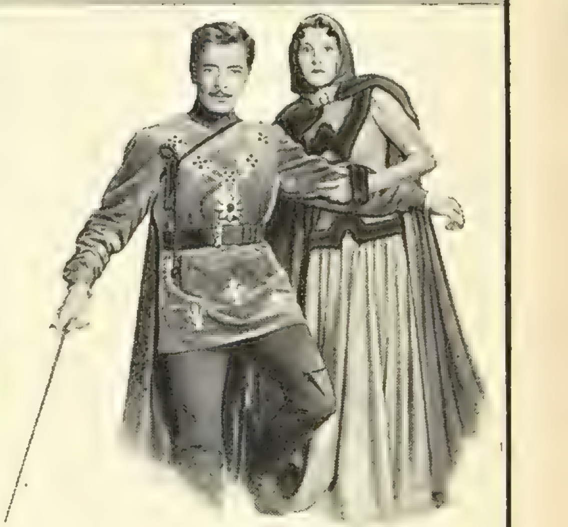
CONTEST PICTURE

FROM that epic moment when the first of 'em climbed into a cigar box and made the blooming thing fly, until today, when the world is cheering their latest exploits, America's Men With Wings have held the heart of the world in the hollow of their firm young hands. And now, for the first time on any screen, for the first time in glorious Technicolor, Paramount tells their thundering, thrilling story... the whole heroic history of those gentlemen unafraid, America's flyin' fools, tells it through the personal, heart-pounding adventures of two boys and a girl whose romance is as exciting as the throb of a motor against the morning sky, as real as the sob in a girl's throat as she sees her lover wing his reckless way through the clouds.

COMING SOON!



RONALD COLMAN
in the Grand Love Story
FRANK LLOYD'S
"IF I WERE KING"

Everyone who has ever been in love, who has ever dreamed of love, will thrill to Frank Lloyd's glorious version of this immortal love story of a poet-rogue who dared to love the most beautiful lady at the French Court, as it is played by Hollywood's most romantic star . . . the dashing Ronald Colman.

BOB BURNS
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"THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER"

Everyone of the millions who have seen Bob Burns on the screen, who have chuckled at his genial humor on the radio will cheer this glorious opportunity of America's beloved comedian to play a role cut to his own measurements...the character of a roving printer with a heart bigger'n your fist who straightens out all the troubles of an American small town.

ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

when these
Paramount Hits Play

(*Continued from third page preceding*) the only major sport which *is* national with us. Baseball stems from cricket and rounders; football, from rugby and soccer; but basketball is thoroughly American.

The game was invented nearly half a century ago by a harassed gym instructor named James A. "Pop" Naismith in Springfield, Massachusetts. Pop had an especially lively group of boys in his gymnasium one year, and was finding it hard to keep their minds on their work and their chins on the bars. So one day, in desperation, he kicked the bottoms out of a couple of peach baskets and stuck them up on facing walls. Then he chose up sides, chucked in a soccer ball, and hoped for the best. The result was basketball.

"I soon found," Pop said the other day—he's seventy-six now and a Professor of Education, "that it filled the same place during the winter season that football and baseball did in the autumn and summer."

Other gym instructors found that out, too. The new game had a mild vogue in the East, mostly in Y's, and gathered strength as it rolled westward. The Springfield start was in 1891. By 1893 the game had a firm foothold in Detroit, with Adams Y and Detroit Athletic Club furnishing the keenest competition.

Pop's game had only one rule: that a player could take only one step with the ball in his hand. The present game has a hundred and thirteen rules. And therein lies the reason why basketball developed so slowly as a national game.

Coaches, teams, players made their own rules. Different systems of play grew up in different localities. The game went into a polyglot era.

The first national regulatory body, the Basketball Rules Committee, came into existence in 1934 and promulgated the national rules which are now universally accepted. Since then the growth of the game has been phenomenal. Last year ninety-six per cent of all schools and colleges were playing basketball, and leagues, both professional and amateur, were operating all over the country.

Recognition of basketball by the general public, however, has been delayed until recently by the lack of seating capacity already referred to.

But all of this is rapidly changing. The Big Ten colleges of the Middle West now have large arenas constructed especially for basketball. In the East, Pennsylvania built its Palestra; in the West, Leland Stanford built its Cracker Box. Important games attracted important crowds. The press gave it space. Basketballitis became an epidemic. Personalities began to emerge.

THERE had long been successful and colorful coaches; but until uniform rules made intersectional contests possible their fame reached only limited areas. Finally, at the University of Nebraska, where Pop Naismith had gone as Professor of Physical Education, a great basketball mentor of national repute, "Phog" Allen, emerged as a trainer not only of players but of coaches; and in 1930 one of his pupils, John Bunn, migrated to California, where, as basketball coach at Stanford, he became the game's best known figure.

Bunn's most notable contribution to basketball is the jumpless game. Instead of bringing the ball out to the center after each goal and tossing it up in the air for what is known as the "center jump," Bunn gives the ball at once to the team that has just been scored on for a toss-out from under its own goal.

This change adds even more speed to the game and between six and seven minutes of playing time. Also, it reduces the advantage that the tall player has always had over the short player. The jumpless game is now in the national rules.

The big universities are at last wise to the importance of the game from a financial standpoint. In most colleges basketball is the only sport besides football which pays for itself.

As the game increases in general public interest our shrewd graduate managers appreciate more and more the value of colorful personalities to draw a big gate. Already they are scouting the high schools and academies for players who are not poison at the box office.

In 1934 a new fillip was given to the intercollegiate game by a young New York sports writer named Ned Irish, who began promoting intercollegiate matches in Madison Square Garden. From the very first game, this professional promotion of an amateur sport proved itself a huge success.

To be sure, the game still suffers, as does football, from the absence of a real world's series to determine the national championship. Such synthetic attempts as have been made to determine the champion team have only increased the confusion. Last year, for instance, Duke won the Southern, Dartmouth the Eastern, Purdue the Western, and Stanford the Pacific Coast Conference titles; yet the tentative effort at a world's series, staged by the Metropolitan Basketball Writers' Association in New York, did not bring any of these leading teams together.

All we know for sure is that skill in the game, like interest in it, seems to be very evenly distributed.

In our larger cities public-school athletic leagues, Catholic Youth Organizations, the Y's, and many Protestant churches support basketball fives and conduct tournaments.

So-called commercial and industrial leagues also flourish in the metropolitan areas. And as I write, politicians and retail liquor dealers are also going in heavily for the basketball-sponsoring game. Popular, too, are the intercity leagues composed of teams manned by outstanding ex-college players.

AVOWEDLY professional clubs and leagues are also springing up in increasing numbers every year. For example, there is the American Professional Basketball League, which embraces principal cities in the East and Middle West.

Good players in the league sometimes earn as high as $1,500 a month, which may not compare with the top baseball salaries, but is not bad for a five- or six-months season. As a result, the pro game is attracting more and more young college grads who are all dressed up and have no place to go.

On the whole, however, professional basketball is still in the barnstorming stage. Freak teams like the bewhiskered House of David, the Roller-Bearing Flashes (who play the game on roller skates), and the Harlem Hottentots perform to sell-out houses in competition with locally known fives. The team captained by Jesse Owens, the Olympic champion, has cleaned up as a sort of olio between features in the movie houses.

Professional basketball offers a longer season than pro football does, and in the end should provide a larger income. Also, since it is played at night, the game enables its players to engage in business of their own during the day.

Another great advantage which the court game has over both baseball and football is the very general participation in it of women. Basketball is a strenuous game. But its strenuousness is of the quick-strength rather than the brute-strength variety. Quickness and resourcefulness are prime requisites. Into such a picture the woman athlete fits like a silk stocking.

In high schools the girls' basketball teams are almost as many and as popular as the boys'. In co-ed colleges the same situation prevails. And in colleges exclusively for women basketball is *the* major sport.

What the basketball craze, with its high entertainment value, its appeal to women, and its after-dark playing schedule, will do to the movies these winter nights, nobody can rightly tell.

With the development of floodlighted open-air arenas, basketball is also sure to cut into big-league baseball's summer take, because, although a game of vast activity, it can be played to advantage outdoors on the hottest evenings—and will be so played, I prophesy, within the next two years.

Then indeed basketball will have fulfilled its destiny. It will be a true national game, played by both men and women, appealing to both men and women spectators, enjoyed North and South, East and West, indoors or outdoors, all the year round!

THE END

RHODE ISLAND'S MURDER SYNDICATE

The inside story of super-gang and its master mind . . . Now comes the weird tale of its most amazing crime

BY U. S. MARSHAL

JOHN J. MURPHY

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Repeal found Carl Rettich all set to switch his bootlegging, rum-running, hijacking syndicate to a five-state campaign of robbery and kidnaping, with murder. In the millionaire colony at Warwick Neck, Rhode Island, he had taken a house and had spent $200,000 turning it into a veritable black-magic box of tricks, with loaded guns concealed everywhere and a secure "conference room" in a subcellar under a camouflaged trapdoor. It was there that Handy Gun Harrigan put before him the suggestion from Manny Strewl, Albany bootlegger, of a snatch in New York State's capital city.

On Christmas Eve, 1932, Harrigan and the blue-eyed devil Sonny McGlone talked this over with Strewl in an Albany café. Strewl proposed a member of the O'Connell family, brewery owners and influential politicians, as the snatch victim. Arrangements hung fire for six months, and then the young six-foot John O'Connell was picked out and a "drop" for his captivity was made ready down in Hoboken, New Jersey. Rettich's subtle plans for the job included swift changes of car license plates and the use of a truck with a hidden compartment for conveying young O'Connell from Albany.

At midnight of July 6, 1933, the job was done in the driveway of the O'Connell home. Strewl's men did the actual sticking-up and slugging, with Harrigan in the background as director. At a near-by garage the victim was dumped into the truck. There he lay, bound, gagged, and blindfolded—and beside him sat George "the Gorilla" Garguilo, gun in hand.

PART THREE—THE GREATEST HOLDUP IN HISTORY

THE truck bearing kidnaped John O'Connell rumbled through darkness for four hours before it reached its destination.

What that destination was, O'Connell had not the faintest idea. He had tried to follow the truck's movements, had listened for sounds which might offer a clue. It had been useless.

Rough hands pulled him out of the compartment now. Some one unwound the tape from his ankles. He was led into a building. He heard heavy footsteps approach—those of a man who was to be one of his day-and-night guards.

A voice—Handy Gun Harrigan's—asked the guard: "Everything set? Got the paper and gloves?"

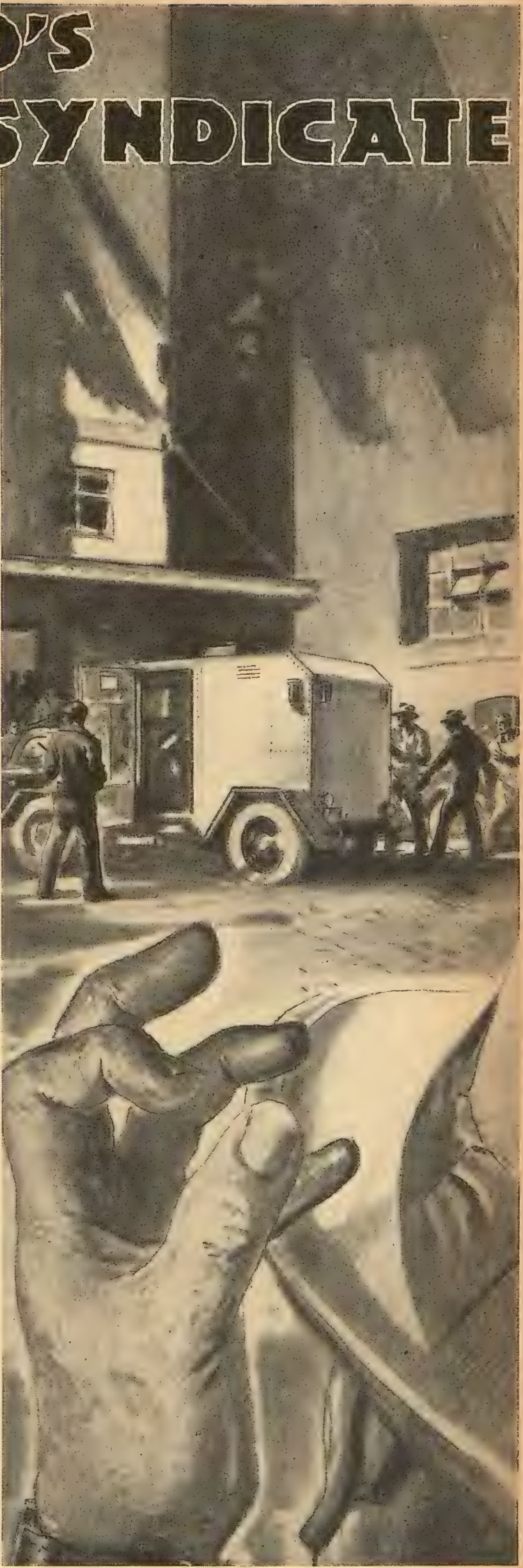
"Everything set."

They propelled young O'Connell up a stairway. He stumbled once, and the guard at his side said:

"Step up. One step, two, three, four . . ."

"You dumb sap!" snarled Harrigan to the guard. "Stop counting those steps."

They pushed O'Connell, blindfolded and gagged, into a room and shoved him down on a bed. Using handcuffs, they shackled him—legs and wrists—to the bedsprings. They left



"Scram!" he ordered. The men sprang toward the cars. The three minutes allotted them for this work were up.

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GREAT SUCCESS FOR UGLY SURFACE
PIMPLES

PRAISED FROM COAST TO COAST!

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A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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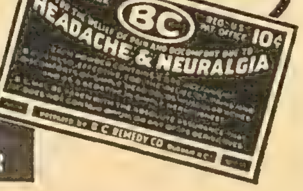

75 MILLION "BC" POWDERS DISTRIBUTED LAST YEAR

him alone with his guard, and in another room they drank to the success of their crime. Then the sleepy Garguilo left. Strewl arrived, followed a little later by Harrigan's pal, Jim Sweeney. Each of the men pulled on rubber gloves. Harrigan handed Strewl a pad of cheap writing paper.

"Go in and have the kid sign a sheet," he ordered. "Sonny'll go with you."

Strewl and Sonny McGlone went into the room where O'Connell lay. They released his wrists, did not remove his blindfold. McGlone, a machine gun tucked under his arm, snarled:

"Sit up, Handsome. There's a man here who's got something for you."

Strewl shoved the pad and a fountain pen into O'Connell's hands.

"Sign your name," he ordered, "down at the bottom."

O'Connell took the pad, hesitated.

"Sign it," barked Sonny McGlone. "We're taking your folks for two hundred and fifty grand."

"But—"

McGlone's eyes flashed. He rammed the muzzle of the machine gun viciously against O'Connell's head.

"You know what this is, don't you? Want me to blow that fat head of yours off your shoulders?"

O'Connell signed, was shackled once more to the bedsprings. Strewl and McGlone took the signed sheet to the room where the others waited. Strewl sat down, laboriously to print out on the cheap, untraceable paper a ransom note:

> Dear Uncle Dan. I am being held for ransom. I am getting the best of care. But please do whatever they ask as I think I am in a tight predicament. They want two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in fives, tens, twenties, fifties. They seem to know all about us, so please do whatever you can for me. . . .

HARRIGAN, looking over Strewl's shoulder, nodded approval. "Tell 'em," he instructed, "to publish in the local paper the names of about a dozen racketeers out of which we pick one to act as go-between and collect. When they name you, we're all set."

Strewl nodded. "They'll name me, all right," he said. "Everybody in Albany knows Manny Strewl."

But it was there that the first hitch occurred. O'Connell's distraught uncles hastened to place, in code, the names of a dozen Albany racketeers (Strewl had spelled the word "rackettеrs" in his instructions) in the newspaper.

And Manny Strewl's name was not on that list. It did include the name of his partner, John Oley.

"Just means we're held up a couple of days longer," said Harrigan. "Send 'em another letter. Tell 'em none of the names are satisfactory. Tell 'em to print some more—in another newspaper."

Another kidnap communication was sent off. A second list of names—bringing the total printed to twenty-two—promptly appeared in response to it.

Still the name of Manny Strewl had not been printed.

"Hasn't anybody in Albany ever heard of you?" fumed Harrigan.

"The O'Connells have heard of me," said Strewl sulkily. "I don't know what's wrong. Why not use Oley?"

Harrigan shook his head. "This goes through as we planned it. Tell 'em to print more names."

A third list appeared. And it contained Manny Strewl's name. Time for contact had arrived.

The O'Connell family, pulling every political string, had tried to keep news of the crime from leaking out. But somehow the newspapers got wind of it. President Roosevelt requested any one possessing information to contact authorities at once. Four law-enforcement agencies—J. Edgar Hoover's G-men, the New York City police, the Albany police, and the New York State troopers—threw themselves into the search for young O'Connell. Upstate New York was fine-tooth-combed, without result.

MEANWHILE the victim of the kidnaping sweltered miserably, chained to the bed of the stuffy little room in which for more than a week he had been a prisoner. An incessant plague of mosquitoes bit and tortured him. He was developing bedsores. His wrists and ankles were badly chafed. But he was alert.

He noted that there was an electric signal near by which sounded frequently. He heard and mentally took note of an Italian woman in the building who often called out, "Antoinette!"; of a little boy who would whistle for his dog and call, "Here, Jackie!"; of an Italian upstairs who played a banjo and sang O Sole Mio. They had taken the prisoner's shoes and socks away; he stretched his long legs and with one toenail scratched a mark on the wooden bedstead. Later, perhaps . . .

Manny Strewl returned one day to the Hoboken hide-out.

"I saw Dan O'Connell, the kid's uncle, last night in Washington Park. It don't look so good, Charley. Dan says the depression hit him hard. Says all the family can raise is twenty thousand."

Harrigan hit the ceiling. His thin face was bitter.

"Twenty grand," he sneered. "Who does he think he's playing with? Listen. You say they're nuts about this kid. All right. From now on, the kid gets hell. From now on, he's on a diet. He's too fat anyway. And write his uncle again. Tell him we'll send him the kid in pieces if he doesn't loosen up. Scare him."

Harrigan let loose a blast of profanity.

"Take it easy, Charley," said Strewl. "I'm only telling you what Dan O'Connell told me."

"Think he suspects you?"

"Not a chance. One of the boys

called him, told him to be at the Elks' Club last night. Then brought him from there to the park. I showed Dan the letter I wrote. Told him the gang had chosen me as go-between. I said I didn't want the job—I'd get in trouble in the end. When he saw the kid's signature on the letter, he practically got down on his knees to me.

"So I said if that was the way he felt about it, I'd try to help him out by being contact man. He threw his arms around me and said he wouldn't ever forget this."

The first lieutenant of the Rettich gang pondered it.

"All right," he said at length. "We're still sitting pretty. Write him a note that'll scare some more dough out of him. He's got to come up."

Strewl brought the note in later, for Harrigan's inspection. Harrigan pulled on rubber gloves, read it:

> What you offered is an insult. . . . If you want John alive, kick in two hundred and fifty G's. If you want him the other way, why we will accommodate you. . . .

"That ought to do it," said Harrigan.

It did several things. It brought the boy's mother to the verge of a nervous breakdown. It prostrated his pretty sweetheart, Mary Fahey, daughter of an Albany police officer. It sent his uncles on a round of their friends in a desperate effort to raise more cash.

To facilitate ransom negotiations, Dan O'Connell had moved to his lodge, twenty miles out of the city. Manny Strewl, worried, appeared at the Hoboken flat.

"I think I'm being tailed," he told Harrigan.

"Yeah? Well, we'll take a run up to their summer camp tonight and see if they're keeping the road open or not. If they're double-crossing us . . ."

Manny Strewl didn't particularly care to go, but Harrigan, with a gun in his pocket, insisted. They drove to Albany and on beyond, into the country. They were near Indian Ladder Cliff when a car overtook them.

"Cops!" gasped Strewl. "They've got us, Charley."

"That's what you think," said Handy Gun.

He braked his own car to a stop, got out, stood brazenly in the center of the road until the other car halted. There was only one man in it. Harrigan pushed his gun into the fellow's ribs.

"Get out, you," he ordered.

He forced him into the beams of the headlights. The man was big-boned, broad-shouldered.

"You're built like a cop," sneered Harrigan. "I don't stand for cops following me."

From Harrigan's car came a voice with panic in it:

"Don't shoot that guy!"

"I ought to shoot you, you louse!" he snarled. "Take off your hat!"

The man, obeying, said, "Listen, pal. You got me all—"

Harrigan didn't wait for the rest of it. He swung his gun in a vicious arc. The man folded like a jackknife and blood seeped through his hair into the dust of the road. Harrigan kicked him once, wiped the gun butt on his clothes, and asked Strewl:

"Who is this, anyway?"

"Arthur Davis. Used to be a chauffeur and undercover man for Delaney."

"For the district attorney, huh? So that's it! I don't like that. I got a notion to plug him one for good luck. Come here!"

Strewl followed. Harrigan began pushing Davis' automobile toward the 300-foot precipice at the edge of the road. With Strewl's bewildered help, he got it there. They gave it a final shove, listened, heard it crash. They got into their own car, wheeled about and sped toward Albany.

"That," exulted Handy Gun Harrigan, "ought to show 'em we mean business."

Police found Arthur Davis the following morning, rushed him to a hospital. But he could tell them nothing—except that he had never seen before the thin-lipped man who had attacked him.

The merciless attack upon Davis struck new terror into the hearts of the O'Connell clan. More notes were exchanged. Manny Strewl complained to Dan O'Connell that cops were following him. O'Connell called off the

DON'T LET IT HAPPEN TO YOU! GUARD AGAINST "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
MY SKIN WAS REALLY LOVELY, UNTIL I WAS 20...FOR MOTHER KEPT HER EYE ON ME, AND MADE ME USE THE SAME GENTLE SOAP SHE'S ALWAYS USED! THEN, STUPIDLY, I BEGAN SWITCHING... TRIED ONE SOAP AFTER ANOTHER, UNTIL...
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WELL, I'LL CHANGE BACK TO PALMOLIVE!
MY MOTHER'S RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

AN ARTIST...NOT NATURE...
MADE THIS YOUNG MAN BALD

BOTH photos are identical, except the artist has painted out the hair and retouched the top photo . . . The idea is to illustrate graphically what a difference a head of hair can make. Even a young man looks old when he has lost his hair. Nothing known to science will grow hair on a bald head, but everyone should fight dandruff and the excessive hair loss that results.

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WILL HELP YOU KEEP YOURS

When you see those tell-tale flakes of dandruff on your shoulders . . . when your scalp starts itching and becomes irritated, it's time to start fighting dandruff. Trouble is ahead if you don't. Dandruff is a menace to hair growth.

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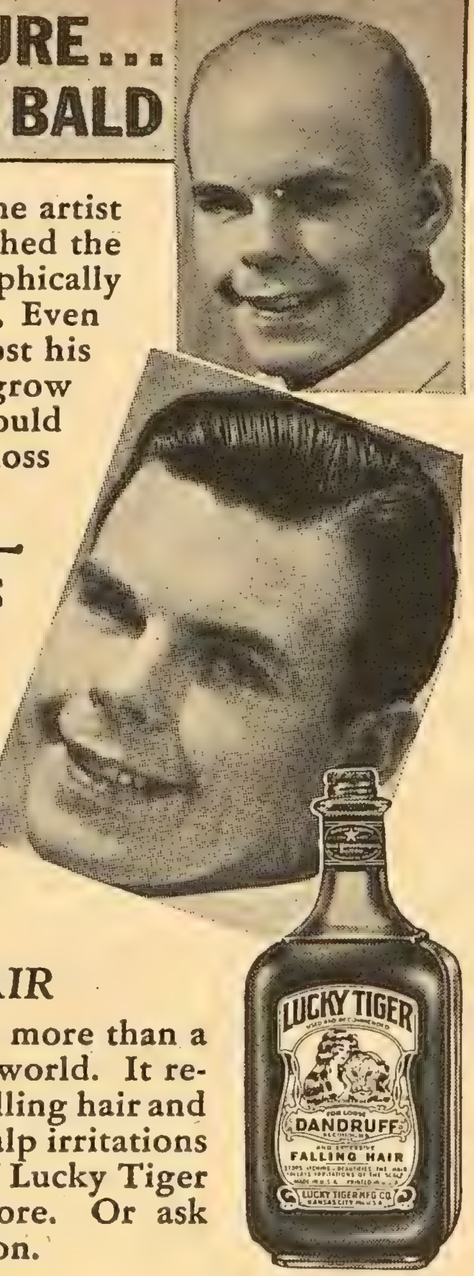

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police. Still negotiations dragged on.

Young John O'Connell lay wondering bitterly if he was to come out of this experience alive. On the afternoon of July 26, when he had been a prisoner for twenty days, two of his captors came to his room. They were Manny Strewl and Sonny McGlone. They stood in back of him. McGlone held a machine gun against his head.

"Take off his blindfold," Strewl told his guard, and thrust upon him pencil and paper.

"Write this: 'Dear Uncle Dan—I have to write just what they are telling me. If you feel like kidding yourself you are crazy . . . This kid will get hell from now on and then, if you don't see reason, we are through. If you are that kind of a mug, why we will have to take it out on the kid.' "

Young O'Connell was no chicken-hearted lad. But he had to grip the pen tight as the next words came:

" 'It will be starvation from now till you come through, and then the drink.' Write 'drink' in capitals."

"The drink" ! A method that, underworld gossip says, with good basis, Carl Rettich used or had his men use often. The method of the Borgias—poison!

THE letter finished and signed, O'Connell was chained on his back again. But the blindfold had been put on loosely this time. He squinted between the gauze pads and his cheeks. He saw a dark-haired man smiling as he read the letter. That man was Manny Strewl.

Strewl went into another room. He added a postscript: "And as for you Mr. Strowl, why you will find yourself in a ditch if you try tossing us around. . . ."

That, he thought, should put him in the clear. He'd even misspelled his own name purposely. It was a nice touch. It would have been nicer if Manny had been otherwise something more of a speller than he was.

That letter brought results. Dan O'Connell told him: "I've managed to raise forty thousand, Manny. For God's sake, try to argue them into taking it."

"I'll try," promised Manny.

Harrigan, sick of the delay, snarled, "All right. The kid'll have a white beard down to his knees if this keeps on. Tell Dan we'll take the forty grand."

Manny had retained a lawyer, Louis Snyder, a friend of the O'Connells, to "protect his interests." He and the lawyer went to Dan O'Connell's Albany home and received the satchel of money. G-men had recorded the serial number of each ransom bill, but the Rettich gang was ready for this emergency. From New York Strewl phoned Dan O'Connell: "The money's not satisfactory. The mob thinks it's marked."

Dan O'Connell arranged with a bank for a quick switch of the money. Strewl drove, with the unmarked money, to Broadway and 230th Street, the Bronx: "Wait here," he said.

He vanished with the money. An hour passed. Snyder, worried and nervous, decided to take a walk. Just then he spied a parked car across the street from him. It was night, but the street light showed him several men sitting in the car, their faces in its shadows. As he started to walk away, he saw the hands of one man come up and point a sawed-off shotgun straight at him.

He went back to the corner, took up his post.

In the Hoboken hide-out meanwhile, Strewl had delivered the money to Harrigan, who counted it. "It's all here," he said at last. "Sure it's unmarked? O. K., then. Come on. We'll get the kid out of here. Dugan, give us a hand."

Dugan, Harrigan, McGlone, and a guard took the shackles off O'Connell's ankles and walked him down the stairs and out of the hide-out. Then Harrigan went back into it with the guard, Frank Fischer, and gave him four thousand dollars.

"You and Doc Miller split this," he ordered.

Doc Miller, the other guard, came in just then.

"Fischer's got your dough," said Harrigan. "Now, before you two get drunk, I want every bit of furniture moved out of that room where we kept the kid. Better have the room repainted, too."

Shortly after midnight, John J. O'Connell was delivered to Attorney Snyder—and later to his parents—by Manny Strewl. He was shaky and nervous after an ordeal that had lasted twenty-two days. Yet he kept his head. It was not until he was alone with police at his home that he let out his knowledge of the fact that Manny Strewl had been more than a go-between.

The rest of the gang had fled. Harrigan, Dugan, McGlone, and Garguilo were back with Rettich at the crime castle in Rhode Island. The underlings had scattered.

BUT Manny couldn't run. He was frightened enough, however, to try a couple of nights later. He was immediately placed under arrest.

Photostats of each ransom note had been made. Now police made him print words that had been in those notes. The printings and spellings were identical. Manny continued to spell racketeer with two t's and not enough e's. He was indicted, tried, convicted, and sent to Clinton Prison at Dannemora to do fifty years.

His conviction cost members of the Rettich mob not a single night's sleep. Harrigan knew that Manny Strewl would take his fifty years without a peep—and Manny did just that. It made him a "right guy."

But, shortly before the O'Connell kidnaping, "Legs" Carella, a one-time hanger-on around the fringe of the Rettich gang, found out a few things about the operation and membership of the gang and made the error of dropping some of this information in the wrong places. Carella wasn't warned, wasn't even rebuked. He merely vanished one day.

They found what was left of him some time later in Massachusetts, just across the Rhode Island line. He'd been tortured and buried—alive—in lime, and his feet, which had been deformed enough to help identification, were missing. It couldn't be proved that what they found in the lime grave was Legs Carella, any more than it could be that Carl Rettich knew anything about Legs winding up there; but if you added police belief to underworld gossip, the answer came out, Legs Carella.

So perhaps Manny Strewl took his fifty-year rap without a bleat as by far the lesser of two evils.

NOW the Rettich gang turned to other crimes that for months had been planned. It was typical of Rettich that he varied his evil tricks and shifted ground. One day he struck here; the next, there. While police of one state were plodding after clues in a Rettich-directed kidnaping, the suave Hoboken German's gang was swooping down upon some other state—this time to commit a fantastically daring robbery.

His gang pushed over a bank in Massachusetts; appeared next in New York; doubled back to Massachusetts, where they took another bank; turned up in New Jersey, where an express truck with a lush cargo was their target. Back in Massachusetts again for a third bank robbery. Then on to some other place—some other job.

On July 6, 1934, members of the Rettich gang paid a visit to Magnolia, Massachusetts. At that swanky North Shore summer resort they excited no suspicion upon their arrival. They were dressed impeccably. They came in a long black limousine with a uniformed chauffeur.

They were driven directly to Hodgson, Kennard & Co., Inc., a jewelry firm. They sauntered in, unlimbered guns—and vanished, taking with them jewels valued at $300,000.

Carl Rettich's well drilled band of marauding murderers were in top form now. They were swinging across five states. Within a few months they committed crimes whose loot totaled more than half a million dollars.

Behind the secret panels and beneath the concealed trapdoors of the big, ostensibly respectable house at Warwick Neck disappeared much of this loot.

Rettich's aristocratic neighbors still thought he was a business man, a shipping merchant. Providence, Rhode Island, looked upon him as a jovial, soft-spoken, dignified fellow. He gave no one cause to think otherwise.

Though money-mad, he was an openhanded spender. When the success of some crime depended upon the bribery of law-enforcement officials, he paid gladly.

Late one night he led Handy Gun Harrigan, Terrible Tommy Dugan, and Sonny McGlone into his subterranean conference chamber. When

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A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

they left it, the gang's next crime was prepared and polished. This was to be a crime worthy of the most resourceful master mind of any criminal organization in the world.

The stick-up of an armored truck is seldom attempted. Such trucks are mobile fortresses designed solely to make a hold-up impossible. Within one of them, one armed man could hold off a regiment.

Years back, a blond Pennsylvania bandit turned the trick of robbing an armored truck. His name was Paul Jawarski and he was known as "the Phantom of the Coal Fields." But this coup was not properly a hold-up. He managed it by planting a big charge of dynamite deep in a deserted country road and timing its explosion to blow the truck and its guards to kingdom come.

Rettich's mob planned to stick up an armored truck in broad daylight in a teeming city! And on the morning of August 22, 1934, they carried out their plan.

That day broke clear and hot. On Bay Nineteenth Street, in Brooklyn, New York, at the brick building that was the Bath Beach branch of the Rubel Coal & Ice Co., aproned men came and went with three-wheeled pushcarts. They trundled their carts to the wooden loading bridge, bought ice, and, covering it with canvas or burlap bags, went away again.

As early as nine o'clock one peddler had appeared near the plant with his pushcart empty. In the cart lay some burlap bags.

He was young, this peddler, and swarthy. Stocky and squat, he had the shoulders of a gorilla. Unlike his fellow peddlers, he purchased no ice. Instead, he loafed unobtrusively near the ice plant.

The street was a busy one. He had plenty to watch. Automobiles passed. Housewives doing their marketing went by. Children played ball in the street. Right across from the plant were tennis courts on which games were going on.

Manny Strewl, who took a 50-year rap without squealing on Rettich.

The peddler had not been idling there long when a young man strolled down the street. He had a clean-shaven Irish face. He was neatly, unobtrusively dressed. He sprawled out on the grass just outside the wire fence of the tennis courts, watching the players.

The retail ice peddler—George "the Gorilla" Garguilo—paid no attention to this young Irish idler. Nor did the latter—Terrible Tommy Dugan—bother to look at his unshaven fellow member of the Rettich gang.

At that moment, in another section of Brooklyn, three men took their places in an empty armored truck of the United States Trucking Company. William Lilienthal, conductor and guard, entered the driver's compartment, unlocked a door behind the seat, and stepped into the steel-sheathed rear of the truck. He was quickly followed by another guard, John Wilson.

Joseph Allen, the driver, crawled behind the steering wheel. He locked the door separating him from his fellows, who sat with machine guns nestling in their arms. He slammed the steel door of the driver's compartment. Its window and the windshield in front of him were of bulletproof glass.

In Allen's hand was an envelope, given him a few minutes before by one of his superiors. He opened it now and read instructions that told him what places were to be visited to pick up money, specifying the exact time at which he was to be at each place on the list. Until now he had not known where his "route" this morning was to take him.

The three men in the armored truck visited seven branch banks and a number of small firms, making a routine collection of thirty-five bags of money—none of it listed by serial numbers. Their cash collections consisted of bills of denominations of one dollar to $500 and silver representing a young fortune.

At each stop Allen would survey the ground visible through the windshield and side windows. Lilienthal and Wilson would peer out of the gun slots in the steel sides of their van. If everything was all right, they would unlock the door between them and the driver's seat. Lilienthal would step through, immediately open the side door, get out, and walk into the place where the collection was to be made. Wilson would follow him out closely, slam and lock the truck door, and, taking post there, cover him on his trip from and back to the truck.

The few seconds between the moment when Lilienthal opened the door to get out and the moment when Wilson, following him, closed it, were the only fraction of time during which the armored truck with its load of currency could possibly be anything but impregnable.

At 12.35 the truck and its crew of three rolled off Bath Avenue, turned into Bay Nineteenth Street, and headed toward the Rubel building.

The clean-shaven young Irishman who for three and one half hours had been watching the tennis rose casually to his feet. The aproned ice dealer shoved his pushcart toward the loading bridge. Around the corner in Bath Avenue three parked automobiles left the curb. Led by a big blue Lincoln, they trailed slowly along behind the armored truck.

Driver Joseph Allen parked his truck near the loading bridge. He looked out. Nothing was amiss, as far as he could see. From the back of the truck came Lilienthal's and Wilson's "All clear."

Allen opened the steel door that separated his compartment from theirs. Lilienthal stepped through, unlocked the side door, stepped down into the street, his hand on the butt of the gun strapped about his waist. From inside the office of the ice company an employee had seen the truck pull up. The employees themselves did not know at what hour collection would be made, but they were already hastening to get the money as Lilienthal approached.

Wilson meanwhile had stepped into the driver's compartment and out through the side door. His feet hit the street. He reached back to slam and lock the door. In a split second the brief time when the armored truck was vulnerable would have passed.

But in that split second, things happened.

From across the street the clean-shaven young idler dashed toward the armored truck. The ice peddler beside it whipped from his pushcart the burlap bags that had hidden two machine guns. He grabbed up one gun and had its muzzle pointed at Wilson's belly before the startled guard had his feet planted firmly on the street. Quietly, crisply, the aproned peddler ordered:

"Get those hands up—and don't shut that door."

Wilson hesitated. He could slam the door and Driver Allen and the money bags would be securely locked in the mobile fortress. But he himself would be locked out.

His fractional hesitation took the decision out of Wilson's power. Even before the startled guard raised his hands in surrender, the clean-shaven Irishman had reached the pushcart, caught up the second machine gun and trained it on Driver Allen.

"Get out!" he commanded.

While the two guards were being disarmed, from the three cars that had trailed the armored truck sprang nine men. All but four carried machine guns. One man—slight of build, dapper of dress, dour of face—took a commanding position in the middle of the street. Beneath one arm he clutched a machine gun. His other arm—his left—was raised as he looked at a watch on his wrist.

Two men had overtaken Lilienthal near the entrance to the ice company's offices. They jammed guns into his back, ordered him quietly into the office. An employee who had seen the hold-up had locked the ice company's money once more in the safe and had gone into a back office to telephone police.

He had just finished blurting out to the operator news of the hold-up when the phone went dead. Lilienthal's armed guards had ripped out the wires.

One of them, Sonny McGlone, had warned Lilienthal: "No tricks, or you're a ghost."

Outside, meanwhile, Dugan and Garguilo had forced the two truck guards to crawl under the loading platform. Two other men with machine guns cowed the real ice peddlers gathered at the loading bridge.

When the three cars trailing the armored truck had come to a stop, the leading blue Lincoln had parked close by. Two unarmed men had immediately jumped out and piled into the armored car, passing through the compartment door into the back where the moneybags were stored. They were Francis Oley and Angel Face Geary of the O'Connell kidnaping.

Two unarmed men from the second car had rushed to take posts just outside the truck's open door. Now the men inside tossed out moneybags to the men in the street, who in turn tossed them into the tonneau of the blue Lincoln, from which the rear-seat cushion had been removed.

The man in the middle of the street looked intently at his wrist watch.

"Two minutes gone," he said quietly.

Like feverish stevedores, the men in the armored car passed bags of money to the pair outside.

"Two and a half minutes gone."

Across the street a man on the tennis courts said hoarsely to tennis instructor Carolyn Bannister and her youthful pupils: "Down! Get down, quick! There's a hold-up at the ice plant!" He was the first person over there to notice what was being done with such swiftness and precision.

The man with the watch, Handy Gun Harrigan, paid them no attention as they fell to their stomachs. He looked for the last time at his watch.

"Scram!" he ordered.

His left arm came down; he lifted his machine gun and double-quicked to the waiting Lincoln. From the ice-company offices, from the loading platform, from beside the truck, men sprang toward the three cars. The three minutes allotted them for this work were up.

Three minutes!

And in those three minutes had been successfully consummated the largest cash hold-up of all time.

Of the thirty-five moneybags in the armored truck, the robbers took only thirteen. In the twenty-two they left behind them was $29,000. In the thirteen they took was $427,950—nearly half a million.

They sped westward on Cropsey Avenue, abandoning in the pushcart one of their machine guns. Lilienthal grabbed it up and, with Allen at the wheel, started in pursuit in the slow lumbering armored truck. He took a blast at them as they rounded a corner, headed north.

When the armored truck reached the corner, they had vanished.

Police, notified while the hold-up was in progress, reached the scene almost immediately after. Descriptions of the robber cars and the license-plate numbers of two of them were obtained from witnesses. Within five minutes after the three cars had vanished the police dispatcher was notified.

New York's modern, efficient police system swung into action. "Bottle up Brooklyn!" was the order. And Brooklyn was swiftly bottled up. Its five bridges were covered. Its railroad and ferry terminals became alive with detectives.

Three cars, eleven men, and thirteen bulky bags of loot—and Brooklyn bottled within ten minutes after the robbery.

High police officials were pretty confident about it. One police inspector even told a reporter:

"It was a smooth job, all right. But they're licked. They overlooked one thing. They got the money, but they're locked up in Brooklyn and they can't get out."

It was the police inspector himself who had overlooked something. He had overlooked the resourceful brains, the master mind, of this gang.

He had overlooked a gray-eyed master mind, a canny plotter of crime who O. K.'d no job that was not perfect to the ultimate detail.

The Boss had known that Brooklyn would be quickly bottled up. He had known that bridges, ferryboats, railroads, all would become impossible avenues of escape. But—ever ready to produce the unexpected—he knew of another avenue of escape from a city that police were so sure was sealed tight.

What was this mysterious way out? How had Rettich provided for the daylight disappearance of his brigands with their half-million-cash plunder? Next week Marshal Murphy will tell you, and will afford you the unique experience of watching the master mind work out, detail by minute detail, plans for a robbery even more audacious—a defiant challenge to Uncle Sam himself!

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **ROOTS IN THE SKY** by Sidney Meller. The Macmillan Company.

This solid, rich book tells the story of a Russian Jewish family in America. Its humor is deep and understanding; its prose is beautiful and powerful; its characters live.

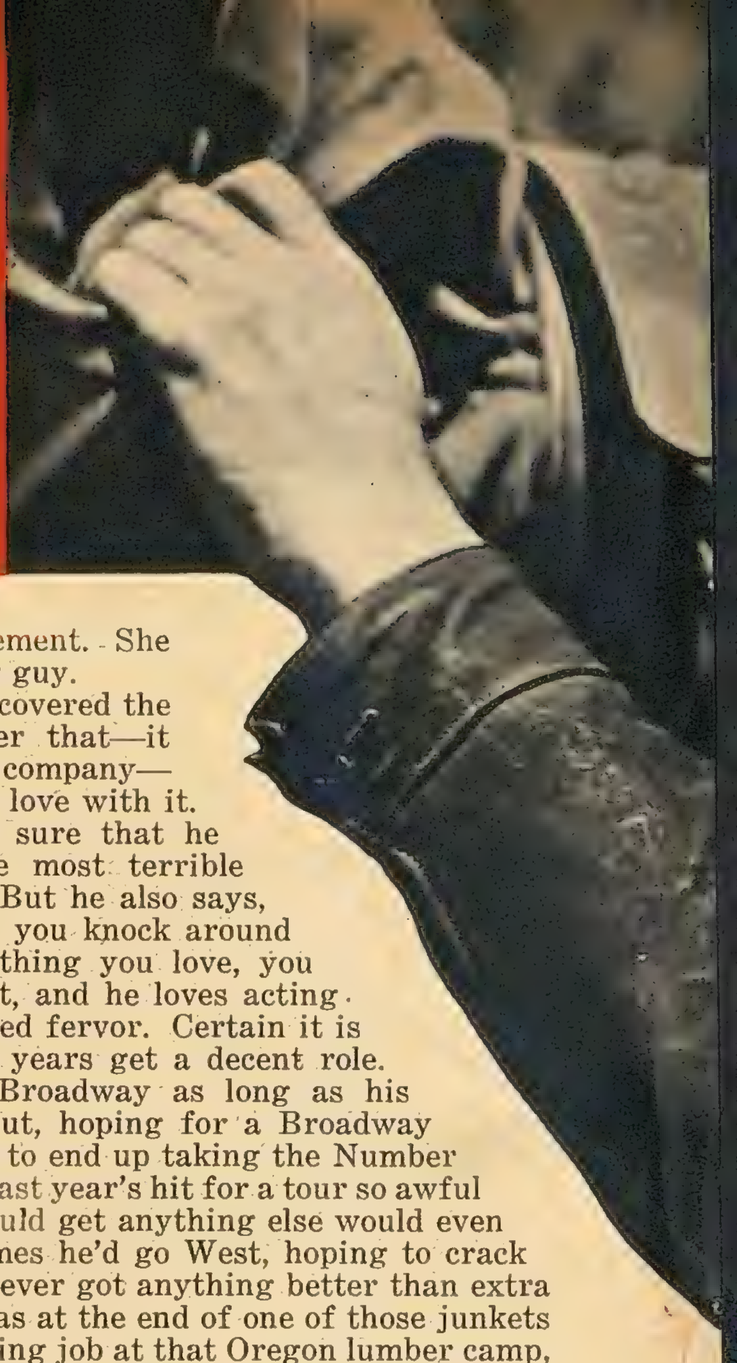
Get the jump on Morning-After

Take BROMO-SELTZER *BEFORE* bedtime . . . *AFTER* waking

- *Before* bedtime, take Bromo-Seltzer to settle your stomach, soothe your tired nerves and ALKALIZE.
- *After* waking, another Bromo-Seltzer counteracts effects of fatigue and refreshes you. At drugstores, soda fountains everywhere. Be sure to keep it at home, too.

TAKE ME AND WAKE UP FEELING BETTER
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER
BROMO-SELTZER

WHY GABLE STAYS AT THE TOP



READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IN April, 1937, Clark Gable sat on the witness stand, defending himself against the charges of one Mrs. Violet Wells Norton of England that he was the father of her daughter. Gable had never been in England, but in order to prove conclusively that he couldn't have been there when Mrs. Norton was loving so unwisely but so well, a check was given to him to identify. It was his pay check for a week's work in an Oregon lumber camp.

That courtroom scene, of course, was a very modern miracle. For there sat the most popular man in the world, immaculate and famous, and proved, by way of a check, that a mere fifteen years previous he had been an overworked, underfed, lonely young lumberjack.

Actually, the star needed no reminder of those days. He has never forgotten one moment of their loneliness and fatigue. He has not lost the memory of the dreary years he spent touring in terrible plays through the one-night stands, nor living in furnished rooms while he waited for " the breaks."

Today Clark Gable is living this exciting wonderful thing called life with all his senses, and he intends to keep on living it that way. He has the world by the tail and no mistake about it. Alluring women go to the most elaborate lengths to get themselves within inviting range of his roving, wise eyes. His contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer calls for a salary of approximately seven thousand dollars a week. He loves automobiles, and he has them by the half dozen, with special body jobs and pigskin seats. His favorite sport is hunting, and he has guns enough to stock an arsenal. His shoes are sent to him from England. The master tailors come in person to deliver him his coats. That beautiful and witty young star, Carole Lombard, is in love with him. It is all so terrific, marvelous, wonderful, and amazing that Gable couldn't be blamed in the least if he got the swelled head over it. But he hasn't and he won't. He is smack on top of the highest paying, most exacting, most satisfying business in the world. But the reason he stays there, against the threats of " second Gables," against the rise of Robert Taylors, Tyrone Powers, and Errol Flynns, has a lot to do with this thing called, if you can get away with it, " the art of living."

But to find out where Gable got this staying power and discovered this secret of success you have to go back a little way.

He started out, as perhaps you will recall, with no mother to guide him, but with a stepmother whom he adored and a wise old grandmother who did most of his bringing up. The setting was Cadiz, Ohio, and his father, a plain and simple man, wanted his son to join him in the oil fields. Instead Clark went up to Akron to work in a rubber factory. Love was the cause of that.

He was sixteen then and she was a little older. Clark believed that the only thing that lay between them and marriage was the lack of money, so he went up to Akron to do something about that. She promised to write every day, and he did too, and life in Akron was lonely and celibate but roseate.

Then came a morning on which her letter did not arrive. He killed his whole evening by writing to her, and somehow lived until the next day, when he knew he'd have the joy of two letters. Only he didn't. There wasn't even one. He was frantic. Finally, two days later, came her note and the denouement. She had married another guy.

Thus, when he discovered the theater shortly after that—it was actually a stock company—he fell completely in love with it. He says now he is sure that he was then about the most terrible actor in the world. But he also says, and believes, that if you knock around long enough at anything you love, you learn the tricks of it, and he loves acting with a deep unabashed fervor. Certain it is that he couldn't for years get a decent role. He'd stick around Broadway as long as his money would hold out, hoping for a Broadway show, and then have to end up taking the Number Three company of a last year's hit for a tour so awful that no actor who could get anything else would even consider it. Sometimes he'd go West, hoping to crack the movies; but he never got anything better than extra work there, and it was at the end of one of those junkets that he took the logging job at that Oregon lumber camp, just to make sure he'd have food in his stomach.

It was in Portland, at that time, too, that he met Josephine Dillon, who ran a dramatic school, and who later became his first wife. She was many years his senior; but she taught him much about diction, and how to move on a stage, and how to hold his hands, and if he mistook his love of the theater, as reflected in her, for a love of the woman herself, many a man has been similarly deceived on a love pattern. The characteristic Gable touch is that when he did discover this was so, he immediately sought his freedom.

The thing was, you see, that in his careful way he was learning about life and living, finding out what were the things that he wanted and what seemed to be the best way to go about getting them. Lacking completely any social or cultural background, he still wanted much of what they represented. When he had separated from Josephine Dillon, he headed back East again, and in New York one night in 1929, met the most worldly woman he had yet encountered. She was a wealthy widow named Rhea Langham, ten years or so older than he, and utterly charming.

He saw her often, and it wasn't long before they were married and heading West, where a job in the Last Mile company awaited him. A talent scout saw him, and therein began a new phase of movie history.

For when he clicked in that first bit of his in The Easiest Way in 1931, every other studio, watching his effect on the blood pressure of feminine audiences, jumped hurriedly forth with " second Gables." Actually, Metro wasn't any too sure of what they had in him, any more than Gable himself was sure. This was the thing that he had labored toward. But whether or not he could make it stick was something else again. The women of Hollywood, after their fashion, completely ignored the presence of a Mrs. Gable and threw their beautiful persons at his head. The studio subjected him to flattery, cajolery, wealth, and sudden fame. The thing that saved him was his vivid recalling of those terrible hall bedrooms, of those day coaches used for night travel, of tough steak fried in lard, of loneliness and more loneliness, and rebuffs to his pride. He brought those things

The secret of a seven-year success—A new, revealing closeup of a star who remembers what many try to forget

BY RUTH WATERBURY

to the front of his mind, and he tried to put them into his performances, to keep them human, to make them real. He thought of those things, too, when he looked deep into the eyes of seductive women and felt their warm flesh under his hands in love scenes.

That way he kept his head. Here it was, all that he had dreamed of, his, right where he could handle it. And he made up his mind he'd try to find out how to keep it there.

His first movie contract was good only for six months. He was wise enough to let his producer be the boss. He did exactly what he was told to, whether that included playing opposite Greta Garbo or having his teeth straightened. He worked almost without a pause for two straight years. But even between scenes he was poking about the movie lot, trying to find out more about this terrific business he was in. He soon saw that lots of stars were bucking the publicity department, with the result that they were either getting ignored or kicked around by the papers. So he sought out the publicity department of his studio and got the thing from their angle. He doped it out that the company was in the business to make money; so he didn't kick, as his name got box-office strength, at helping out women stars by playing leading man in their pictures, even if his role was only a sort of aphrodisiac injected to keep the heroine going. His reward was a devotion rising from every section of Metro. And this devotion paid off for him on the only occasion when his direct uninhibited male impulses seemed nearly out of control. That was on the South American trip he made immediately after he had left Rhea Gable.

Rhea, having been a society woman all her life, quite naturally wanted to keep on being one, and she would have been less than a human female if she hadn't wanted to show off such a husband at cocktail fights and dinner parties. But, as the spell of work grew upon him, this social round was the last thing Clark wanted. He was no ladies' man, for all his attraction for women. The things he liked were men's pleasures, hunting and fishing and good plain food served at night around a campfire.

So he told Rhea, with the directness and simplicity that is inherent in him, that he couldn't stick it any longer, and then he got on that boat and went on a toot that was a honey.

It could have netted him the publicity that kills stars, for he got himself in plenty of scrapes. But the reporters who met him coming off the boat couldn't land on him, because they liked him too well. His studio couldn't be stern with him because they were all so glad to have him back again, and apparently his public liked him better for revealing he was human enough to have a fault or two. Certain it is that his box-office rating went sharply up after that. Then Metro drew up his present contract for those seven opulent years, and for the first time, by his own confession, Clark Gable felt secure.

For, in back of everything, his love of acting, his unsuccessful search for love, his deepest passion is that one which also holds the average man—his wish for security. That is the lodestone of his appeal, too, that beneath everything Gable wants what the average man wants. So he becomes a glorified symbol of the man most men would like to be and the husband most women would like to have. Gable is aware of this and it keeps him humble.

About a year ago, while a guest at one of New York's most stupendous hotels, he woke in the night to discover three chambermaids gazing down on him. He found out they had got in by way of the maid to his room, who had sold the key to the other girls on the floor. He could have raised a row about it and got the girls fired. But he didn't. It amused him. He knew what it was to want color in your life. He had been there himself.

But recently he decided to build a house on a few acres of ground he owns out in the San Fernando Valley. He called up an architect and said that he would like plans drawn for a simple bachelor establishment.

Now, the average Hollywood star starts out to build a tidy little shack for about fifty thousand, and ends with a home costing one hundred and fifty thousand, not including the swimming pool. So the architect drew up a set of plans for the Gable house to cost about thirty-five thousand dollars. Our hero, upon receipt of them, called and demanded what was the idea. The architect started apologizing.

"I know, Mr. Gable," he said, "thirty-five thousand dollars is a ridiculous amount for you to spend on a house, but you did say you wanted a little one. However, with the addition of . . ."

Gable interrupted him: "I said I wanted a little house, and I do. You revise those plans so that you can give me a house for seventeen thousand five hundred, and then perhaps we can talk business."

For that's the way it is with him. Neither flattery nor extravagance get him. He's saving his dough and keeping his head. Clark Gable has been there himself among the poor and the lonely, and now that he's at the top, he remembers it all perfectly—so well, in fact, that he intends never to be there again.

THE END

MAGNIFICENT Fool

BY WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

OVERNIGHT the girl chemist Patsy Carmichael becomes famous for her work on an influenza formula. To her annoyance, she is besieged by reporters, cameramen, and drug manufacturers. Among the latter, Prescott Cheney, with the assistance of Patsy's friend Judith David, an advertising woman, and Dr. Minorcas Brown, a psychiatrist, induces the budding laboratory genius to join the staff of Cheney Chemical in New York. That company is close to the rocks and it is thought that Patsy's formula, when completed, will save it from bankruptcy.

But research is slow and " the Werfel crowd," a rival firm, is eager to grab the Cheney interests. The strain brings about a tension and hot words between Patsy and her boss, and she feels she ought to resign. This flare-up takes place in spite of the fact that Prescott Cheney and she are strongly attracted to each other.

Judith David, with whom Patsy has an apartment, and Dr. Minorcas Brown, whom Patsy finds there with her chum, try to smooth things over. Because the psychiatrist is devoid of morals and has endeavored to undermine those of Patsy, she gives him little heed, and senses that he is up to some similar trick with Judith. So when he leaves them Patsy grills her friend, who resents this interference with her private affairs. However, when Judith lamely refuses to have dinner with her that evening, Patsy is sure that her suspicions are right.

Following her hunch, Patsy determines to find out the facts and at six o'clock appears at the door of Dr. Minorcas Brown's Park Avenue establishment.

PART FOUR—PATSY SPEAKS HER MIND

"WHY, hello, Patsy!" said Minorcas Brown, throwing open the door. He was palpably taken aback. But Dr. Brown was a finished product. Ninety-nine men in the circumstances would have tried to cover their confusion. He was the hundredth. He acknowledged the astonishment and proceeded to account for it.

" What a pleasant surprise!" He modified his Judith-welcoming smile to a rather less intimate one for Patsy.

" You were expecting some one else?" asked Patience with nervous gaiety. She was not quite sure of her ground yet.

" Yes indeed. Joe Lucas—doctor friend of mine. I wondered why he was so early. Not due for a quarter of an hour yet."

" Oh," said Patsy. Patsy's ' ohs ' were versatile interjections of great tonal range. They said everything—or nothing. In this case her ' oh ' merely put it up to Minorcas again.

" Yes," he nodded. " Having a bite of supper with me. Happy to have you join us, though." He took her tweed coat and dropped it carelessly on the couch. " Excuse me a moment." He turned to the door that led to his living quarters. Patsy sat down on the couch, grimly eying the supper tray. She was sure now.

" It's no use telephoning, Min," she said quietly over her shoulder. " I called up the flat just before I came here. She's probably on her way by now."

Dr. Min came carefully around to the front of the couch and stood with his back to the mantel, looking down at her. " Would you mind telling me just why you think I'm lying?"

Patsy helped herself to a cigarette from an opened package on the tray.

" You're too polite, for one thing," she observed. " And for another thing, Merry Widows are a rather uncommon brand of cigarette. I don't know Joe Lucas—except by reputation—but it would be something of a coincidence if he smoked Judith's pet Widows."

Dr. Min maintained his carefully schooled smile.

" And for a third thing," continued Pat in a flat monotone, " Jude lied to me about where she was going tonight. And for a fourth thing—if that's a man's supper, I'm a mermaid! Caviar! *And* pâté sandwiches, *and* guinea fowl, *and* champagne! *That's* a regular stage seduction supper."

" Your observation is excellent," admitted Min with an easy smile. " But your conclusion is quite unsound. There is nothing improper on the cards between me and Judith." He looked at his watch. " Do you propose to sit here until Judith comes?"

" Yes."

" And read us a lecture, as though we were a naughty

A swift, exciting interlude in a vital and daring modern novel —with a new kind of heroine!

little boy and girl? You realize, of course, that Judith will never forgive you? A woman will forgive another woman for leading her astray—but never for saving her."

Patience made no direct answer. Disdainfully—and very rudely—she blew a large mouthful of cigarette smoke at him.

Dr. Min waved the smoke away with one hand.

"I'd rather like to break your neck," he remarked pleasantly.

"But you won't. You'll just talk and talk and *talk* and talk. But it's no use, Min; your charm doesn't go over this time. Listen. Why don't you tackle a girl your own size, for a change?"

"Such as you, for instance?"

Patience frowned.

"You had your chance, that night on the boat. I took you up on your own terms. Reaction, negative. You lost. I learned a lot of things."

"Such as?"

"Well—that you're decreasingly dangerous the longer a woman knows you. Your talent for talking dirt with a highbrow air gets a little obvious after the first excitement wears off. You doctors have an awful advantage that way. You can make the most indecent suggestions and then look wisely medical about it. A doctor—if he's that kind—can make a woman believe certain things are not only natural, but wise and spiritually exalting, *and* essential to health—*and* safe."

Dr. Min was regarding her with half-closed speculative eyes.

"Yes; and don't look at me so diagnostically. You psychoanalysts are the worst—with your libido-freeing bunk and all. You've fed Judith's mind with all that tripe until she's dotty. You're not half as he-man animal as you put on. You—"

"Where did you pick up all this?" he broke in. "Have you been reading psychology? Freud or—"

"Reading fiddlesticks!" snapped Patsy. "I don't need a slide rule and a medical dictionary to tell a rotter when I see one. I think I've got intuition enough to feel—"

"You seem to have forgotten that you came here to save Judith," observed Minorcas dryly, "not to give me a lecture on behavior."

Patience looked at the psychiatrist with sudden doubt.

"You don't want to marry her, do you?"

"Certainly not. Nor any one else."

She nodded in relief.

"That would be almost worse. You couldn't stay faithful forty-eight hours. Well—will you give her up, then? She loves you, you know."

There was an appreciable pause.

"No," said Minorcas Brown quietly. "I did not know."

Patience looked at him, and saw that he was telling the truth. She played her last card.

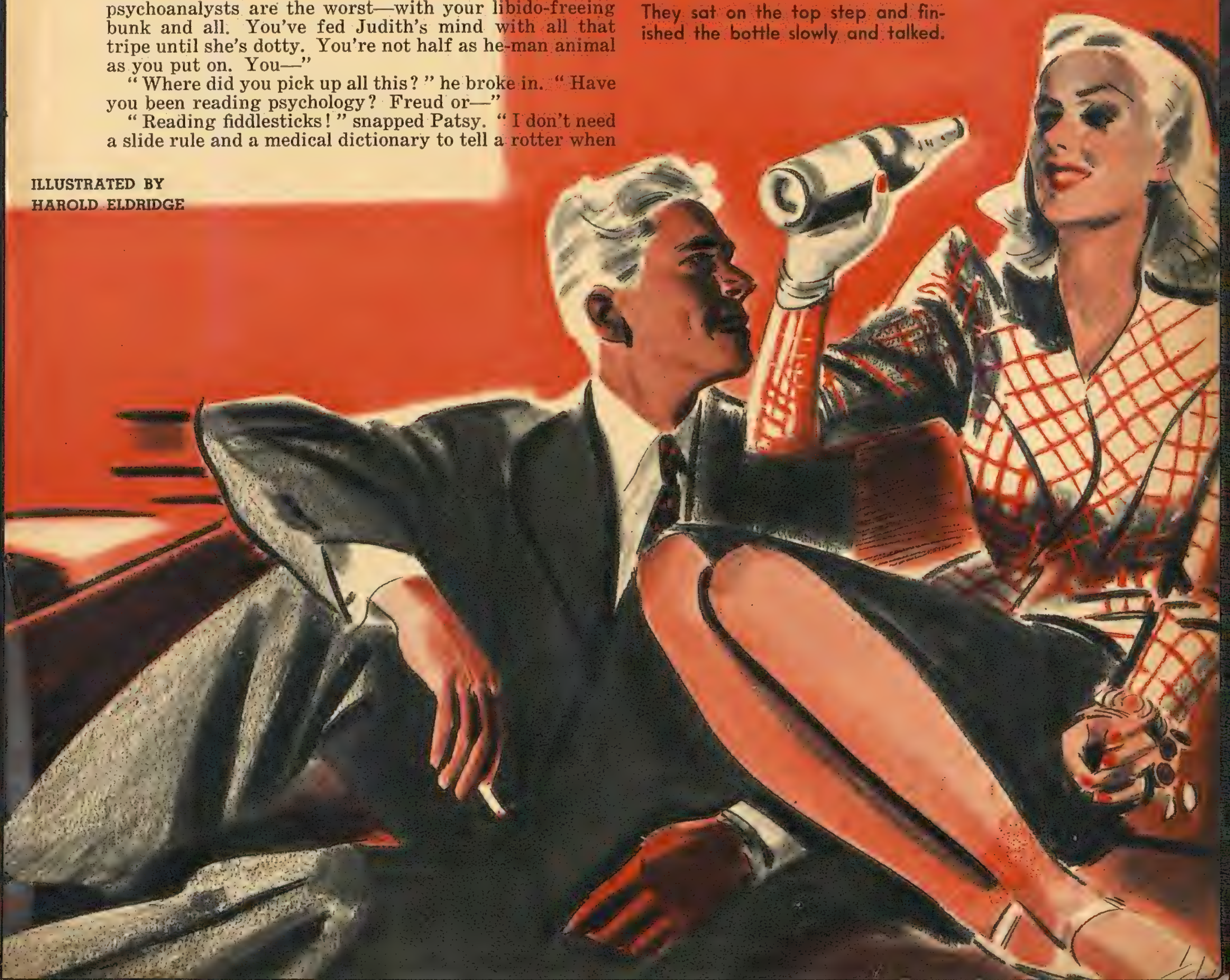
"And you know, of course, that all her hard-boiled, sophisticated devil-may-care is just put on. She's never had an affair with a man. But I don't suppose—with your philosophy—that would make any difference."

"It shouldn't," said Minorcas in a queer voice. He looked down at the supper tray. A sudden sardonic gleam came into his changeable eyes. The note of self-derision crept into his voice.

"You've ruined my mood, Patsy. You win, for tonight anyway. If I promise—you seem to regard that champagne bottle as some sort of a symbol—if I promise to change it for—er, Rhine wine, shall we say?—will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," said Pat, and laughed her throaty laugh in sheer relief. She stood up.

"How do you know I'll keep my promise?" he asked.



They sat on the top step and finished the bottle slowly and talked.

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD ELDRIDGE

"Because you live on thrills. It'll be a new thrill for you—giving up something. You'll feel horribly noble." She picked up her overcoat and made for the door.

"Not that door." Minorcas motioned her back. "You might just run into her. Go into my office, and out the reception-room door when you hear her come in here."

Patience nodded and walked to the other door.

"Wait a minute," Min called in a low voice. He snatched the champagne bottle from the brine bucket, wiped it deftly on a napkin, and walked over and thrust it under Patsy's coat.

"Prize for the Puritan maiden," he said scoffingly. "Take it home and drink yourself into a nice virtuous Victorian sleep."

"I'll save the cork and wear it round my neck," chuckled Patsy. "Like the virgins' charms the Samoan maidens wear."

Patsy listened until she heard the door into Minorcas' private quarters open and close. Then she went quietly out and walked down the three flights of stairs to the street.

She felt suddenly tired and worn out. She hailed a taxi and dropped wearily back on the seat. The quart of champagne felt pleasantly cold against her side. She thought she really would drink it when she got home. It was a queer world, anyway. Oh, well—back to the bugs for little Patsy!

When she reached the flat, she got out and walked dispiritedly up the old brownstone stoop. At the top step a man loomed up in the dark.

"I had to see you tonight, Patsy," said Prescott Cheney. "I've been telephoning and waiting for hours. Didn't Judith tell you? I'm sorry about this morning. I lost my temper. I—"

Patience laughed weakly and clutched her coat.

"What's that under your coat?"

"Champagne," said Patsy, producing it. "A man gave it to me. Let's sit here on the steps and drink it."

Scott peered at her in the dark.

"You're the queerest girl I ever saw." He took the bottle, broke the wire and twisted out the cork. He clapped his lips over the neck and saved the precious hissing bubbles.

"Here, pard," giggled Patsy. "How about a swig? Believe me, I earned that bottle."

They sat on the top step and finished the bottle slowly and talked. Finally Pat got up.

"I'm going to bed now. Oh, Scott, I feel so good—about going back to work tomorrow. And I'm going to work, work, *work*."

"It's not about tomorrow you feel so good," said Scott lugubriously. "That's just champagne. Tomorrow, like as not, you'll be flying off the handle again on 'pure science.' Well, good night, Patsy. I'll telephone about those monkeys first thing in the morning."

She watched him swinging off down the street, his tall spare figure silhouetted against the lights as he passed under them. She smiled to herself, and unlocked the street door, and walked upstairs. She kept the champagne cork. She forgot all about the bottle.

PATIENCE was asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow. Scarcely an hour later, though it seemed the middle of the night to her, she was awakened. Judith was sitting on the edge of her bed, in the dark.

"Listen, Patsy; can I talk to you a minute?"

"Ugh-huh," mumbled Pat ungraciously.

"I want to tell you something."

"You can't tell me anything," grunted Patsy, completely deflated by now.

"I lied to you this afternoon, Pat. I didn't see Helen Stanhope at all. I dined with Minorcas—at his flat. I'm sorry I told you different. I don't know why. I was very angry. But you were wrong. About the other part, I mean. Minorcas is not that way at all."

"Ugh-huh," from the depths of the pillow.

"He's—he's very queer."

"Nut doctors are all queer," grumbled Pat. "Queerer than their patients."

"I wonder. But he's so—unaccountable. Tonight—oh, everything was different. You don't suppose—all this time—he's just been sort of psychoanalyzing me, do you?"

"I dare say."

"But—but he's made me fall in love with him." Judith was crying softly now.

"That won't hurt you," said Patsy callously. "Fall out again."

"But what shall I *do?*" sniffled Judith.

"Wear a champagne cork!"

"Patsy Carmichael! Have you been drinking?"

"You betcha," murmured Patience, and pulled the sheets up over her ears.

IT was some three days later. Judith and Dr. Joe Lucas were lunching together. She had not seen him in months. But that morning he had telephoned that he had a business matter to discuss with her.

They had finished luncheon. Dr. Joe, cigar in hand, was talking briskly over his coffee and brandy.

"Now here's my little scheme, Jude. Your part in it is to prepare advertising copy for Cheney Chemical and be ready to release it the moment I give the word."

"What kind of copy?"

"Wait—till I give you the picture." He waved his cigar airily. "Min Brown tips me that Cheney is shaky. Overextended; big inventories; declining sales. Can anything be done to liquidate that swollen inventory at a quick profit? I think it over. Then I tell Min it can be done. No details. Min's not interested in details."

"No," she agreed doubtfully.

"My confidential inquiries reveal the fact that your friend Cheney is literally loaded to the gills with typhoid vaccine: enough vaccine to inoculate half the country. He couldn't get rid of it short of a major typhoid scare. Very well. What's the answer?"

"I don't know," said Judith, stirring her coffee listlessly.

"Create the scare, of course!" said Joe triumphantly. He leaned forward confidentially.

"I've got a 'Typhoid Mary' up my sleeve. A suspected carrier, you know. Had her there for three years. In South Brooklyn. The hospital has kept an eye on her, of course. Some of the staff believe she really is a carrier. Even the chief of staff doesn't know—positively. You saw in the papers about those isolated cases that were picked up in South Brooklyn last week?"

"Yes," said Judith, puzzled.

"They didn't amount to anything in themselves. They've located the source: a family of clam diggers from the flats. But the situation is ready-made. It's what gave me the idea."

"What idea?"

"My typhoid carrier comes from the same clam-digger district. She'll do anything for money. And very little money, at that. I've rounded her up. The chief ordered me to—to have her checked on finally. But he didn't order me to have her escape!"

"Joe! Are you mad?" cried the horrified girl. "Would you deliberately spread a dreadful—"

"Easy does it, Jude." He grinned diabolically. "She's no more a typhoid carrier than I am. She's never been *officially* declared negative. But I've cultured her time and again. Personally, in my own office. She's harmless as a flea. *Now* do you see?"

"Y-e-s," doubtfully. "But if she just disappears, and there's no typhoid, I don't see how that sells vaccine."

"I don't want typhoid. I want a country-wide scare. First in one city, then another. Here, waiter, bring me another cognac, please. Well—my Typhoid Mary disappears. Matter of fact, she has disappeared already. Last night." He chuckled. "Tomorrow she reappears in Philadelphia. Just long enough to be identified, see? But not long enough for them to catch her. I've taken good care of that. There's a highly capable man of mine along with her. She's a dope, by the way. Next she bobs up in Washington. Then Richmond, then New Orleans, then Louisville. And so on. As long as the racket holds out. And all the health departments and newspapers in the country frantically chasing her and building the ballyhoo. And every city ordering tons of antityphoid. How about it?"

"But is it—I mean, it doesn't sound honest to me. Did—does Minorcas Brown approve of it?"

"Minorcas be hanged. He'll know nothing except the results."

"I don't care. I don't think it's ethical."

"It's ethical enough for me. It'll scare hundreds of thousands of people into typhoid inoculation, which they ought to have anyway. Who's hurt?"

Judith frowned but had no answer.

"And who's helped? Everybody. The public, with inoculations. Cheney Chemical saved from bankruptcy. Usher and Company with a whirlwind advertising campaign. Judith David with a nice fat bonus from the aforesaid Usher and Company. And Dr. Joseph Lucas, staff pathologist of the Polydemic General Hospital, with a—ah—'grateful patient' remembrance from any or all those people—except the ungrateful public. Ethical? If that isn't a perfect ethical circle, I'm a Chinaman."

Judith rubbed a burned match in the saucer of her coffeecup and said nothing. Dr Lucas relighted his cigar and sipped his brandy.

"Well, Jude. What do you say? Will you go back to your office and start on that copy?"

Judith looked up.

"May I speak to Mr. Usher about it?"

"No," he said forcefully.

"But—if it's all perfectly ethical?"

"I prefer to do good by stealth," he said with elaborate irony. "This must not go beyond you and me."

"I'll think it over," said Judith in a distressed voice. "I'll telephone you tomorrow. Are you going ahead—whatever I do about the advertising end?"

"I've already gone ahead," said Dr. Joe Lucas.

PRESCOTT CHENEY sat at his big desk by the window. Across the desk from Prescott sat one of the bank men who had visited the laboratory a few days earlier.

The banker removed his glasses and tapped the balance sheet which lay before him.

"I don't see that we have any alternative, Mr. Cheney. We've got to protect our depositors."

"If you mean bankruptcy, please say what you mean," snapped Prescott.

"I'm afraid I do. Unless you petition for reorganization under 77B. But even for that you'd have to show more signs of vitality in your sales volume."

Prescott puffed on his pipe and nodded grimly. He had never learned to ask favors, especially of moneylenders.

"I'm sorry," said the other. "We've done business with Cheney Chemical since your father's earliest days. Why don't you sell out? Before your good will—and believe me, Cheney's good will is still its biggest asset—before that dries up entirely."

"The Werfel crowd is driving too hard a bargain," said Prescott laconically. "They know our conditions to a T. Also, they've been attacking my credit."

"Nothing attacks your credit—except *that.*" The bank man tapped the balance sheet again.

Prescott smiled a tight smile.

"How long have I got to turn around in?"

"We'll carry you for one more sixty-day renewal on the notes—if you'll take care of the interest."

"Couple of months, all told," nodded Scott. "And before that time I've got to 'fish, cut bait, or come ashore.' Is that it?"

"Precisely."

The man from Wall Street went out. Prescott's secretary entered.

"There's a Dr. Lucas here to see you. He says you know him." She laid the card on the desk.

Prescott nodded. He stared moodily at Joe Lucas' card. He hadn't seen Joe since he resigned from the Dunderhead Club. Heard he'd been slipping downhill a good bit lately. Oh, well—

"Send him in."

Dr. Lucas breezed in, looking well groomed and efficient. This morning he had drunk what he had to—not what he wanted to.

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YES—BUT THEY KNOW HOW TO FIGHT FATIGUE

Long hours of arduous activity call for tremendous energy. Body energy comes from the "energy-foods" we eat. Baby Ruth, the big delicious candy bar, is a real energy food. Baby Ruth is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses as "fuel"... and which helps to sustain activity. Let Baby Ruth help *you* fight fatigue. It's rich in goodness and food-energy. Get a bar today.

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THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY

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"Hello, Scott," he said briskly. "All hell's broken loose down at the hospital. I hopped right up here to see you. How much typhoid vaccine have you on hand?"

"Plenty," laughed Prescott.

"Good. You'll need it, and more too. How much and how fast can you make it?"

"More and faster than any house in the country. But what's it all about, Joe?"

Joe waved a professionally impatient hand.

"I've telephoned all the leading commercial labs in the East. All stocks low. You're my first big white hope. Can I talk direct with your technical man?"

"Yes. Dr. Guzicka. I'll get him down." He rang for his secretary. "Now—what's it all about?"

"Typhoid scare. A Typhoid Mary has got loose. Roaming the country. Going to be the biggest demand for vaccine since the war. And you'll make a killing. Especially if you can get into fresh production before the other companies hear of it. You're the only people I've tipped off. I'm in charge at the hospital. Not a word goes out to the press until we're ready to meet the emergency. Without enough vaccine there'd be a panic. Get me?"

"Who is the Typhoid Mary? How'd she get out?" demanded Prescott. Dr. Joe gave him the details.

"*Now* do you see what we're up against, Scott? How soon can you get into production? Couple of days?"

"Couple of minutes," snapped Prescott, lifting his receiver. "Soon's I can put through this long-distance call. Here comes Dr. Guzicka. You go into a huddle with him, Joe. I'll keep on the telephone."

Two hours later Prescott was still at his desk. He had lunch on a tray, drinking coffee and munching sandwiches, with the telephone receiver at his ear. At six o'clock Joe Lucas called him up. A little thick in his speech by this time, but grimly holding on to his wits and to his role of the busy physician.

"How's it coming, Scott? We've got track of our woman in Philadelphia, but they lost her again and the papers have got wind of it. There's a bunch of reporters in my outer office right now. I can't soft-pedal on the story much longer."

"Shoot the works, Joe," laughed Prescott. "Cheney Chemical will be there with the goods—when you want 'em."

"Fine!" said Joe. "I'll break the story. You'll get a big order in the morning, or I'm a Dutchman."

The story broke in the morning papers from coast to coast. Dr. Joe, in whom an able propagandist had been lost—whatever his shortcomings as a physician—had played his dubious material with sensational skill. In addition, he had sent some hundreds of professionally cryptic but highly suggestive telegrams to hospitals and to the health departments of those cities which he had selected for the appearances—and disappearances—of his Typhoid Mary.

The incredible thing was that it went across as it did. The great gullible public read the headlines—envisioned a death-carrying female at large, promptly saw a pandemic in the offing and called up their doctor. And their doctor, pooh-poohing the danger, was nevertheless constrained to admit that typhoid inoculation for one and all was an excellent thing.

And so it went across, as many another and thinner propaganda, from Belgian atrocities to Goebbels and back again; from Wall Street stock-jobbing rumors to political whisper campaigns. The thinner the bigger. And Mr. Johnny Q. Public, educated to spending his hundreds of millions annually on nostrums, was only too eager to shell out his three extra bucks for a nice lame arm and no regrets.

ON the third day Mr. Prescott Cheney was sitting in his office, as before. But this time the look of grim containment was gone from his lips and eyes. He was puffing contentedly at his pipe and glancing over the day's grist of orders and telegrams. They represented merely advance orders and inquiries from institutions. The general public had not got into the game in earnest yet.

A hastily struck trial balance, as of a month hence, lay at Prescott's elbow. He lifted his telephone and put in a call for his bankers.

"Hello," he began, trying hard to keep the satisfaction out of his voice. "I'm sending you down a trial balance as of next month. . . . What's that? Yes, giving effect to orders received since you were up here. . . . What? . . . Yes—it's the typhoid scare. . . . Huh-huh. That swollen inventory is pretty well deflated. The typhoid vaccine—rather a specialty of ours—yes. If this keeps up . . . What's that? No, don't congratulate me yet. We've got a long way to go before we're out of the woods for keeps. But it certainly looks good now. We'll take up those notes at maturity, anyway. . . . Thanks. G'by."

He looked at his watch. They'd still be working up in the laboratory. He hadn't seen Patsy since the night they drank champagne on the steps. He really ought to drop up and report to her about those monkeys.

SHE was sitting at her desk, figuring in her notebook, oblivious in her concentration. She looked up abstractedly, her dark straight brows drawn together in what he had come to call her "laboratory frown."

"Hello," she said, emerging from the notebook trance. "Oh, I'm *so* glad you came. Isn't it wonderful about the vaccine orders! I'm so glad, Prescott, for you. You know"—she lowered her voice so the assistants would not overhear—"it's only since Judith told me about the—the business difficulties you've been in that I've realized what a selfish pig I've been. Especially that day: when the people were up here."

"Forget it," grinned Prescott. "Things are looking up now, anyway. How are all the sick animals?"

He peered through the glassed half of a door leading into one of the animal cubicles.

"You can't go in there unless you're in sterile," warned Patsy. "It's the new control section Dr. Guzicka and I fixed up. Twenty weasels this time—half of 'em inoculated, half not. And five have the flu badly."

"I've no intention of going in," said Prescott, eying the door gingerly. Patsy got up from her desk and walked over to him near the door. She had a letter in her hand. It bore a foreign postmark.

"Remember that young Swiss couple I told you about? The ones I worked with at Woods Hole two years ago? The ones that are researching in Vienna now?"

"Yes."

"Well—I wrote them awhile ago. About why my flu phage sometimes killed instead of curing?"

"Huh-huh."

"Well—they've given me a tip. A red-hot tip. They suggest a possible analogy in the variable idiosyncrasy of the animo-acid grouping of the blood-stream plasma of an unidentifiable cross section of certain of the higher mammals that—"

"Stop it!" roared Scott. "What do you take me for?"

"I forgot," giggled Patience. "Well—you know some people have hay fever and some don't?"

"Sure. And some can't eat onions," he growled.

"Exactly!" she glowed. "That's all I meant."

"Why didn't you say so?" he laughed. "I've a good mind to hold out those twenty Macaca monkeys I was sending you up tomorrow."

"Twenty Macacas! I adore Macacas. They have such long curly tails. I'll blood-type them at once and try out my new hunch. It's only a hunch—but you never can tell. Bring on your monks and I'll make you a million dollars! Prescott—I—I'm feeling commercial."

"I'm not," said Scott, with his wide grin. "I'm feeling like celebrating. Take off that ugly laboratory meal sack and we'll go out and eat dinner. I'll buy you a bottle of champagne."

"O. K., boss!" said Patience, unsnapping her work smock. "But no champagne for little Patsy. I had a head like a balloon that last time!"

How is the cooked-up typhoid scare going to work out? Can it be kept secret as to origin? If not, and Patsy finds out what it really is, will she blame Prescott, throw up her job, denounce Judith—what? Get next week's Liberty for the dangers and hazards ahead.

WILL THE **DEMOCRATS** HOLD THEIR POSITION IN CONGRESS?

Liberty presents its fifth ANNUAL POLL

by Don Wharton

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

LIBERTY'S fifth annual political poll reveals that the Republican Party will make a minor comeback in the Congressional elections on November 8. Data supplied by 4,256 newspaper editors—the same group which called the turn correctly in the Liberty polls of 1934 and 1936—show that the Republicans will gain thirty seats in the House of Representatives and two in the Senate.

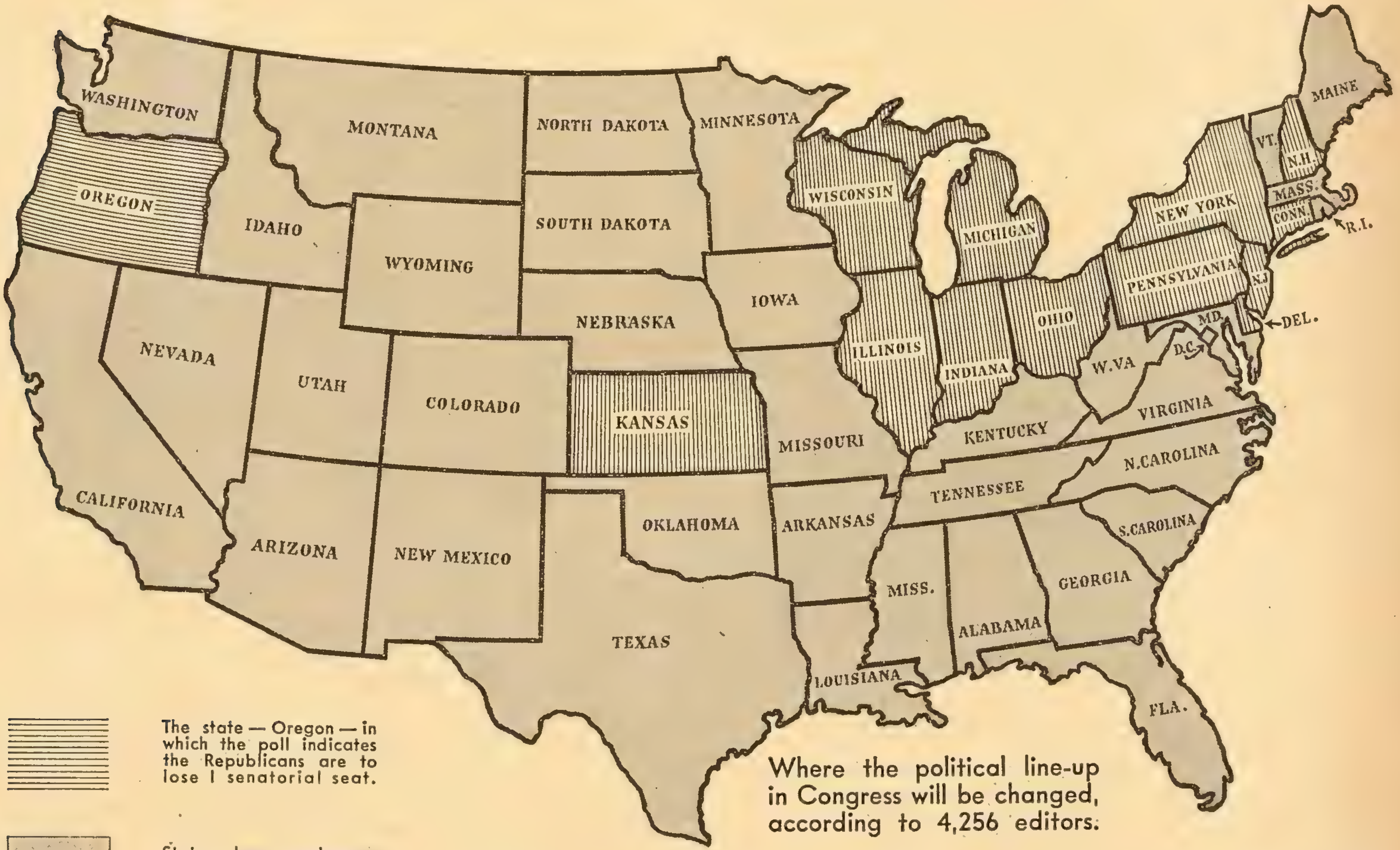
But these data show also that the Democratic Party will win the election hands down and continue to hold a two-thirds majority in each house of Congress. The Democrats are revealed winning 305 of the 435 House seats and 28 of the fall's 35 elections to the United States Senate. In the House they will have 305 seats to 118 for the Republicans, 7 for the Progressives, and 5 for the Farmer-Laborites. In the Senate, 72 seats to 19 for the Republicans and a total of 5 for Progressives, Farmer-Laborites, and Independents.

If borne out by the election returns, this poll will discomfit the Republican leaders who have been predicting a gain of 80 seats in the House. But at the same time Republicans will be able to point to a gain of 29 seats in the House, to be compared with an average loss of 46 seats in the four elections from 1930 to 1936.

At all events, 4,256 newspaper editors in forty-eight states—the majority of them editors of Republican papers—predict a Democratic landslide despite small Republican gains in twelve states: New Hampshire, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Kansas.

Every paper in the United States was polled—the dailies, weeklies, semiweeklies, and so on: 12,281 in all. The editors were given a guaranty they could write in confidence. Of those who replied, many consulted their political reporters; some talked with party leaders; some made independent checks in their communities, and some provided detailed studies of registration figures. But the important thing is that these replies are hard-boiled analyses not of what the editors want (or of what their publishers or stockholders want) but of what they expect. Assembled, tabulated, and checked, the replies now represent the combined judgment of the most politically astute group in the United States.

The best way to examine it is to divide the United States into eight regions and compare the indicated alignments for the Congress we are now electing (the 76th) with the alignments at the opening of the 75th Congress as elected back in 1936. First, let us look at the South: Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, the Carolinas, Texas, and Virginia. As usual, in the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MINNESOTA
MAINE
VT.
N.H.
WISCONSIN
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NEW YORK
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CONN.
R.I.
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KENTUCKY
VIRGINIA
N.CAROLINA
TENNESSEE
CALIFORNIA
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
OKLAHOMA
ARKANSAS
S.CAROLINA
MISS.
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
TEXAS
LOUISIANA
FLA.

Where the political line-up in Congress will be changed, according to 4,256 editors.

▤ The state — Oregon — in which the poll indicates the Republicans are to lose 1 senatorial seat.

■ States where no changes from the 1936 political division are anticipated.

▥ States where the Republicans are expected to gain Congressional seats —in all, 2 in the Senate and 29 in the House.

75th Congress this South is solid, with twenty Democrats in the Senate and ninety-three in the House, and no Republican in either. The editors expect the same outcome this year. They generally dislike Mr. Roosevelt's purge but doubt that it will change the Southern political set-up.

Editors in the Border States—Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Oklahoma—indicate that Roosevelt is even more popular there than in the South. In the present Congress, all twelve senators from these six states are Democrats, and there are forty-eight Democratic to four Republican representatives, one of the Republicans being from Kentucky, two from Tennessee, and one from Missouri. For the next Congress the editors predict the selfsame line-up. They foresee the Democrats electing all five of this year's senators, including two regarded as Presidential possibilities in 1940: Clark of Missouri and Barkley of Kentucky. Both these men come from what in a close year might be pivotal states, and one represents what might be called the anti-Roosevelt, the other the pro-Roosevelt, wing of the Democratic Party.

It is noteworthy that the Republicans in these Border States are by no means expected to increase their House strength. Normally, if the wind is beginning to shift toward the G. O. P., it is this region which quickly begins electing more Republicans to the House.

The three Pacific Coast states, Washington, Oregon, and California, have in the 75th Congress three Democratic and three Republican senators, and twenty-three Democratic and five Republican representatives, with one Independent. The editors expect the Democrats in California to elect Sheridan Downey, the $30-every-Thursday man, to the Senate. In Washington they are expected to re-elect Senator Bone, and in Oregon to pick up the Senate seat resigned by the Republican Senator Steiwer.

The eight states in the Rockies—Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, and New Mexico—might well be called the Solid West. The Democrats took this region away from the Republicans in 1932 and since then have lost only one Congressional seat in it, to Senator Borah in 1936. He is its sole Republican in the present Congress, where it has fifteen Democratic senators and fourteen representatives. The editors expect that line-up to be repeated.

This leaves four regions in which they predict Republican gains. Following the 1936 elections, the Prairie States—Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, the Dakotas, and Minnesota—had in the Senate five Democrats, four Republicans, one Independent (Norris), and Minnesota's two Farmer-Laborites. The editors expect the Republicans to gain a senatorial seat in Kansas, where ex-Governor Clyde Reed is expected to defeat Democratic Senator McGill. In the present House these states have sixteen Republicans to thirteen Democrats, with Minnesota's five Farmer-Laborites. In the next House the same figures are expected.

The Great Lakes region includes Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. In the 75th Congress it has eight Democratic, one Republican, and one Progressive senators, and it originally had sixty-five Democratic, eighteen Republican, and seven Progressive representatives—all the Progressives in both Houses being from Wisconsin. The editors believe the Democrats will lose one senatorial seat to the Progressives by failing in Wisconsin to re-elect Duffy. But they believe Republican strength in the House will jump from eighteen to thirty.

Along the North Atlantic seaboard, in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, the shift back to the Republicans is of more consequence. The editors indicate that the Republicans will unseat from one to ten Democratic representatives in each of these four states, and in New Jersey top it off with the gain of a senatorship. They are also pictured re-electing Senator Davis in Pennsylvania and thereby bringing about the political death of the Keystone State's rich pro-Roosevelt governor, George H. Earle. In New York a number of editors, while expecting the Democrats to win both senatorships, thought Thomas E. Dewey could be elected governor, and many thought that with his name at the head of the ticket the Republicans might elect the two congressmen at large.

The predicted Republican gain of sixteen seats in these four states brings their eastern seaboard strength almost up to that of the Democrats—forty-six to forty-eight.

Aside from the Prairie States, New England — Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire—is the one region where Republican representatives now outnumber Democratic. There are sixteen Republicans and thirteen Democrats in the House, each party having six senators. The editors say that after this election the Republicans in the House will be seventeen to twelve, and in the Senate seven to five.

Here is a comparison of the indicated Democratic strength in the next House with the actual strength during the past four Congresses:

REGION	1930	1932	1934	1936	1938
South	93	93	93	93	93
Border	44	50	48	48	48
Pacific	3	19	20	23	23
Rockies	4	13	14	14	14
Prairies	6	17	16	13	13
Great Lakes	32	63	59	65	54
East	29	46	56	64	48
New England	7	12	15	14	12
Total	218	313	321	334	305

The important thing here is not the small Democratic loss since 1936 but the holding of the gains amassed after 1930. Records show that the party which wins the House in the by-elections invariably wins the Presidency in the succeeding elections. And if the Democrats actually win 305 seats, they will start quoting another political maxim: No party has ever lost a Presidential election after winning a two-thirds majority in the by-elections.

But that is not all. If the Democratic victory is as predicted, it will be the first time any party ever won 300 or more seats in the House four times in a row. It will guarantee a Democratic majority in the Senate until 1943, even if the Republicans elect a President in 1940.

It will make Roosevelt II the first President since Roosevelt I to lead his party to two by-election victories. And it will make him the first President since Andrew Jackson to lead his party to four national victories—two Presidential and two mid-term.

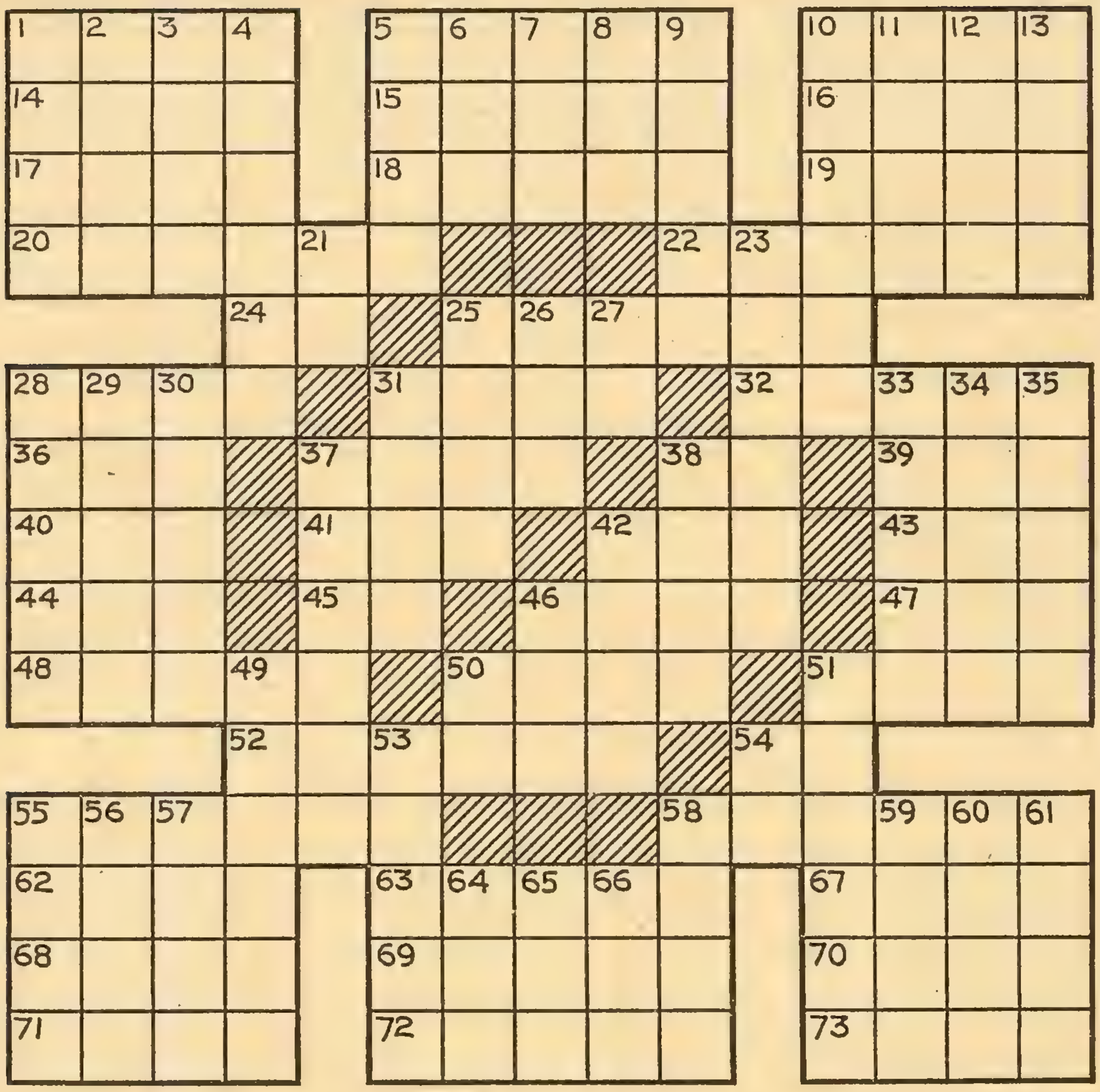
It will have a tremendous influence on third-term talk. With what result, nobody knows. But obviously the question is in the air. Hundreds of editors went out of their way to discuss the third term.

THE END

4,256 Newspaper Editors Say the Next Congress Will Line Up Like This:

STATE	NUMBER OF NEWSPAPERS REPLYING	SENATE			HOUSE		
		D.	R.	I.	D.	R.	I.
Ala.	77	2	0	0	9	0	0
Ariz.	33	2	0	0	1	0	0
Ark.	77	2	0	0	7	0	0
Calif.	129	1	1	0	15	4	1
Colo.	94	2	0	0	4	0	0
Conn.	24	2	0	0	5	1	0
Del.	7	1	1	0	0	1	0
Fla.	93	2	0	0	5	0	0
Ga.	95	2	0	0	10	0	0
Idaho	47	1	1	0	2	0	0
Ill.	157	2	0	0	18	9	0
Ind.	201	2	0	0	9	3	0
Iowa	203	2	0	0	5	4	0
Kan.	189	0	2	0	2	5	0
Ky.	108	2	0	0	8	1	0
La.	53	2	0	0	8	0	0
Me.	32	0	2	0	0	3	0
Md.	37	2	0	0	6	0	0
Mass.	54	1	1	0	5	10	0
Mich.	105	1	1	0	7	10	0
Minn.	173	0	0	2	1	3	5
Miss.	48	2	0	0	7	0	0
Mo.	201	2	0	0	12	1	0
Mont.	63	2	0	0	2	0	0
Neb.	121	1	0	1	4	1	0
Nev.	14	2	0	0	1	0	0
N. H.	20	0	2	0	0	2	0
N. J.	91	1	1	0	6	8	0
N. M.	32	2	0	0	1	0	0
N. Y.	93	2	0	0	25	20	0
N. C.	108	2	0	0	11	0	0
N. D.	92	0	2	0	0	2	0
Ohio	137	2	0	0	17	7	0
Okla.	145	2	0	0	9	0	0
Ore.	78	1	1	0	2	1	0
Pa.	132	1	1	0	17	17	0
R. I.	9	2	0	0	2	0	0
S. C.	32	2	0	0	6	0	0
S. D.	119	1	1	0	1	1	0
Tenn.	68	2	0	0	7	2	0
Tex.	259	2	0	0	21	0	0
Utah	27	2	0	0	2	0	0
Vt.	22	0	2	0	0	1	0
Va.	73	2	0	0	9	0	0
Wash.	93	2	0	0	6	0	0
W. Va.	59	2	0	0	6	0	0
Wis.	101	0	0	2	3	1	6
Wyo.	31	2	0	0	1	0	0
TOTAL	4,256	72	19	5	305	118	12

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A kind of salad
5 A volume of smoke or dust
10 Transferred for a consideration
14 Girl's name
15 Inhabitant of Mohammedan paradise
16 A city in Pennsylvania
17 Covering of some seeds
18 To become compliant
19 A family group
20 Ringer
22 Principles of a body of facts
24 Preposition
25 Pursued
28 Irish dramatist
31 Filthy
32 Disordered
36 Drop behind
37 To study over
38 Note of the diatonic scale
39 Bond
40 Turkish commander
41 A sea bird
42 Hole
43 Note in Guido's scale
44 Knock lightly
45 Older (abbr.)
46 Game played on horses
47 Etruscan title
48 Upstanding
50 Woman's nickname
51 Suffix: expressing quality

F	A	S	T	W	O	R	K	E	R		R	A	S	P
A	N	T	I	■	B	O	I	S	E		O	I	O	I
	N	A	G	■	T	O	T	E	S		O	D	I	N
D	O	G	H	O	U	S	E	■	T	O	M	A	T	O
U	■	■	T	E	S	T	■	L	A	M	E	■	■	C
B	R	O	W	S	E	■	C	I	G	A	R	A	S	H
	A	L	A	E	■	C	H	E	E	R	■	L	O	L
B	L	E	D	■	S	H	I	N	S	■	N	A	C	E
A	L	A	■	S	P	I	N	S	■	S	O	C	K	
L	Y	N	C	H	I	N	G	■	C	U	C	K	O	O
D	■	■	E	O	N	S	■	P	H	I	T	■	■	W
S	H	A	D	E	S	■	F	E	A	T	U	R	E	S
P	A	P	A		T	E	A	R	S	■	R	E	D	
O	V	E	R		E	G	R	E	T	■	N	A	I	L
T	E	S	S		R	O	O	S	E	V	E	L	T	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

52 A cereal
54 Exclamation
55 An officer who attests
58 Cuddle up
62 Norse deity
63 Bizarre (Fr.)
67 Extent
68 A deep, wide protective ditch
69 Beach (Spanish)
70 Prevaricator
71 Greek deity
72 Smoldering fuel
73 Male children

VERTICAL

1 Break suddenly
2 Learning
3 Melody
4 Flounder
5 Scorch
6 Apparatus for measuring speed of a ship
7 Pronoun
8 Suffix: act or process
9 Manner of living (pl.)
10 Withdraw
11 A flat plinth (arch.)
12 One who tells falsehood knowingly
13 Gainsay
21 Printer's measure
23 Combining form: blood
25 Stopper
26 Shade or color
27 East Indian shrub
28 Rock that splits evenly and thinly
29 Woman's name
30 With mouth open
31 Cardinal number
33 Sculptured slab
34 Man's name
35 Measures of time
37 Head of a congregation
38 Embankment in railroad construction
42 Prefix: many
46 Enclosure
49 Recites musically
50 Symbol for an element
51 Nosepieces
53 One affected with nearsightedness
54 Pronoun
55 Town in Alaska
56 Scent
57 Chinese money
58 Approach
59 Three persons
60 Thin
61 Heads, as of cereal
64 Town in south Germany
65 Tag
66 A beverage

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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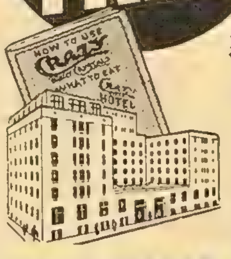

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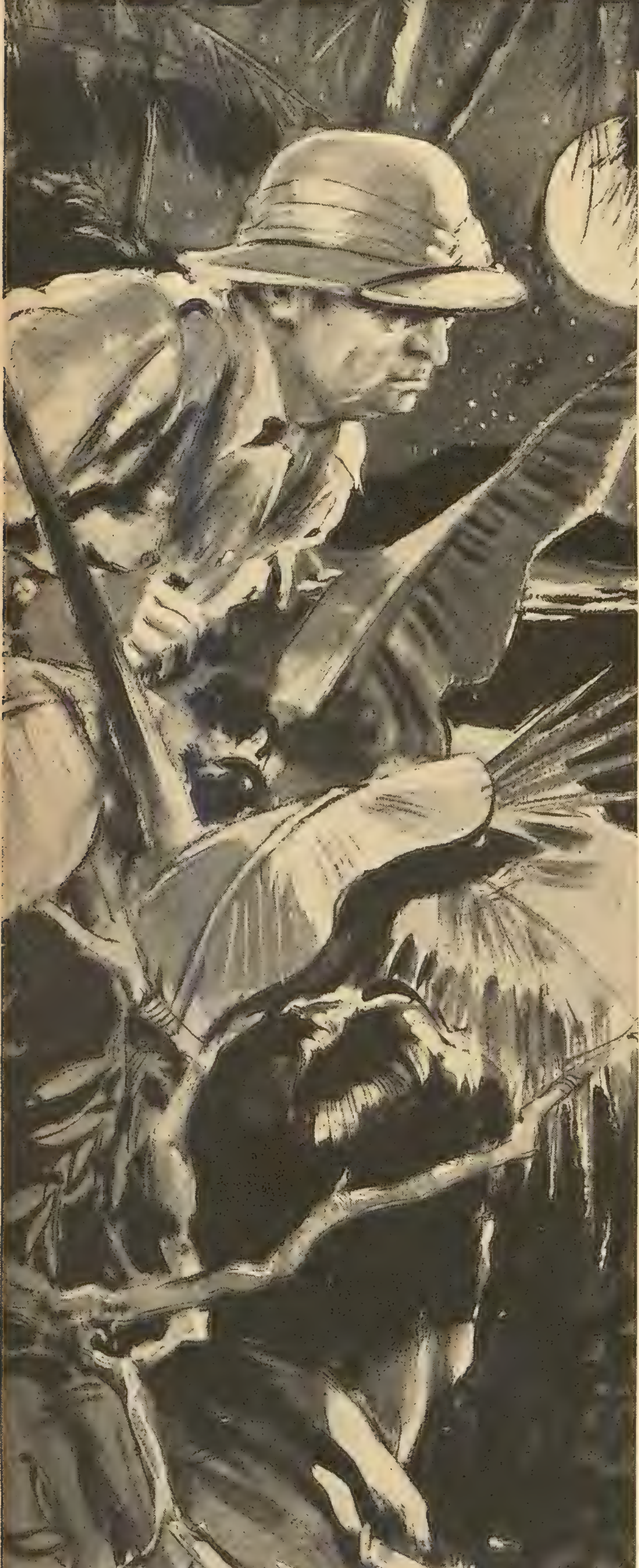
LOSE THE WOMAN !



Bechtel was standing four or five paces away. He was peering over the dune, seeing what I had seen.

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHEN Larry March, an impecunious young writer staying in Acapulco, Mexico, accepts the invitation of Ben Bechtel, an American millionaire, to go on a hunting trip, he is certain that his life is in danger. Back in the States March has had an affair with Bechtel's wife, Trudie. He is sure that her husband knows about it and suspects Bechtel of plotting, with the help of Curtis Frazier, a ruthless soldier of fortune, to kill them both. He also has an idea that Trudie, driven to desperation by Bechtel's cruelty, plans to murder her husband. However, because he has caused the death of a Mexican in a dance-hall brawl—which makes it unsafe for him to stay in Acapulco—March decides to go with Bechtel's party.

In the group, besides Frazier, March, and the Bechtels, are Durham Phillipson, a drunken English photographer; Maida del Roche, a down-and-out ex-movie star; Glenda Neil, a young poet; and her bossy friend, Norma Considine. Noel Hawkins, a half-Negro, half-Mexican guide who is devoted to March, goes along as cook. All go to the camping place on a small freighter, except Frazier, who flies in his plane.

On the boat and at the camp Trudie shows plainly her jealousy of Glenda Neil, who is in love with March and of whom he is very fond. To add to a difficult situation, Bechtel becomes truculent and domineering, especially to March, and reveals by his actions, if not by his words, that he is aware of what Trudie and March have been to each other. Any minute, now, March expects Bechtel and Frazier to strike.

In Bechtel's presence, he accuses Frazier of being an agent of Franco. As he walks away he hears Bechtel speaking to Frazier in an angry voice. The two words he catches, "Phillipson . . . pictures . . ." mean nothing to him at the time, because he hasn't yet realized that he is dealing with a man gone craftily mad.

PART SEVEN—A KILLER STALKS HIS PREY

I OVERTOOK Trudie before she reached the camp.

"Let's have it, Trudie. What's wrong? Why do you feel called upon to treat me like a heel?"

"Have I treated you like a heel, darling? *Darling!* Every other word she says to you is *darling!*"

"So that's what's eating you. Good heavens, woman, haven't you been around enough to know that darling is no longer a word of endearment?"

"I suppose she's not in love with you!"

"What if she is? Is it important—to us?"

"Is it important!"

I glanced back toward the river. Bechtel was carrying some of Frazier's duffel up the bank, and the pilot was pulling the dugout above the high-tide mark. I took Trudie's arm and squeezed it hard enough to hurt.

"This isn't any time, Trudie, to be worrying about Glenda. We've got to take care of ourselves. You haven't forgotten, have you, why your husband has dragged us down here?"

"I haven't forgotten anything," she stormed and jerked her arm out of my fingers. "Least of all have I forgotten last night."

"Last night!"

"When the three of us were sitting on the deck and she hinted that you were plotting to kill Ben so you could

Danger ahead! New thrills in a tense novel of love against hovering doom

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

marry me and have a lot of money and buy a yacht."

"In effect," I said, "that's what the situation amounts to. But you shouldn't overlook the fact that it is a situation which has been carefully created by the warped mind of your husband, and that it all boils down, bluntly, to his life or mine and yours."

"You're undoubtedly right," she returned stiffly, "but does that excuse you for—"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, pass it!"

Later, as we sat around in hammocks and on our haunches, eating the evening meal, the taut restraint that had settled on every one was so evident that even the lighthearted Maida del Roche remarked about it.

"Is this a wake or a hunting trip?" she asked.

"A wake, my dear," said Phillipson, "is much more cheerful."

"And if this is a hunting trip, why aren't we hunting?" Maida went on.

Bechtel kept his sullen eyes on his plate. Frazier said steadily: "We are hunting tonight, Miss del Roche. Would you like to come along?"

"Certainly. What are you hunting?"

"Alligators. The river is alive with them."

Maida gulped: "I was wading in it this afternoon."

"You were perfectly safe. You'll never see an alligator in the daytime. They come out only at night, and then, if you have a light, you can't miss seeing them. You'll find them floating all over the river with just their eyes sticking out of the water."

"Our Mr. Frazier knows his alligators." Norma Considine's husky voice was slightly acid.

"It's one of the things he learned in Spain," I said, "along with the knack of dispassionate killing."

The skin around the pilot's lips went white. His cold blue eyes were like rapiers.

"Before very long, March, this camp won't be big enough to hold the two of us," he declared.

"I can feel it getting smaller every minute," I returned. "Would you like to walk down to the beach?"

He glared at me. "I have outgrown, March, the childish vanity of fighting with my fists."

"Shut up, you two," Bechtel growled. "I won't have any fighting in this camp, with fists or anything else. And you people had better finish your supper, those of you who want to go after alligators with us. The natives will be here at six. We'll have only three hours before the moon comes up. Who-all's going?"

"I'll take a chance," Maida declared.

Noel said: "I'd like to go, Mr. Bechtel."

"O. K., kid. Anybody else besides Phillipson and Frazier?"

No one said anything. Bechtel stared at his wife.

"How about it, Trudie?"

"No, Ben. I think I'll stay in camp and rest. Maybe I'll have a chance to go tomorrow night." She looked at Glenda, asked brightly: "Wouldn't you like to go, Miss Neil?"

Glenda flushed. "Thanks. I don't believe I'd care for it."

"Miss Considine?" Trudie pursued, her voice so sweet it made me want to slap her. "It's a wonderful chance to see the unusual, to get off the beaten track."

"I think I'd best stay here," said Norma, and I could see she was boiling. "*Some* one ought to chaperon you and Glenda." With that she gave me a look which might have said: "With Larry March around, you'll certainly need a chaperon."

Bechtel laughed, though you could see he saw nothing funny in the situation. "Quite a reputation you've acquired in Acapulco, March."

"Pass it, Bechtel," I said, feeling myself getting sore. "Get on with your rat killing."

"It's alligators tonight, muh frand," he retorted. "We'll get the rats later." He got to his feet. "Let's be going, gang. Phillipson, get my camera and the flares. Frazier, where's your gun?"

The pilot and the cameraman got up and went into the tent just as two fuzzy-haired Negritos appeared in the clearing and started jabbering to Noel.

"They say, Mr. Bechtel, that the canoes are ready," Noel translated.

"Good."

Phillipson came out of the tent with a camera slung over his shoulder; he was stuffing magnesium flares in his pockets. Frazier appeared with a rifle under his arm. He looked at me, and now there was a sardonic twinkle in his eyes.

"Ever see one of these, March?"

It was a beautiful sporting rifle, fitted with open sights and a Maxim silencer.

"It's a nice gun," I commented, "but why the silencer?"

"Why the silencer, he asks!" Bechtel guffawed.

"With a silencer," the pilot said, "you can sometimes knock over four or five deer before the flock gets alarmed and takes to the brush."

"I see," I replied. "It's more sporting."

"It's *less* sporting," Frazier declared. "But it's a lot more fun. Everybody ready?"

We watched them troop out of camp on the heels of the Negritos. The sun had set now and I knew there'd be only a few more minutes of daylight; twilight is extremely brief at sixteen degrees north latitude.

"We'll want light," I said. "I'll build up the fire."

. . two figures so close they almost seemed one, leaning against a log.

"Ben has an electric lantern somewhere in his bags," Trudie said. "I'll see if I can find it."

She got up and went into the tent. I piled some wood on the cooking fire and it was blazing brightly by the time Trudie came out of the tent.

"Everything is locked," she announced.

Did you think Ben was going to leave me free access to his arsenal?

"That's all right," I said. "A fire is better anyway. The smoke may drive away the mosquitoes. Well, we are four. How about a game of bridge?"

Then, as I glanced around, I saw that Norma had moved over beside Glenda in the latter's hammock. She had her arm around Glenda and Glenda had her face turned away from Trudie and me. She wasn't making a sound, she wasn't moving, but I knew she was crying.

Trudie also knew it, because she said in a brittle voice: "My nerves are shot too, but I'm not going into hysterics over it."

Norma glared at her; Glenda did not move, did not turn her head. Watching her, I felt limp and weak.

I never should have let you come on this crazy trip. You're too high-strung to get mixed up in a mess like this. And yet how could I have stopped you?

"Come on, Larry," Trudie virtually ordered. "Let's walk down to the beach."

Night was coming on fast now and, save for the light shed by the crackling fire, it was almost dark there under the coco palms.

"There's plenty of wood, Norma," I said. "Keep up the fire. We won't be gone long."

NORMA didn't say anything, but I knew she was doing plenty of thinking, none of it complimentary. I sensed, too, that she wasn't so keen about staying there alone with Glenda. A camp in the woods can be pretty eerie at night; put that camp on the desolate coast of Oaxaca, where the only inhabitants for miles are not too friendly bush Negritos, and you have something to frighten a hardier soul than Norma Considine.

Trudie walked fast, nervously, along the path to the beach, and I trailed along at her heels, not saying anything, not too pleased with her or with myself.

When we came out at last on the hard-packed sand, I drew up beside her.

"Don't you think it was a rotten trick to walk away and leave those girls alone?" I asked.

She ignored my question.

"I suppose all geniuses are neurotic," she remarked distantly. "But I still don't see what *she* has to be bawling about."

"I guess the nervous tension, along with worrying about what is going to happen to me, got her down."

"Worrying about you! You don't flatter yourself much, do you?"

"Did you drag me out here to quarrel with me?"

"Why do *you* think I dragged you out here?"

"That's what I'm asking. You know, Trudie, I'm pretty jittery myself and if you're going to go into a tantrum about Glenda, I'd just as soon go back to camp."

She took my arm and her voice softened, though it still was not too friendly. "It will do us good to walk. Maybe we can work off some of this nervous tension. You know, Larry, I'm just as jittery as you are."

"We must have been crazy ever to come down here."

"That's what love will do to a couple of otherwise normal people."

I could tell by the tone of her voice that she was excited. I was excited too, but not that way.

"Shall we sit down and watch the waves?" Trudie suggested after we had walked in silence for a few minutes.

"Don't you think we ought to get back? Those girls are sure to be frightened."

"Just a little while, Larry." Her voice was taut and breathless.

We sat down side by side on the warm sand. I put my arm around her and she reached up and drew my head against her cheek. After a moment I kissed her, not because I felt any overwhelming desire but because it seemed the thing to do. Her warm lips were trembling.

"I thought we were going to look at the waves," I said finally.

"Kiss me again, Larry."

I kissed her again. I kissed her hard and held her trembling body tight against mine. I tried to match her mood, but it wasn't any use, and after a while she must have realized it, without our saying a word. She relaxed a little and finally she raised her head, and then came up on her elbow and sat watching the great phosphorescent combers.

"I guess you're right," she said at last. "It's cruel to leave them alone so long. And yet—I wish you could stay with me. Something has come up, Larry—that frightens me. It's nothing about Ben—or you. It's something altogether different. I'm really in a terrible mood. An hour or two with you and I might work myself out of it. But without your help—"

"I'll do anything I can. Why not tell me about it?"

"I'd rather not—now. I'd rather not say any more until I know myself better. But look, sweetheart, do this—for me."

"Anything, Trudie."

"After everybody is asleep tonight—come to my hammock and wake me up and we'll walk on the beach again."

It was the sort of thing I wanted to avoid. The situation was complicated enough as it was. And I didn't want to leave the camp for a minute, particularly at night, while Frazier and Bechtel were there together.

I couldn't forget that beautiful high-power rifle with the Maxim silencer.

"Do you think it would be the smart thing to do?"

"Must we always do the smart thing?"

"You know what I mean. There's such a thing as crowding our luck."

"I suppose you're right," she said dully. "But I still wonder just how much you love me."

"If I didn't love you, Trudie, I wouldn't be here."

"I wonder. Well, shall we go back to camp?"

I HELPED her to her feet and we walked along the beach toward the camp. As we topped the low lines of dunes near the river, we saw three lights moving on the black smooth water.

"The doughty hunters," I remarked.

Trudie did not reply. In the darkness I couldn't tell whether she was angry at me again, or merely tired.

We paused there a moment and I put my arm around her. Just at that instant a brilliant light burst on the bow of one of the canoes. The river for a hundred yards around was bright as day. We saw Bechtel kneeling in the bow of one dugout, the rifle at his shoulder. In another canoe, the magnesium flare at his back, Phillipson was holding the camera to his eye.

We heard no sound, but Bechtel lowered his rifle and there was a great threshing in the shallow water. We watched while Noel and one of the Negritos drew alongside and speared the writhing alligator.

"I suppose it will be a good picture, probably all in color," Trudie remarked, as the flare began to die. "But what of it? Ben, that dear good husband of mine, will never see it—I hope."

I urged her gently: "Coming?"

"No. I'll stay here and watch them for a while."

"Very well." I turned to go.

"Look, Larry! Are you sure you won't wake me tonight? I think maybe I'll want to talk to you. I'm really very upset, darling."

"Is it about Glenda?" I blurted.

It was, of course, the wrong thing to say.

"It's hard, isn't it, Larry, to get your mind off Glenda? Will you please leave me alone now and go back to her?"

"O. K., Trudie. I'm sorry you have to flare up every time I mention Glenda's name. And I think we'll both feel better if we get a good night's sleep and don't go sneaking off to the beach."

I left her sitting on a sand dune.

The mosquitoes were out now and when I got back to camp I found Norma and Glenda sitting under nets.

"Where is Mrs. Bechtel?" asked Norma.

"She's back by the river, watching the alligator hunters. They shot one and Phillipson got pictures of the whole business. They're only a few hundred yards up the river."

I found a mosquito net, threw it over my head and arms, and sat down beside Glenda.

"Feeling any better, kid?"

"I'm all right. I'm sorry I was such a sap. I suppose Trudie thinks I'm an awful little fool. Oh, Larry! Why did you come down here?"

"Why did *you* come down?"

"Because," she said quietly, "there's supposed to be safety in numbers. Mr. Bechtel asked us and we came."

"Safety for whom?" I asked.

"For you, of course."

"And why did *you* come on the trip, Norma?"

"To look after this lovesick little fool. You don't imagine I came down here to look after you, do you?"

"The very suggestion slays me. On the other hand, I'd give a lot to know just what your racket is."

"I don't know what you mean," Norma asserted.

"You know, all right! But let it pass. Some other time, when we get back to Acapulco maybe—if ever—you can tell me why you stole the keys of my car."

A TAUT silence followed. Norma's face was hidden by the mosquito net and I couldn't see how she took my uppercut—I could only feel that she had probably never been more startled in her life. She didn't have a thing to say. I'd come at her so unexpectedly, she had no denial or excuse ready. She just sat there stiff as a poker, breathing fast, like a person who has been badly frightened.

I said finally, having had my fun: "There's a wind coming up. Those fellows will be back shortly."

I heard Glenda sigh; I suspect because she knew I was through baiting Norma, though she said: "I don't believe I'd be brokenhearted if the whole crowd was drowned in the river—except Noel. I like that kid."

"So do I. But there's no chance of any luck like that. The river isn't more than four feet deep."

Norma still sat motionless, silent, like a stolid fat squaw. Then, finally, after a long pause, she spoke.

"Mr. Bechtel came back to camp shortly after you and his wife had left." Her voice was mean, vaguely triumphant. "He wanted another flashlight. He asked where you and Mrs. Bechtel had gone. We told him you were taking—a *walk.*"

"Interesting. And what did Mr. Bechtel say to that?"

"He didn't say anything, Larry," Glenda spoke up. "But if you could have seen his face, I don't think you'd sleep tonight."

They came back about ten o'clock. Noel was proudly leading the way with a six-foot alligator slung over his shoulder. Maida and Phillipson were behind him.

"Well, we got some wonderful shots. Marvelous! All in color.

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This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

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You ask permission to use my letter in your testimonial work; I did not tell you the half of it. A friend left her Cascade with me to use until I could order one from you which I did at once. I had not slept for four years without sedatives and anything I ate disagreed with me. After using the Cascade five nights I slept like a baby and gained at the rate of 8 lbs. per month the first three months. I used the Cascade and Cleansing Tonic as directed. My system was so full of poisons I did not look like a white woman; in a very short time I had the complexion of a girl. I am 50 years old now and live on a truck and dairy farm. I am in perfect health and do all my work which is no small job. The doctors who said I would die call me the wonder woman but I am not; I give *all* credit to your J. B. L. Cascade and Cleansing Tonic. I have not taken any medicine for 7 years. I would not take $1,000 for the Cascade if I had to sign an agreement not to ever have another one. Please use my letter in your testimonial work; I would be happy to know that by so doing I could help others.

Mrs. W. J. Bass,
Route 1, Box 17, Kingsville, Texas

* * *

About 40 years ago, I was constipated to the point of danger, and my face turned to sallow light green in color. I was feeling very badly and was a patient of a doctor for months. Then I sent for the Cascade and used it according to instructions. I kept up the treatment for about ten days, and then every other day for a month and so on until I used the treatment every two weeks more or less. My cheeks gave the glow of a rose and I became strong, active and never felt better in my life. One day, the doctor stopped his gig and said to me, "William, you do not pay me any more visits; tell me why." I said, "Well, doctor, I have found relief and I do not have to pay you visits any longer." He said, "What is it?" I told him it was Dr. Tyrrell's J.B.L. Cascade. He said, "Stop it; it will paralyze your bowels and you will not be able to have a passage without it." I said to him, "Well, doctor, I am satisfied with the way I feel and I have no lack of evacuation to date." He clapped the reins on the horse's back and said, "Gedyap." In about two months I met the doctor again and he said to me, "William, are you using that thing yet?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, I bought a Cascade and let me tell you it is FINE."

Wm. Montague O'Neill,
1222 7th Ave., Neptune, N. J.

* * *

The Cascade is worth hundreds of dollars to every home.

Lee P. Miller,
R. 2, Hartford, Ky.

* * *

In the year 1920 my entire system was poisoned from my teeth. My dentist extracted all of them, treated the cavities and advised me to purchase a J.B.L. Cascade. He told me it would help nature discharge the poison from the system that collects in the lower colon. I also went to our family doctor for advice. He told me to continue the use of the Cascade and put me on a diet. He said he didn't know of anything that would do as much good as the flushing of the colon. Anyway, I got back to normal condition and I honestly believe the Cascade did the trick. I was bothered with pin worms that harbor in the colon for 30 years. I did everything our family doctor advised but the pin worms were still present. The faithful use of the Cascade got rid of them and that was a God-send. I honestly believe the Cascade is more important in a home than a bathtub.

K. G. Votaw,
1709 Sixth St., Berkeley, Calif.

What Is an Internal Bath?

Some understand an internal bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some new-fangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real, genuine true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case.

A bona-fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrellized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now, here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J.B.L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poison breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious, and may be an important contributing cause to the headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—and susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills. They may also be an important factor in the cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons, and internal bathing is an effective means. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of impurities—quick hygienic action. And each treatment tends to strengthen the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver, you will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is the experience of thousands of men and women who faithfully practice the wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age, nervousness, and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

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Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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Haw-haw!" the cameraman guffawed. "How about a drink?"

Bechtel disappeared into the tent and came out with a bottle, started pouring drinks.

Where were Trudie and Frazier?

I got up and tossed aside my mosquito net. I took a drink when Bechtel offered me one, downed it, felt myself beginning to sweat. Good Lord, was *I* getting jealous now!

And then I saw them coming through the trees into the light of the fire. They had that look about them, that look of affected casualness, that told me they had been a lot closer together than they were walking now.

Frazier said: "You didn't miss much, March. We had tough luck. Only got one." Those were his words, disappointing words; yet he looked pleased, almost gloating.

I was staring at Trudie. She hadn't yet glanced at me, and when she came into the firelight I realized why. There was a hardness in her eyes, a warm moist brightness, that I knew too well.

I sweated some more.

We all had three or four rounds of drinks, and then, with the fire dying down, we one by one found our hammocks and climbed in under our nets. By eleven o'clock the camp, save for the incessant clatter of the palms, was silent. The fire died to a bed of coals and there was no light save the dim greenish glow that filtered through from the moon.

When I slipped quietly out of my hammock, dragging my net with me, I could just barely make out the other eight hammocks. Every one seemed to be sleeping.

Walking carefully to avoid stepping on a twig, I left the grove of palms and started toward the beach. I found a shoulder-high shrub on the landward side of the dunes, leveled off a place in the sand in its shadow, and lay down. Pulling the net over me, I tried to sleep.

Sleep! It was as far away as the moon. I lay there, I guess, for fully an hour. Worrying and wondering. Thinking of that look in Trudie's eyes which, I fondly dreamed, only I had ever roused.

I didn't realize my eyes were open until a shadow passed across them. I raised on one elbow. Two figures, half obscured by a low tree, were moving away from me, their footsteps noiseless in the sand. I sat up as they stepped across a moon glade.

Trudie and Frazier were walking arm in arm toward the beach.

I sank back on the sand, sick with heartache. *O. K., baby. If that's what you want, I'm getting out of here tomorrow. Noel and I will get a canoe and we'll scram.*

But then, of course, I didn't know that one of our party would, before daylight, be meat for the vultures. And I had completely forgotten Glenda's admonition at the fiesta: You can't get away by running.

I lay there on the sand, my face buried in my arms, for probably ten minutes, but they seemed hours. What I had seen was past believing, and yet there they were, Trudie and Frazier, walking down to the beach together at midnight. Sneaking away from the camp while they thought every one was asleep.

My heart felt as though it had turned to ice and then melted away. There was nothing left in my breast but an aching emptiness.

Trudie, you couldn't do a thing like this to me. It isn't in your heart.

And yet I'd seen them, walking in the bright moonlight, so close together their bodies were touching. A man and a woman disliking each other didn't walk as they had walked. A woman fearing for her life at the hands of a man didn't go strolling with him at midnight.

What was the answer? I had to find out.

Hating myself for what I was about to do, I lurched to my feet and stumbled after them. Dodging from bush to bush and keeping out of the moonlight as much as possible, I reached the low line of dunes which ran parallel with the shore. I sneaked—sneaked!—to the top of the ridge. There, wriggling along on my stomach, I peered over the crown.

At first I didn't see them. The long curving stretch of gray-white sand seemed deserted in the bright moonlight. And then, not a hundred feet from where I crouched, I made out two figures so close together they almost seemed one.

They were sitting side by side, leaning back against a driftwood log. Their arms were around each other, and Frazier was kissing her, and she was liking it. The moon was so bright that I could see all that.

My first impulse was to dash down there and have it out with them. And then, in some way, I got my brain to functioning, and it came to me: the normal, the logical explanation of her action. She was buying Frazier. She was bartering her love for our lives.

Yes, it was the noble and the courageous thing to do. And yet, somehow, that didn't make it hurt any the less. What kind of weakling was I that I could allow such an exchange?

I got to my knees, feeling breathless and empty and not too sure of my own rage. If I could only have been consumed by fury. But, somehow, I didn't feel any tremendous driving anger. In my heart I had to admire Trudie. In my heart I couldn't particularly blame Frazier.

And yet—that couldn't go on.

I was about to start over the dune when I heard a twig snap some ten or fifteen feet to my left. I raised a little higher, peered over the bush under which I'd been hiding.

Ben Bechtel was standing four or five paces away. He was peering over the dune, seeing what I had seen. He was so close that I could see him trembling, like a man with ague. I could hear, or imagined I could hear, his heavy angry breathing.

Has Trudie really transferred her affections to Frazier? If so, will this save March from Bechtel's wrath? Next week, events take an unexpected turn, and a man's hidden fury breaks loose on the beach.

20 QUESTIONS

1—The young lady in the early photo (right) is quite a cut-up on congealed H_2O. Though older now and rarely so bundled up, any good detective would spot her winning smile. Who, please?

2—Whose chief spy was Charles Louis Schulmeister?

3—Which country has three national languages: German, French, and Italian?

4—Who was coach of the Thundering Herd?

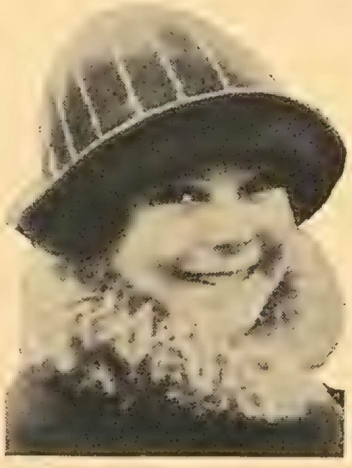
5—Is petits fours a legal term for petty crimes, a kind of golf pants, or a name for small cakes?

6—Bodoni, Caslon, and Goudy are all the names of what?

7—Who in the Bible was called a half-baked pancake?

8—The City of the Queen of the Angels is now known by what name?

9—Great Britain and the United States recently agreed to do what in regard to Canton and Enderbury islands?



10—Who played opposite Valentino in The Four Horsemen of the what?

11—With what should a pie tin be greased?

12—Who were "the three men in a tub"?

13—If a vixen is the female, what is the male animal called?

14—Which state has the smallest number of automobiles per capita?

15—A San Diego husband recently made this report to the police: "I don't care where they went, but I want my sixty-five-dollar radio back." Who were "they"?

16—Jim and Marion Jordan are better known by what names?

17—Who recently said: "In all my life I have never had fears"?

18—For what purpose did the Chinese issue the first military medals?

19—What is the hellbox of a newspaper?

20—Who was Vice-President Throttlebottom in the Broadway production Of Thee I Sing?

(*Answers will be found on page* 58)

PREVIEWING HOLLYWOOD

Two Million Dollars . . and Mr. Power

A prodigal screen romance of builders at Suez divides honors between a canal and a star—Result, stirring entertainment

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

SUEZ

4 stars predicted. Because it is Movie Mogul Darryl Zanuck's big film of the autumn season, because it has Tyrone Power, backed up by history, the Suez Canal, and a sandstorm.

HOLLYWOOD is full of surprises. If you're a star, you never can tell what you will be playing opposite. It may be Greta Garbo, a ventriloquist's dummy, or a trained seal. Here, in this $2,000,000 picture, is our Tyrone Power dividing honors with a canal. True, it's a sizable super-canal, but it's our Tyrone.

If it's a success—and it should be—one fact will count more than all the attention to accuracy. The factor is Tyrone as Ferdinand de Lesseps, the man who triumphed over politics, Arab forays, and foreign ill feeling to build the artificial waterway between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, bringing the East and West 5,000 miles closer.

Where was Suez shot? The sand dunes around Yuma, Arizona, played the Egyptian desert. Hundreds of horsemen, 300 camels, and 400 horses helped. It was tough finding enough experienced camel drivers in Hollywood, tougher to get the 300 single-hump dromedaries. Whisper: double-hump ships of the desert were neatly disguised. Hundreds of extras, too, worked on the great clay beds of southern California, constructing a canal that was at least practical photographically. The big moment is a sandstorm—the dread *zobah-hah* of the desert. This was done on a twenty-acre stretch on the Fox back lot by the two men who burned Chicago for In Old Chicago, Fred Sersen and Lou Witte. It took ten days and a battery of wind machines. The Yuma episodes took a month and cost half a million. All this time foreign camera crews were picturing the Pyramids, the Sphinx, and the Nile for atmospheric shots.

Loretta Young plays the Countess Eugénie de Montijo, Mr. Power's inspiration, who in time becomes the Empress Eugénie and wife of Louis Napoleon. She is a lovely picture in the billowing hoop skirts of a florid era. Annabella is the Hollywood touch to history. Clad in dungarees, a man's shirt, and a fez, she is the comforting element for Tyrone as a little French girl who adores him. In the array of historical characters you will find Benjamin Disraeli (who farsightedly purchased a big slice of the canal for England as a safeguard for the road to India), Victor Hugo, and Franz Liszt.

Annabella and History-Maker Tyrone Power in the Suez sandstorm scene.

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, November 9. The winner will be announced in the issue of December 10.

If you know your Suez you know that the canal was built under difficulties by a French-controlled company. At first England opposed the venture. But it was completed in 1869. At the start a financial flop, the venture became a vital factor in international commerce and traffic. The film, I fear, takes a romantic license with history, for De Lesseps was fifty-four when the first shovel started to part the Isthmus of Suez. The man who was later to fail disastrously at Panama is pictured here as a handsome cavalier, a dashing swordsman, a gallant lover.

The director is Allan Dwan, a big megaphoner in the old silent days. Dwan made such silent smashes as Doug Fairbanks' Robin Hood and Gloria Swanson's Manhandled. But Hollywood thought him washed up. Darryl Zanuck put Dwan back to work on B pictures at his studios. Dwan quickly proved his ability and now he's back in the money.

I predict 4 stars for Suez because it's hard to beat history when it has Tyrone Power to turn the pages.

Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. A $250,000 Greater Film Year Quiz Contest Picture.

BROTHER RAT

3 stars predicted. A simple, pleasant yarn of military-school life, it has youthful appeal, a pleasant cast of undergraduate players.

THE makers of Brother Rat, the Messrs. Warner, have feared that the public will confuse the title. It is *not* a gangster film. Rather it deals with Virginia Military Institute which has trained boys at Lexington, Virginia, since 1839. Pershing called it the West Point of the South. At V. M. I. a rat is a freshman. They live on the school's upper floor, move down until they arrive on the ground floor as seniors.

Brother Rat was a successful stage play. The Warners paid $150,000 for the film rights. Behind the footlights much of the action centered around

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FOR DOZENS OF SHOTS use G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps. Their *constant,* brighter, whiter light helps you get clearer pictures of home life . . . even with box cameras. No. 1 list 25¢ No. 2 list 50¢

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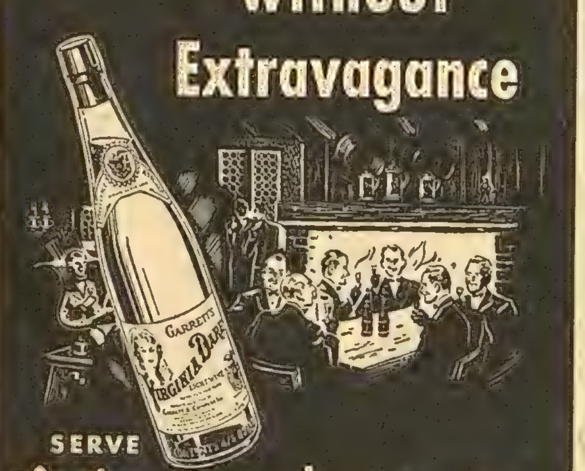
You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable,* are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

Enjoy Elegance without Extravagance



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the room occupied by three seniors—and related how they almost lost their chances of graduation, what with gambling on the year's big baseball game and sundry love affairs. The movies take you out on the baseball field to see the game of the year, let you march behind 700 cadets in the traditional Garrison Review. All the time the actors stayed in Hollywood, while a crew of cameramen picked up atmosphere and authenticity in Virginia.

Priscilla Lane is the cadets' dream girl. Wayne Morris—remember his Kid Galahad?—is one of the senior cadets. Morris is a lad who knocked about as a forest ranger and apple picker on the coast, who tried acting at the Pasadena Community School of the Theater, who was discovered by a Warner scout. He is a simple soul, a big boy who looks at life through the expectant eyes of youth.

In the cast, too, is Eddie Albert in the same role of Bing Edwards he played on the Broadway stage. He is a Rock Island, Illinois, boy who grew up in Minneapolis, who sang his way via radio through the University of Minnesota, who tried his luck behind the footlights in New York. Another newcomer is William Tracy, who plays the comic interlude, a meek, downtrodden rat with a scared treble. He, too, will bear watching.

Produced by Warner Brothers. A $250,000 Greater Film Year Quiz Contest Picture.

THE MAD MISS MANTON

2½ stars predicted. A manufactured plot of murder, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda on the side of righteousness against a group of deadly killers.

THE films have been going in quite a bit for—shall we call it physical retaliation? Remember how Fredric March booted Carole Lombard in the —er—hotel apartment. Here Barbara Stanwyck dashed unannounced into the office of a young newspaper editor who has been writing scathing editorials about spoiled girls of wealth. She slaps him down, he slaps her down. Then, with a perfect understanding, they join forces to solve a double murder--and of course beat the dumb detectives on the job.

Background: night clubs, luxurious apartments, disorderly newspaper offices, even the subway. Henry Fonda is the editor. Henry, as you may know, was born in Fonda, New York, a town named after his Dutch ancestors. Quit the University of Minnesota, after working his way through two years, to try the stage. You know all about Miss Stanwyck, who is the debutante Sherlock Holmes.

In the cast you will note Mary Jo Desmond, eighteen-year-old daughter of William Desmond, the star of silent films, making her debut. Also Frances Mercer, daughter of Sid Mercer, the New York sports writer.

Also note: Fifty thousand dollars in furs were worn with the temperature at 90 degrees. Hollywood suffers all this for you and you and you in the name of art.

Produced by RKO-Radio. A $250,000 Greater Film Year Quiz Contest Picture.

FOR THE RECORDS

Films caught in the interim of changing to the new style of Liberty review:

3 stars—Carefree. Fred Astaire as a fast-stepping psychiatrist who cures Ginger Rogers of her subconscious. Dancey and lively. (RKO-Radio.)

3 stars—Boy Meets Girl. Hollywood laughs at Hollywood in a mad studio yarn, based on the stage hit, with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien as a nut scenario team. (Warner Brothers.)

3 stars—The Road to Reno. Hope Hampton returns to films and is vastly superior to the story of a wife who thinks she doesn't love her rugged Western hubby. (Universal.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—You Can't Take It with You, Men with Wings, Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—If I Were King, The Great Waltz, The Sisters, Spawn of the North, Four Daughters, Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer.

★★★—The Arkansas Traveler, Mr. Wong, Detective, There Goes My Heart, Service de Luxe, Room Service, Garden of the Moon, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 56

1—Sonja Henie.
2—Napoleon's.
3—Switzerland.
4—Howard Harding Jones.
5—A name for small cakes.
6—Type faces, employed in printing.
7—Ephraim: " Ephraim is a cake not turned." (Hosea 7:8.)
8—Los Angeles.
9—To share equally the privilege to develop facilities for civil aviation. Both governments claimed sovereignty over the two small Pacific islands, important links in routing planes from New Zealand to Hawaii.
10—Alice Terry, in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.
11—With nothing—a good crust greases its own tin. Dusting the pan with flour, however, will enable the pie to slip out easily.
12—The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker.
13—A fox.
14—Arkansas (11.8 persons—one car).
15—His wife and another man who, according to the police report, had run off with the husband's radio.
16—Fibber McGee and Molly.
17—President Benes of Czechoslovakia.
18—As good-luck charms to their army commanders.
19—The dump for unused type.
20—

Victor Moore

CALLING ALL AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS!

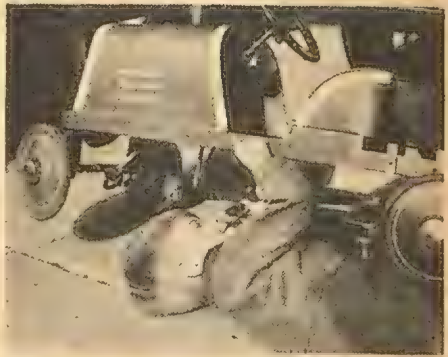
HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS WILL PAY YOU $2,100 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

IT'S Home Life Snapshot time again! And Liberty has set aside $2,100 in cash awards for our amateur camera enthusiasts! Twenty-seven cash awards every week and, at the end of ten weeks, a special additional award of $100 for the best interior shot received during the entire series. This can make some single print worth $150 to the entrant. Worth trying for, isn't it?

Read the brief rules carefully so that you understand the conditions of the competition, and then turn your finder toward a share of the prize money. Somewhere in or about your home you'll find a scene of prize-winning possibilities. Remember that you don't have to be an expert photographer. It's the human interest of your scene that counts and any print that is of sufficient clarity for satisfactory reproduction is acceptable. You may submit enlargements if you wish, provided the print from which enlargement is made is attached.

Do not send old prints. To be considered for a prize, any print must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, the opening day of this contest. Of course each entry must be the work of the amateur who submits it. This refers to the actual taking of the shot and not to developing and printing. You may submit as many prints as you wish each week, but only one prize will be awarded to any entrant in any one week. Make sure that your name and mailing address are plainly printed on the back of each print submitted.

This first week's contest closes on Monday, November 14, which gives ample time for you to prepare an entry. By all means take advantage of this opportunity to earn a handsome cash award. Get into the first week's competition and plan ahead to enter each of the other nine weeks of the contest. The snapshots at the right, taken at random from among winners of former contests, are reproduced for your information.



THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending with the issue dated January 7, 1939, Liberty will award $200 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted in accordance with the following rules by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There are no restrictions regarding size of prints. If enlargements are submitted, the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached. Send no negatives until requested.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after October 26, 1938, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will, upon request, submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Each print submitted must have the name and full address of the entrant plainly printed on the back. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first week's contest closes Monday, November 14, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including January 16, 1939, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot, in order to win a prize, must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. On that basis each week of the contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the First Prize of $50. The Second Prize of $25 will be awarded to the second best, and prizes of $5 each will be awarded to the twenty-five entries next in order of excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

SPECIAL INTERIOR AWARD!

In addition to the regular weekly cash prizes, at the close of the ten weeks' series Liberty will award a special prize of $100 for the best interior shot submitted during the competition. This is over and above any prize that may have already been awarded such print.

Advertisement

Over 1000

Additional Awards Weekly

To Entrants In The

LIBERTY HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

The Master Photo Finishers of America, giving Master Photo Finishing service through the most important Photo Dealers in most towns and cities of the United States and Canada, will award thousands of extra Blue Ribbon Prize Photo Enlargements each week to entrants in the LIBERTY Home Life Snapshot Contest.

All that is necessary to qualify for one of the many weekly prize enlargements is to obtain one of the official Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest entry blanks from any local photo dealer whose Photo Finishing is serviced by a Master Photo Finisher, and leave your entries with this Dealer accompanied with one of these Entry Blanks.

All local entries made in this manner will be judged weekly with numerous Blue Ribbon Enlargements awarded the best of local entries, after which all entries will be forwarded immediately to LIBERTY for entry and consideration in connection with the $2,100.00 weekly and grand prizes in the Liberty Home Life Snapshot Contest.

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Three Things Which Labor Desperately Wants

BERKELEY, CALIF.—If labor is to regain its rightful place in the American scene it needs something which will clothe it with as much responsibility to the law as it enjoys authority under the law! Labor needs desperately to recapture its lost dignity and to stop the dwindling away of its manhood! How else can labor expect to survive as an organized entity? And how is labor to do this save from within?

But labor needs help from without to do this thing. Labor needs a new Magna Charta! Labor can and will govern itself from within when it receives the right kind of help from without.

Does any one think labor is satisfied with its present leadership? Contented with the Bridgeses and the Becks and the Lewises? Not labor as we know it!

There are three things which labor wants desperately. There may be many other things labor would like to have, but these three are fundamental, and labor wants them in the worst way.

Labor wants industrial peace!

Nobody will believe that just because some one says so. But it is one of the basic facts. Ask any worker if he wants industrial peace. Yes, there will be diverse opinions on how to achieve it, but labor knows that war and stability are not mates!

Labor wants self-respect!

Whether we define it one way or another, self-respect in so far as labor is concerned means only one thing. It means getting a real kick out of doing its job in a workmanlike manner. It means looking back with abiding satisfaction on a day's work well done! Labor is ailing today because it has not regained that kind of self-respect. And that has nothing at all to do with whether the blame is to rest here or there. Labor knows it is cancerous with the loss of self-respect!

Labor wants democracy!

Nobody knows exactly what that means until it is entirely lacking. Then, without it, other undesirable things are present and make their presence felt in a decidedly definite manner. Labor doesn't know what is democracy in any academic sense. Labor doesn't care a great deal what the textbooks may say about the subject. But labor does know that when democracy is entirely out of the picture there are *lines* drawn. Labor is outside of something, and wants to be inside that invisible line! "Brass hats" and "high horses" and "bowed necks" may seem very unreal or insignificant to some folks. We might split hairs and argue all night about it, but labor would know whether real democracy or some fake substitute was on the job!

Given democracy, with self-respect and industrial peace, labor will go places in these United States of America, and will take a goodly number of us along. But labor is going places anyway, and a large number of us are probably going along, whether we like the direction or not!

So why not try a little horse sense and less horseplay? Why not try it both inside and outside?

Help labor regain self-respect, achieve industrial peace and true democracy of the spirit. Labor is a pretty decent guy when you look him over and give him a break!—*Cold Turkey.*

BRIDGE PROBLEM TOO EASY

CHICAGO, ILL.—Was your bridge problem (September 17 Liberty) purposely made so easy that any one could solve it in a few minutes? It is apparent almost at a glance that there is only one line of play possible.

By what possible system of bidding can North-South end up in a six-spade contract? Six diamonds is the only possible logical slam contract and the hand will actually make seven.

While the solution is easy with all the cards in sight, declarer must decide, before making his first lead, that East is void in clubs, West void in diamonds and holds both king and ten of hearts.

What reason is there for such an improbable assumption?—*H. J. Guernsey.*

[The points you bring up are explained in the actual story, which appeared in September 24 Liberty.

The contract of six spades was arrived at through a psychic bid. In your experience as a bridge player, you have doubtless seen many contracts that were forced into an incorrect declaration through psychic bidding.

In October 1 Liberty you doubtless found a hand that gave you considerably more trouble to find the solution.—*Sidney S. Lenz.*]

DOCTOR PRESCRIBES CROWN FOR A CONFRERE

FAIRMONT, W. VA.—Dr. (?) H. S. Mikesell should receive the crown as the year's chief asinine nincompoop for his splash in September 24 Vox Pop entitled A Doctor Expresses Creed of A. M. A.—*Joseph D. Romino, M. D.*

LIKES AND DISLIKES OF ARTY

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—As a reader of Liberty for several years, I consider it the outstanding magazine of the times. I would not miss one of Mr. Macfadden's editorials for five times the price of Liberty. They are always so frank, fearless, and honest, and don't care a hoot who they hit, or where, and in language we can all understand.

And the stories, both short and serial, are just splendid. But I, like a good many other Americans (several friends have expressed the same opinion), are being fed up on such bunk as Hitler Said This, Mussolini Said That, What Your Boos and Jeers Did to Me, Joe DiMaggio, The Wild Oats of Don Ameche, Dubinsky and the C. I. O., and all that Hollywood mush. Who wants to read that junk?

Let us have in their place stories like Night Watchman's Wings, Ark of the Jungle, etc. Especially the latter. Why not make them a weekly feature?—*Arty Reddoh.*

SWINGLINGO

ROSEBURG, ORE.—

I watched the ickies shag and truck—
Their every antic brought a smile,
As ankle-pumpers ran amuck
In true jam-session style.

The cats were sending joyously,
Each quite completely off his nut;
The alligators laughed to see
Them grind the flittercut.

The whackies beat it down and swung
The Apple and the Suzy Q,
And every sharpie burst a lung
And tapped a lusty shoe.

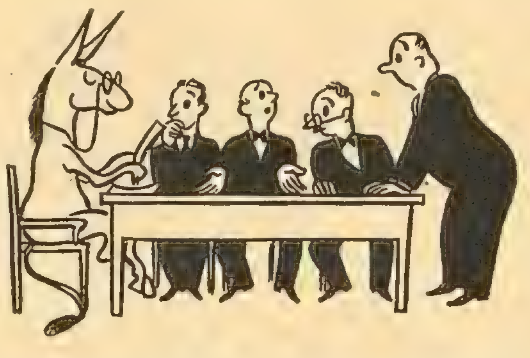
The woof-hounds all were digging in;
To leave the world would serve to prove
That all who peck and pose and grin
Were solid in the groove.

Then let the hep-cats ride at will;
I now seek some immunity—
An antitoxin or a pill.
A jitterbug stung me!

—*Marjorie Pettit.*

MULE ELECTED COMMITTEEMAN!

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The enclosed newspaper clipping from the Minneapolis Star furnishes proof of Mr. Macfadden's right thinking and reasoning in his September 10 Liberty editorial, Only Knowledge Can Save Democracy. —*C. L. Haeuser.*



(*Enclosure*)

MILTON, WASH., Sept. 15—(INS)—Final vote tabulations Thursday night showed that a sad-eyed mule had been elected local Republican committeeman from this town.

The mule, which was entered in the political race by Kenneth Simmons, Democratic mayor of the town, turned in a victory by a 51-vote margin.

Simmons entered the mule, whose name is Boston Curtis, on the contention that 90 per cent of the voters never know whom they are voting for.

The filing notice was signed by the mule's hoofprint with Simmons himself signing as witness.

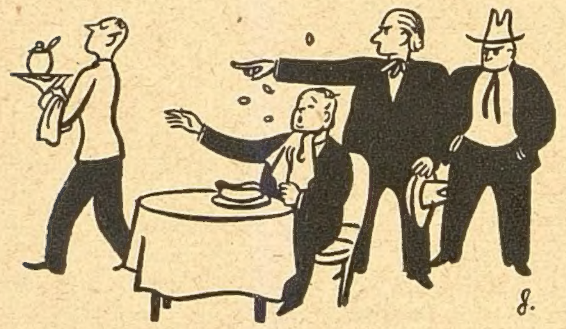
Just what will happen when the Republican committee meets is still a matter of speculation.

PREFERS MR. SHEALY'S SILENCE

BEAUMONT, TEX.—So long as you publish just anything, I'd like to slow down Mr. E. U. Shealy (September 10 Vox Pop) and say—

A number of the best things the Roosevelt administration has done were Hoover's ideas—such as CCC camps, WPA, and the bank holiday. Only Hoover's Congress was so much against him that he couldn't even get mustard on a hot dog if he asked for it in the Senate restaurant.

Besides, I think the recession is much worse than the depression, and I think it would be a much better idea for Mr. Shealy to keep silent rather than Herb. —*C. B. Smith.*



WHY NOT SEND US THE EVIDENCE?

DETROIT, MICH.—The Mormon King of Michigan, by H. Bedford-Jones (August 27 Liberty), while obviously printed for its entertainment value, is inexcusably inaccurate. Thirty per cent of the facts are unverifiable by existing documents on the subject.

Since Strang, in reality, was far more interesting than Bedford-Jones even hints at, it is surprising that he had to step out of the bounds of accuracy to write the piece. Strang's biography requires no fairy tales to give it the touch of impossibility.

This complex character—not the brutish product of B.-J.'s imagination—was a potent factor in Michigan's development, and only incidentally lived an exciting and fantastic existence. He has been sorely abused, and we feel that Liberty, if it has the facts, will not allow Michigan to be known as the home of such a person as Bedford-Jones has drawn.

Full notations on these inaccuracies I have purposely avoided because of space. However, I shall be glad to submit them if required. — *Bert Kahn, Research Editor, Federal Writers' Project of Michigan.*

ROLL THIS ON YOUR TONGUE!

DICKSON CITY, PA. — Lobet mobe cobongrobatobulobatobe yobou obon yobour fobine sobelobectobions obof stoborobies oband obartobicles.

If Lyle H. Beebe—W9DIW (September 17 Vox Pop) thinks he has a lingo, let's hear him roll this around his tongue—the way we have been doing here.

We young fellows just put ob before every vowel and call it *turkey.*

Yobou hobave oba mobagnobificobent mobagobazobine!

Lobong Lobive Lobibobertoby!—*Harold and Alvin.*

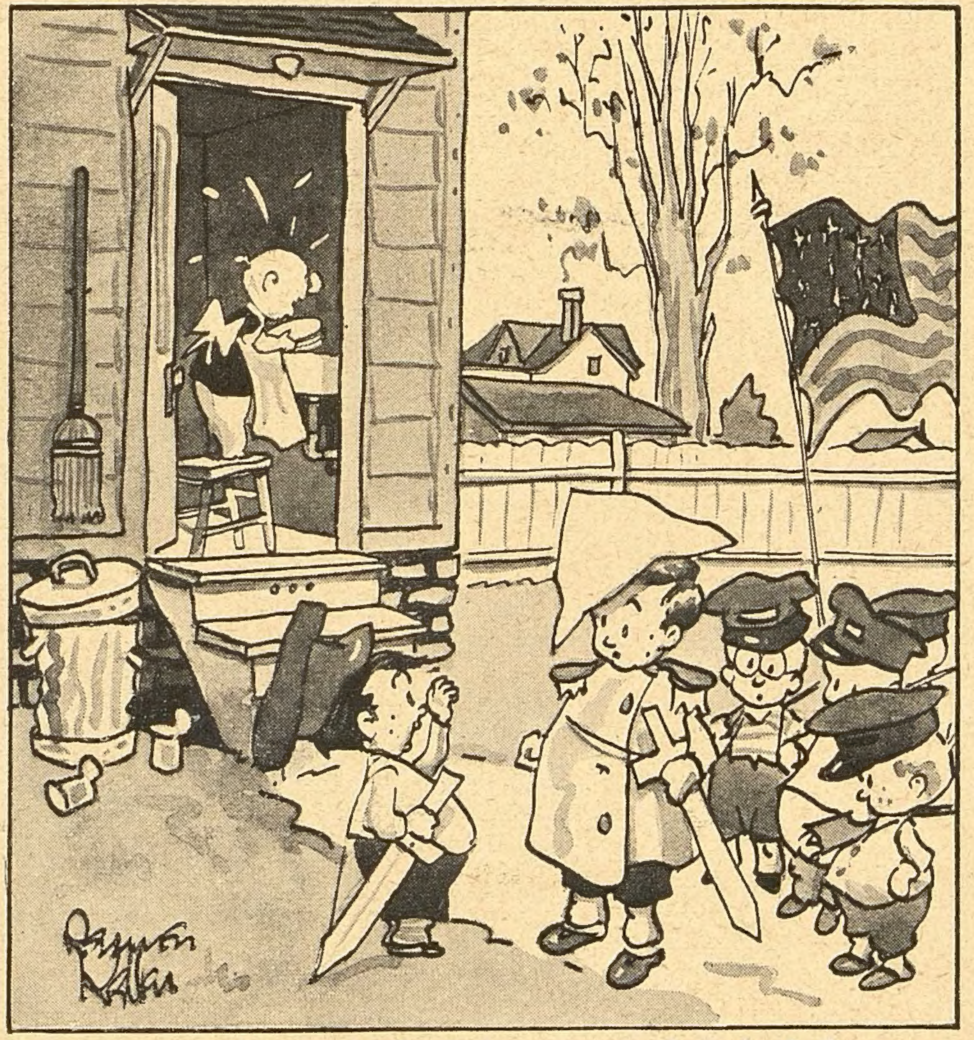
ALL-PLAYERS FOOTBALL CHOICE BY FAR THE BEST

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—May I say that Liberty's All-America Football Team selections are so far superior to any other All-America teams picked that it has no competitors? Consider the outstanding footballer called "Whizzer" White. Every other All-America selection gave the palm to Clint Frank, not to the "Whizzer."

The records now available prove that the All-Players choice was by far the best. Players never mentioned in other selections Liberty names on the All-America team one year, and the following year every selector in the country names them.

Routt of Texas A. & M. is one player that comes to my mind this moment. Liberty was the only one to pick him originally, and in the following year every one named him.—*Norman L. Sper.*

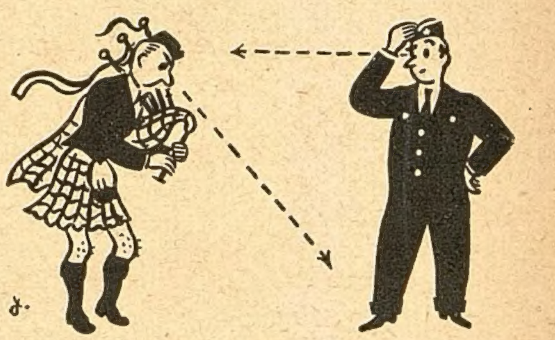
"HARDTACK"



"The commander in chief of the army, admiral of the navy, and lord of all he surveys will be a little late, captain—he's doing the dishes."

COCKED GLENGARRYS AND TROUSER BOTTOMS

CINCINNATI, OHIO—As manager of the uniform division in a well known clothing house and the Adjutant of the Fourth District of the American Legion of the Department of Ohio, may I call attention to the fact that on the September 24 Liberty cover the male figure wearing a uniform similar to those worn by members of the American Legion has cuffs on the bottoms of his trousers. Please be advised that uniform trousers are always finished plain.—*Albert D. Flatau.*



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—That is an admirable picture Mr. Kernan did of a piper on the September 17 cover of Liberty. But the Jock must have been drunk, because I can't conceive of a Scot wearing his Glengarry cocked over his *left* eye unless he was cockeyed.—*Gordon Forrest of the Gordons of Forres in Aberdeenshire.*

VERNE MILLER NEVER A RESIDENT OF FARGO, N. D.

FARGO, N. D.—In September 17 Liberty, in the article Thunder Over Kansas City, by Fred Allhoff, a statement is made that Verne Miller was at one time a sheriff in Fargo, North Dakota.

The information that we have in our police department is that this man was a deputy sheriff in Huron, South Dakota, and never occupied a position of that nature in this city. Verne Miller never was a resident of Fargo so far as we can learn. We will appreciate a correction of this.—*W. P. Chesnut, Secretary Chamber of Commerce.*

WE THINK IT WAS BEAUTIFUL, TOO!

KEW GARDENS, N. Y.—One of your readers (September 10 Vox Pop) says that she didn't see the point of Oscar Graeve's story (Cross your Heart, July 9 Liberty) about the young couple making a decision. She asks, was the woman discussing going to work, or a divorce, or what? My heavens! It was a beautiful story. I admired Liberty for the first time when I read it.—*Mrs. H. V. Sugarman.*

The Strange Secret of Colonel E. M. House

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE one hears the rumor of a book attributed to the late Colonel Edward Mandell House that is said to have been amazingly prophetic of recent American political history. . . . Although some have denied that Colonel House ever wrote such a book, we cherish in our library of autographed volumes a copy of Philip Dru: Administrator, in which the great adviser of President Wilson wrote us a friendly greeting and freely admitted the authorship. . . . He gave us the book years ago. . . . Recently, being cut off from the world by a hurricane, we had a chance to read it again, this time with genuine astonishment. . . . The experience was like reading a blueprint of much that has since come to pass in the United States. . . . The astonishing part is that this book was written in 1911; yet today it reads like the history of the last seven years. . . . Philip Dru: Administrator, is a novel. It tells the story of a West Point graduate who leads a revolution in the United States and reorganizes its entire political, industrial, agricultural, and social life. . . . Next week you may read a comparison in Liberty of what Colonel House projected in his novel (written before Woodrow Wilson was President) and what you have seen happen since 1932. . . . Knowing Colonel House as we did, something more than casually, it seems hard to believe that he could have fashioned singlehanded this extraordinary political program. . . . The whole thing reads like the concept of a dreamer. . . . But Colonel House flourished on his pretensions to common sense. . . . Perhaps there is a riddle here, and the riddle is: From where did he get these ideas? . . . Whether there is a riddle or not, you will certainly be astonished, we feel sure, as were we when we read it and counted up the comparisons. . . . YOU WILL FIND in next week's issue many interesting features, including Helen Gilmore's impish revelations of screen tests in Hollywood, which she calls Passports to Glamour. . . . You will learn some of the ideas on government of Thomas E. Dewey, at this writing candidate for Governor of the State of New York on the Republican ticket. . . . There is an article about the part the Oxford Movement is playing for peace in Europe; a lively Armistice Day story by Margaret E. Sangster; and a hilarious yarn of hard luck by Walter de Steiguer. . . . Many other interesting features and generous installments of our serials make up what we feel is an issue you will like from the first page to the last. . . . JUST RECEIVED A COPY of Historic Boston in Four Seasons—another in the series of camera impressions by Samuel Chamberlain, published by Hastings House. . . . A fine collection of significant photos of old and new Boston. . . . An excellent factual biography of Fiorello LaGuardia, Mayor of New York, has just come to us. . . . This Man LaGuardia, by Lowell M. Limpus and Burr W. Leyson, deserved a less trite and hackneyed title. . . . It is a piece of first-rate external reporting about a first-rate man. . . . MOST OF OUR READERS will recall One Mother's Prayer, published in Liberty some months ago. . . . Ever since it appeared, requests for the privilege of republishing it have been coming in. . . . One shut-in gentleman made fifty typewritten copies and mailed them to his friends. . . . A large printing house in the South reprinted the prayer in gift-card form and is mailing a copy to every new mother in several states. . . . Another publisher is putting the prayer into a booklet for free distribution. . . . Now that this heart-searching little piece has won such widespread approval, the anonymous author is willing that her name be known. . . . She is Barbara Maclaren, and in private life she is known as Mrs. Frederick Collins. . . . So now Fred had better look to his laurels! . . . HUNTERS who were offended at our recent comment on the murder of wild life have now turned their guns on us. . . . Instead of shot and shell, they have almost invariably used the perfumed poison of rhyme. . . . The general burden seems to be that they really go hunting to watch the sunrise, with birds flying across the sky, and to smell the salt marshes. . . . The killing is only an incident. . . . If they left out the shooting, no one could object, not even the birds and other living things which, as it now stands, never wing across another sunrise after the poets have emptied their incidental artillery. . . . If what hunters really love is the sunrise, then, in the ancient words of George M. Cohan: "What's all the shootin' for?" . . . SPEAKING OF SHOOTING, we quote from the latest issue of F. B. I., the bulletin of the Federal Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. . . . The chief of that Bureau—greatest chief of the greatest law-enforcement agency operating in the world — J. Edgar Hoover, has this to say:

"On September 22, 1936, while speaking before the convention of the I. A. C. P. at Kansas City, Missouri, with reference to law-enforcement officer killed in line of duty, I made this statement: 'I hope that if the time ever comes when this national memorial becomes a reality, the Federal Bureau of Investigation may be allowed to place the names of its hallowed and heroic dead to mingle with those of the hallowed and heroic dead of the police departments of America who, while operating under other names, have lived true to the motto under which the Federal Bureau of Investigation operates—Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity.' A national Law-Observance Day would be another step in focusing public attention on the menace of lawlessness and it will come about only through the concerted effort of every law-enforcement agency and officer in the land. Certainly the men of the F. B. I. are anxious indeed to work again shoulder to shoulder with local, county, and state officers in making this a reality."

To that we say, Amen!

* * *

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER DESIGN BY ROBERT REID FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY ACME

TOTAL PRIZES } $10,000

JUST FOR FINISHING THIS SIMPLE STATEMENT :

"I Take OVALTINE as a Regular NIGHTCAP, because..."

(In 100 Words or Less)

1st Prize ${}^{\$}5000^{\underline{00}}$, 2nd Prize ${}^{\$}1000^{\underline{00}}$,
3rd Prize ${}^{\$}500^{\underline{00}}$, 2 Prizes of ${}^{\$}250^{\underline{00}}$ each,
5 Prizes of ${}^{\$}100^{\underline{00}}$, 10 Prizes of ${}^{\$}25^{\underline{00}}$,
30 Prizes of ${}^{\$}10^{\underline{00}}$, 1950 Prizes of ${}^{\$}1^{\underline{00}}$
(2000 PRIZES IN ALL)

And Everyone has a chance to Win! Read the full details below. NOTE THE ENTRY BLANK

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS in prizes! A first prize of $5000; 2nd prize of $1000; 3rd prize, $500; 2 prizes of $250 each, 5 of $100, 10 of $25, 30 of $10, 1950 of $1 each . . . 2000 prizes in all.

And all you do is finish, in 100 words or less, the simple statement:—*"I take Ovaltine as a regular 'Nightcap', because. . . . . . ."*

You have as much chance of winning as anyone else! So enter the contest today!

As you probably know, people all over the world are using Ovaltine to help them get to sleep at night. Thousands have told us that it usually works the first night. They say, they feel the benefits of a good night's sleep the following morning.

But Ovaltine does more than that! When taken night after night, users tell us it helps *build the habit of sound, restful sleep.*

Nothing is more important than to know that every night when you go to bed you will probably get a good night's sleep—not the "dopey" kind you may get from many habit-forming sleep drugs.—But natural, restoring sleep. We know that Ovaltine helps to build this natural sleep habit.

Thousands take Ovaltine night after night for sleep insurance—Very much as they take orange juice daily for certain vitamin protection.

And so for the sake of sound sleep and good health, as well as for the prizes, we urge you to enter this contest.

Just get a can of Ovaltine today and take it regularly every night. Take it for several weeks and see if you don't sleep better and wake up more refreshed, with lots more energy and vitality. See if it doesn't help you build the habit of sound, restful sleep!

Then fill out the statement below, describing your experience with, or opinion of, Ovaltine as a "nightcap."

Decide right now to enter the contest, whether you're an Ovaltine user at present or not. Get a can at any grocery or drug store. Directions are on the can. And be sure you save the rules printed below.

THE GRAND PRIZE OF $5000 MAY BE YOURS!

Examples of the Types of Letters People Often Write:

"For two years I'd been overworking and would go to bed so nervous I couldn't sleep," says R. W. Duck, Houston, Tex. "*Three months ago I started using Ovaltine* . . . Since then I've been getting real rest and wake up in the morning feeling healthy." (*38 words*)

"My husband lay awake each night," writes Mrs. Elmer Krueger, Milwaukee, Wis. "One of the doctor's suggestions was Ovaltine. My husband is more than pleased with the results. Now he drinks it every night." (*28 words*)

"I take Ovaltine each night before retiring in order to insure sound, restful sleep," writes Mrs. Janet MacManigill, Chicago. "I first tried sleeping tablets, but they did not give the kind of sleep I liked. I am grateful to Ovaltine and shall never be without it. It is certainly a wonderful product." (*47 words*)

SOUND SLEEP MEANS . . .

. . . ENERGETIC DAYS!

OVALTINE is a food, not a drug. That is why it nourishes you while you sleep. It supplies four important vitamins (A, B, D, G), minerals, proteins . . . is approved by doctors and used by hospitals. . . . A cupful of Ovaltine at bedtime helps you relax. It makes it possible for you to get to sleep more easily. It fosters a sound night's sleep, too, so you wake up more refreshed. . . . Form the practice of Ovaltine-at-bedtime. Enjoy restful nights, peppy days!

Follow these Simple RULES:—

1 Just finish the statement shown in the entry blank, recording your experience with, or opinion of, Ovaltine as a "nightcap." You may use as many sentences as you like, provided you do not exceed 100 words.

2 Attach a foil seal from under the lid of a can of Ovaltine (*either plain or chocolate flavored*). You may send as many entries as you like provided you attach a seal to each.

3 Mail your entry to OVALTINE, Dept. X-77, Box "P", Chicago, Ill. . . . *Write your name and address plainly.*

4 All entries must be postmarked before midnight, Dec. 15, 1938.

5 No entries can be returned. They will become our property. But none will, of course, be used for advertising without your permission.

6 The decision of the judges will be final. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges' decision will be based on the obvious sincerity and human interest of the entries. *This gives everyone a chance to win!*

7 This contest is limited to the U. S. and Canada and is subject to all national, state and local laws and regulations. Employes of The Wander Company, their advertising agency, and members of their families cannot compete.

8 *Winners will be notified as promptly as possible by mail.* A complete list of winners will be mailed to anyone requesting it after Dec. 31, 1938, provided a 3c stamp is enclosed.

HINTS ON WINNING

You don't have to be an accomplished writer to win this contest. But it's important that your entry be based on your personal experience. So get a can of Ovaltine today, study the directions and pamphlets in the can, and start using it. Let your entry record your experience or your opinion of Ovaltine as a "nightcap."

A Food Discovery from Switzerland Made in the United States
OVALTINE
THE FOOD BEVERAGE
THE WANDER COMPANY

The World's Nightcap -NO DRUGS!

Build the HABIT of Sleep!

ENTRY BLANK

Mail to Ovaltine, Dept. X-77, Box "P", Chicago, Ill., enclosing foil seal from inside an Ovaltine can. Mail before midnight, December 15. Read rules at left.

NAME (Print Clearly) . . . .

ADDRESS . . . .

TOWN . . . . **STATE** . . . .

Complete this statement in 100 words or less. Use other paper if you prefer:—

"I take OVALTINE as a Regular 'Nightcap', because

Your tired nerves need frequent relief

SCOTTIE Known variously in early history as Skye, Highland, Cairn, and Scots terrier. Nicknamed the "die-hard" for stout heart and unquenchable love for sport. Extremely independent.

He's giving his nerves a rest...

and so is he

LIKE humans, dogs have a complicated, highly developed set of nerves. But dogs rest when they need rest...while we plunge ahead with our hurry and worry—straining our nerves to keep up the pace. We can't turn back to the natural life of an animal, but we *can* soothe and rest our nerves. Camel cigarettes can be your pleasant reminder to take a helpful breathing spell. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are mild — *soothing* to the nerves.

Successful people advise "Let up...*light up a Camel*"

RALPH GULDAHL (above), U. S. Open golf champion, reveals: "I've learned to ease up now and again—to let up . . . and light up a Camel. Little breaks in daily nerve tension help to keep a fellow on top. Smoking a Camel gives me a grand feeling of well-being. Here is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"

DID YOU KNOW:

—that tobacco plants are "topped" when they put out their seed-head? That this improves the quality of leaf? That most cigarette tobacco is harvested by "priming"—removing each leaf by hand? The Camel buyers know where the choice grades of leaf tobacco are—the mild tobaccos that are finer and, of course, more expensive. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

LET UP_*LIGHT UP A CAMEL!*

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves